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ROSALIE

BOOKS

By Charles Major

YOLANDA
THE LITTLE KING
A FOREST HEARTH
UNCLE TOM ANDY BILL
THE BEARS OF BLUE RIVER
THE TOUCHSTONE OF FORTUNE
DOROTHY VERNON OF HADDON HALL
A GENTLE KNIGHT OF OLD BRANDENBURG

ROSALIE

BY

CHARLES MAJOR

New York
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
1925

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ROSALIE

ROSALIE

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

EVERYONE has heard of the three beautiful Miss Gunnings, who struck white flames in the hearts of the young bloods in the days of George II, the youngest of whom caused my noble Duke of Hamilton to lose a thousand pounds one night at faro because forsooth his eyes wandered to her beautiful face instead of to his game. And two nights later so inflamed with love was the Duke that he sent for worthy Doctor Alexander Keith of the little May Fair Chapel in Curzon Street, commanding straightway that the Doctor marry him to Miss Gunning without license, or ring. The worthy Doctor, who had performed over seven thousand private and secret marriages was never one to balk at ordinary irregularities, but he on this occasion refused point blank until my Lord Duke threatened to send for the Archbishop. Still our worthy Doctor, though of a complaisant nature held out stoutly—not for the license, but for the ring. The Duke, to speed matters, tore off a ring from the bed curtain, and the marriage was per-

formed at half after twelve that very night in the May Fair Chapel. All of which shows that marriages and tides will not stop for so much as a minister, and that May Fair was even then as it is now.

These marriages finally grew to be a scandal of so great latitude that the worthy Doctor was excommunicated, but the Doctor, not one to submit tamely to anyone, possessed a turn for originality that was startling; to the surprise of the clergy and the keen delight of the wits about town, he turned the tables and hurled a sentence of excommunication against the Bishop and the Judge of the Ecclesiastical Court. Then the powers threw the worthy Doctor into Fleet Prison, and that was the end of him. Now all of this fair romance happened a full hundred years ago when May Fair was a Fair where they sold toys and gingerbread, when Park Lane was crowded with booths and jugglers, fencers and boxers, and rascally mountebanks.

Yet in the early eighteen hundreds, supplanting the Fair there sprang up noble houses wherein still flourish mountebanks, and gambling; to-day George IV is King, but notwithstanding, romance and adventure, more often lavender in complexion than heroic crimson, still stroll along the paths of May Fair and tragedy that clasps the frail hands of gayety still grins at its victims.

Whenever I passed the little chapel in May Fair I thought of these wild romantic days, but little

dreamed that the hand of romance would ever touch me, or the fingers of tragedy drag me down with relentless violence. It seemed inconceivable, for I was at that time a successful physician in May Fair, and so ardently devoted to my profession that I had never forsaken it long enough to even take a wife. My whole life had been that of the secluded student, and no thought of woman had ever entered my mind to disturb the tenure of my existence. My father had been a physician. I was his only child and my entire education had been carried on by him. My whole heart and ambition was centered in scientific work. When he died my interest in this work was increased and intensified to the exclusion of everything else, so there was nothing surprising in the fact that at the age of forty the name of Dr. John Alden Collingwood should carry some weight in the medical world. Numerous articles came from my pen, and as I advanced in scientific knowledge I gave forth these new discoveries to the public.

For ten years I had been advancing step by step until I had acquired a considerable fortune from my practice. There were no worries or troubles in my life. I had few friends, for I did not seem to need a large circle of acquaintances. My colleagues respected me, my position was secure, and I was never lonely, for I led a busy and useful life. I found many new ideas that I advocated were not looked upon with favor by the majority of physicians, great

indeed was my dismay, until I suddenly realized I was far in advance of the scientific men of my time. Gradually their attitude changed to suspicion. Envy brought about coldness in their greetings, so when I was warned to be more moderate in my views, and not only refused to abide by that warning, but insisted on continuing along my own lines, the attitude of my colleagues changed to open hostility, and in many ways I felt the burden of their malice.

About this time a German physician by the name of Hahnemann issued a thesis in which he claimed that many diseases could most quickly be eradicated by similar effects—such as fever with fever, and poison with anti-toxin. This theory of "like with like" he termed from the Greek derivative, and named it "homeopathy." I read his thesis; becoming interested in it, I entered into correspondence and eventually went to visit him in Germany. Then I returned to London, had his "Dogma of Rational Healing" translated into English, and warmly advocated his theories. It was when I not only advocated, but practiced them, that the storm broke loose. The medical profession rose in arms. I was assailed and attacked in every conceivable manner and repudiated on all sides. Not one word did I retract, but continued to combat these old-fashioned ideas, attempting, against odds, to break down this barrier of prejudice and ignorance, but the majority was against me. I was made to feel that I was an outcast, a sort of leper. Finally, a notorious quack

doctor, Dr. Binkley by name, whom I had been instrumental in driving out of the profession, found his opportunity for revenge. This man who knew nothing whatever of medicine had dispensed drugs, deadly drugs—of whose power he knew little and cared less—and for a number of years he had made fabulous sums of money among the credulous people. He was a menace and a parasite, and I had taken pleasure in driving him from our profession.

I recall distinctly one foggy murky night in London after a hard day's work, when I was tired and discouraged. For months I had been persecuted and my practice had decreased until barely anything was left of it. In this depressed mood I was sitting in my study before the fire when the knocker from outside sounded through the house. I paid no attention until the knocking was repeated insistently several times. I went into the hallway, threw open the door, to espy in the dim light my enemy, the notorious Dr. Binkley. He requested to see me on urgent business, and under the impression that he needed my professional services, I asked him to follow me to my study. He sat down quietly for a few moments in silence, and as the full light fell upon his face I caught a look of unutterable hatred, quickly succeeded by a leering, evil smile. Quite at a loss as to the nature of his call, I asked him to state in what way I could serve him. Even though I heartily despised the man it was necessary to render him medical aid, for it is well known that no

physician can permit his personal dislikes to interfere with his services to humanity.

"My visit to-night, Dr. Collingwood," he began, "is to inquire into the state of your present practice."

"As that is a matter that concerns myself entirely I think we can terminate this interview." I started to rise. He held up his hand. "Just a moment, Doctor, I think that the dwindling of your practice concerns me vitally, and if you will allow me a few minutes you will understand in just what way. It was through you that I was driven out of the profession. You disgraced me, and ruined my lucrative business."

In a flash it occurred to me that if my efforts had harmed this man even though his punishment had been just, now an opportunity presented itself to show this misguided man the enormity of his crime, and the reasons that prompted my actions against him. If he had changed the course of his past life and had anything to say to me regarding it, surely it would be an inhuman act not to listen to him. "It seems to me, Mr. Binkley—you note I do not call you 'Doctor,' for that is a title you have never earned—it seems to me," I repeated, "that you have disgraced yourself, ruined your own life, and in justice you have only yourself to blame."

"I was making a very large income until you interfered," he retorted.

In amazement I looked at him and saw at once that there was not the slightest chance of this man

ever reforming, but I was curious, as a scientist, to hear his viewpoint. "You were taking money under false pretense," I replied, "you were administering dangerous drugs, you were poisoning people, slowly and methodically, day by day, and taking money for that purpose."

"Which is exactly what the medical profession is saying about you, Dr. Collingwood," he interrupted, "and the public are beginning to agree with them."

I laughed at him. "So you think the violent attacks of my colleagues will affect my medical standing."

"They will ruin your practice and spoil your life," he replied.

"That they can never do. They can assail me, they can spread lies among the credulous, but eventually I shall be vindicated. Nothing will suppress truth—nothing has, and nothing ever will, but that, Mr. Binkley, is a thing you will never understand. Under no conditions can truth be crushed."

"Perhaps not, Dr. Collingwood, but you can be crushed, you can be made a pauper, to die in poverty. I have come here to-night to tell you that I am going to harm you in every way possible. You are considered a handsome man, Doctor Collingwood. You are tall, noble, strong, and fearless. Many women have turned to look at you as you passed by on the street, though I do not suppose you have paid the slightest attention to their adoration, for you have doubtless been too busy with your scientific

work. Men have honored and respected you, but the time will come when they will shun you, and you will be a lonely and friendless man." He leaned forward in his chair, and anger blazed from his eyes. "If I can help influence public sentiment against you, if I can spread any lie to harm you, if I can buy, and I think I can, the services of people to harass and persecute you in articles or by scandalous talk, I shall take pleasure in spending considerable money for that purpose."

"You threaten and flatter me in the same breath, but they are both quite wasted on me, Mr. Binkley. Do you think I care for your opinion, or whom you buy, to serve your nefarious purposes? Do you imagine for one moment that if I knew I was to be an outcast in the eyes of the world, that I would arise penniless to-morrow, do you think these things would swerve me for an instant from the path which I heartily and conscientiously believe is right? If you do, Mr. Binkley, you are only judging men from your own low estimate of humanity. There are many men, far more than you think, whom no amount of money can buy. You cannot harm me in the larger way of life, and you can never disgrace me in the slightest degree as long as I hold my honor intact."

"I am a little disappointed, Dr. Collingwood. After the savage attacks by your friends and the gradual decrease of your practice, I hoped to find you broken. Your practice is certainly disintegrating, and I know you must hate those physicians who are

so valiantly struggling to drive you from your business." He glared at me with hatred in his eyes.

"On the contrary I only pity them. I have a deep and profound sorrow for all of them."

"Your spirit of pity, Doctor, for your colleagues is not echoed by either them or myself towards you. They hate you, and as for myself I would kill you if I dared."

"You are thinking murder?"

"Thinking murder! I feel murder every time I look at you. Consider the money I was making until your articles appeared and the College of Surgeons at your instigation took action against me: consider, that in one day my vast practice was stopped. A fortunate thing I had saved a considerable fortune—now it will help me to ruin you."

"Doesn't it ever occur to you what a charlatan, what an impostor you have been? Doesn't a life like the one you were leading bring only misery and unhappiness? Can't you understand the difference between right and wrong?"

"When one makes money that is the only thing that counts. When any one stops you from making that money he should be crushed. I intend to bring suffering and degradation upon you."

"My efforts against you, Mr. Binkley, bring me no regrets. It was not necessarily yourself, but what you represented and had I the choice again my decision would be the same. Your activities were a menace to humanity and I am proud that in my

humble way I have aided in putting them to an end."

Trembling with the poison of anger, he rose from his chair. "Before I am through, Dr. Collingwood, you will be sorry that you ever raised your hand against me. The day when I have ruined you will be the happiest in my life."

When Mr. Binkley had departed I thought over what he had said, but little did I realize the extreme lengths to which his revenge would lead him, or that we were to meet again in the future, in another city when the greatest drama of my whole life—the most stupendous and unexpected thing that could happen to anyone—was to transpire, an event so momentous that it changed the entire course of my existence.

A few days after my visit from Mr. Binkley I met one of my colleagues as I was walking through St. James' Park. It was Dr. Croft, who a few years before this time had been one of the court physicians. Falling into disfavor he had been dismissed from the royal circle, which I considered the best thing that could happen to him, but which the poor fellow had taken deeply to heart. His downfall was due to the fact that Princess Charlotte of Wales, while attended by Croft, despite his care, had lost her life. She was very popular on account of her good deeds to the poor people and was worshiped by even the postboys and crossing sweepers. She had received the most careful medical attention from my colleague, but because of a caprice of the Princess

who had withheld from the court her dangerous condition, Dr. Croft was unable to pull her through her serious illness.

Of course he was blamed and censured by everyone for her death, when he had done everything within his power to save the Princess. This act of injustice had preyed upon his mind and I noticed while he was talking to me that his thoughts wandered, his conversation was disjointed, and that he continually reverted to the tragedy of his life. Not long afterwards I was startled to learn that Dr. Croft had gone entirely out of his mind and had shot himself. Dr. Croft had been a friend of mine for many years and was a high-minded honorable man; and that he should be treated in this unjust way by the royal family and the public aroused my sympathy. I wrote an article in his defense and did not hesitate to express my opinion freely. I was asked to retract my words, but refused to do so. This act incurred the anger of George IV and brought me into disfavor with the royal court. His enmity was far reaching and later on I was made to pay the penalty for my temerity in daring to disagree with the opinion of the King. Naturally the anger of the King against me was pleasing to those physicians who measured their professional success entirely from a commercial standpoint and who sought for royal favor. It strengthened their position, it made them bolder in their attacks, for whoever assailed me was now certain of royal and public favor.

The next step in my impending downfall was brought about through my friendship with Lord Brougham. The King was anxious to gain a divorce from Queen Caroline and was willing to gain this through any means. He compelled Lord Liverpool to bring up the matter for trial before the House of Lords and imagined he would have no difficulty in attaining his object, but Lord Brougham defended the Queen and his defense was so strong that the trial against her majesty was abandoned. The proceedings of this trial were so grossly unjust and so unfair in every sense of the word, that the memory of them stands forth as one of the most outrageous scandals in England. My sympathy was entirely with the Queen and I had no hesitation in expressing my opinions, which soon reached the ears of the King and he expressed a desire that I should cross the channel and live on the continent. The case against me was not strong enough to cause my banishment and so no direct action could be taken against me, but no one in London dared risk the royal anger by coming to me at any time for medical assistance and I found myself without one patient in all that vast city.

Lord Brougham showed me the utter folly of attempting to continue my practice or even remaining in London. I saw that nothing except failure was before me and that it was worse than useless ever to expect justice under these conditions. Then it was I decided to give up my medical practice in London, seeking out some small town in England

where I could perhaps lead a peaceful existence and carry on my professional work; and for no particular reason, I chose the seaport town of Hull and left London, as I hoped, forever.

At this time Hull was a small enterprising town of about thirty thousand people and, taking a liking to the place, I selected an unpretentious cottage off the High Street, not far from the Humber Dock, where I started out my practice all over again in this little Yorkshire seaport town. Often I would wander from Lowgate, past Holy Trinity Church, passing down the Market Place and on through Queen Street to the pier near the Dock, and gaze on the wonderful view of the Humber River at that point. It was nearly three miles broad and the opposite shore of Lincolnshire appeared as a broad gray streak beyond it. My favorite walk was along the Quay and through the Humber and the Queen Docks, where timber from the Northern Baltic ports was piled high, and raw hides, hemp, and tallow were unloaded from the Russian ships. At all hours of the day the Quay presented a lively scene. Great ships came up the river, small coasting crafts glided past the town, packets darted back and forth across the water, and barges were towed lazily to small hamlets up stream. On the Quay were coachmen, waiters, blue jackets, porters, pilots, curious citizens, and strange-looking foreigners, talking and gesticulating. It was a medley of noise and confusion, and whenever I wandered into this crowd, I felt more lonely

than in my own little home, for there was not a human being I knew in the entire town of Hull.

I had begun to build up a practice among a few of the leading people in the town when suddenly, for no apparent reason, I began to lose them. There were evasions, people were out when I called, some of them shunned me, others avoided me indirectly, and then one day I met Mr. Binkley on the street and I understood immediately the cause of my decreased medical practice. He attempted to speak to me, but I would not give him that satisfaction. At this point in my life I decided on a course that I still believe was the wisest thing I ever did. If people are willing to accept the word of a worthless man, then I am of the firm conviction that these kind of people are neither fair-minded nor just, either to themselves or to anyone else; one is far better off without their hypocrisy and disloyalty. I decided to pay no attention to Mr. Binkley or to defend myself in any way to those people who so readily believed everything he had to say. If I were right I needed no defense and I certainly would not place myself on the same level with people of this caliber. As far as I was concerned, whatever Mr. Binkley said or did was immaterial, and he ceased to exist for me. As for my lost patients I straightway forgot them and decided to devote myself in the future to ministering to the poor. I had a large fortune, I possessed no ties or relatives, my wants were few, and by being careful my money would last many more years than even

my lifetime demands would call for. I started to give medical aid when required to the poor people at the Charterhouse and to the aged seamen at Trinity House. But the physicians in the town, doubtless urged on by Binkley, and probably by some of the physicians from London, prevailed upon the authorities in these public institutions to dispense with my services. "Homeopathy," as they deemed it, was new and dangerous, and they decided its practices must not be permitted, so again I found myself against the barrier of prejudice, the enmity of my colleagues and the hatred of my enemy.

One day I was wandering around the docks, seriously considering an offer made to me by the owner of a vessel to go as ship's doctor on a whaling expedition to the Arctic for a two years' cruise. This offer appealed to me. It would take me away from these petty strifes and give me a new viewpoint of life and perhaps, when I returned from this voyage, some of the ideas which I was advocating so warmly would have spread further and might be more acceptable to the people. I was gazing out over the river, my mind traveling to far off Arctic lands, when I heard a sound near me as though someone was crying. Looking down I saw a little girl sitting on a fir log. She was a small child, almost in rags, and crying as if heartbroken. I sat down beside the child, and spoke gently, so as not to frighten her. She soon raised her tear-stained face and looked up at me. It was a pitiable, haunted look, one that sought friendship.

I touched the child, and she seemed to shrink, as though fearing I might strike her. If ever a child needed medical attention more than she, I have yet to find one. After talking to the child a few minutes I learned that she had no parents, but that she lived with her grandfather who was blind and nearly helpless. How they ever managed to exist is still one of those inexplicable puzzles that one sometimes finds in the poorest tenements in cities. The little girl told me she was ten years old, but she appeared so emaciated, starved and shrunken, I would not have thought her to be more than seven or eight. She rose from the log and I held out my hand to support her, when the child tottered from weakness and I looked down and saw that the poor little child was lame, it was then and there I resolved to do what I could for her.

The child and her grandfather lived in a one-roomed dilapidated cottage on the extreme edge of the town. The place was damp, unsanitary and unfit for human habitation. This and the life of privation had nearly destroyed her. That the grandfather was dying, I could see at a glance. He would not appeal to any charitable institution and, while I respected his pride, I did not feel that the child should be sacrificed. At once I had them removed to a place that was comfortable, near my own cottage. The only way this could be accomplished was by persuading the grandfather that someone in his family had left them a sum of money which I had discovered.

At my instigation the child had aided me in this little subterfuge and so they were moved at my expense and given comfort and all the medical knowledge at my disposal; but, alas too late. The grandfather died. I had him buried, and then I was at a loss what to do for the little crippled girl. The death of her grandfather was a terrible blow and the poor child became ill, so ill that it would have been fatal to have her removed to my house. My problem was solved, however, in a most unexpected manner. A woman by the name of Mrs. Cork who lived in the neighborhood stopped me one morning on the street, after I had been fighting for the life of the child all through the night, against overwhelming odds. This woman said she would remain with the little girl and take care of her when I had to leave the house.

It seemed the only thing to do under the circumstances, for I had asked from each and every one of the institutions in town that competent assistance be given to me, but this aid had been refused. The only satisfaction given me was that the child could be removed to one of the institutions, but I would not be permitted to attend her. In her present condition this would have meant certain death; however, as events transpired, it would have been just as well for the poor child and a hundred times better for myself. I pleaded, begged and threatened, but it was of no avail and several physicians intimated strongly that it was probably my treatment that had brought

about her dangerous condition. I left them in anger and disgust and from that time on I was through with them forever. For several days I fought for the life of the child; every hour and minute I could spare I was with her; my most ardent wish was that in some way she might be saved. Several times when I was in the cottage the husband of the woman who was helping me came in to see his wife. He was a horrible ghastly sight to behold. One of his eyes had been destroyed in some manner and it gave a horrible leer to his face. His neighbors said he was a grave robber, but though I placed little credence in this idle gossip at the time, I was afterwards of the firm conviction that he was far worse than even one who stole bodies. From the first I intuitively mistrusted him, and the crippled child, with that knowledge that is given to those near death, almost went into convulsions whenever he came into the cottage. I had to forbid him from entering the house and both he and his wife took this with ill grace, but this was no time to consider personal feelings. My patient was dying; I was fighting for her life.

The poor child had grown to depend entirely on me. For hours I would sit beside her bed and hold her small white, emaciated hands, so thin and so weak, and my heart went out to her in her pitiable condition. Wherever I moved her eyes would follow me, and she would smile—a weak wistful smile—when I came back to her bedside. My heart was very heavy when I left my small patient one cold,

foggy night, and even to-day whenever I think of her my eyes fill with tears.

That night she died, but I never saw her again, and to this day I do not even know where the poor child is buried. The next morning as I was getting ready to leave the house I was stopped by officers and arrested. Then it was I learned she had died during the night, after I had left, and I, who would gladly have given my own life to save hers was accused of murdering her and was immediately cast into prison.

For the first few days I was stunned with the unexpectedness of this terrible blow. My anger carried me beyond all bounds and I raved at my powerlessness, but I soon realized that I might lose my reason if I dwelt continually on this one subject. Then a calmness, a spirit of mental and physical numbness followed and I found myself sinking to a state of utter uselessness. No information was given me of how the crippled girl had died and I could gain no details until one morning a solicitor called and offered his services to me. He explained that he had looked into the case, as far as possible, that there was overwhelming evidence against me, but that he would represent me and employ the most astute barrister he could secure. The amount of money he demanded for my defense was beyond all reason. I knew he had also taken the trouble to find out, as well as he could, the amount of money I possessed, and resolved, if possible, to secure all of it. I refused his offer of assistance and told him that as I was

innocent I needed no defense. He smiled and suggested that when I needed him, he was entirely at my service. A few more days dragged by, ages they seemed to me, and though at first I could not bring myself to call for the assistance of the solicitor, finally I realized this was neither fair to the memory of the child or myself and that if I was accused and thrust into prison on what I considered no evidence at all, it would necessitate a long and bitter legal fight even to gain a fair hearing in the court, so I summoned the solicitor, accepted his terms, and told him to prepare my defense. As for my money, I no longer had any desire for it. To clear my name, to find out the truth and track down the murderer of the dead child (for in my own mind I was convinced she had been foully murdered), and to bring this person to justice was far more important to me than anything else in the world at that time.

I shall never forget the first day of the trial, and a sickening shudder passes over me whenever I recall those curious and hostile people who came to the court to gaze at me, as though I were some strange animal. And I shall always remember that sordid morbid crowd, relentless and forbidding, that seemed to gloat over my misfortune, heartlessly intent on watching a fellow human being suffer, reveling in my misery. To them it was a novelty, a sport, a thing to laugh and jest about, and I was on trial for my life. All around me I could feel an attitude of hostility, while on the faces I read only that everyone was

convinced that I was a vile murderer; as far as public opinion was concerned, I was already judged to be guilty.

The first day and several following were taken up with the usual routine business of selecting and challenging jurors, to which I was entirely indifferent. On the fourth day the jury had been selected and one of the so-called famous criminal cases of England began in the court of Hull and the prisoner in the dock was, by that time, the most hated man in Yorkshire.

The evidence against me seemed to have been carefully worked out, as though a master hand had arranged that everything which would lower me in the eyes of the public should be brought forth in as effective a manner as possible. A number of prominent physicians from London testified against my method of treatment in general, stress was laid on the fact that I had been repudiated by all recognized practitioners, that I had been requested to leave the Charterhouse, and other institutions. It was shown that I had been a friend of the late Dr. Croft who had been discredited by the Court, and the influence of the Royal Court and its powers was strongly felt all through the trial. All of these facts were brought to the attention of the Judge and the jury. Public opinion was entirely against me. It was evident that the jury would be swayed and their vote certainly cast against me.

As far as I could gather, the acts of my life and my

professional standing, previous to the time I had antagonized my colleagues, were entirely ignored and counted for nothing. I was given credit for no good deeds and only those things that would influence the jury to convict me were dwelt on. I could easily see that my own defenders considered my case as hopeless and their defense was so lukewarm that it practically amounted to nothing.

To me there were just two things that stood out over and above all things in my trial. In glancing over the crowd that assembled each day I noticed in particular two people who impressed themselves strongly on my mind. One was Mr. Binkley. He sat down far towards the front and always his eyes were fixed on me with a persistent malignant look. I could feel his hostility creeping towards me like a suffocating hot wave. In the air, pervading the entire room, was this terrible animosity, that was not mitigated by the feelings of the other people assembled. It seemed to me that there was not one friendly face, that no one had even a kind thought for me, until something prompted me to look towards the fourth row. Some invisible power irresistibly drew my eyes to this same place, again and again, and I saw a beautiful girl looking straight at me, her clear eyes brimming with confidence and trust. She smiled, and I was positive that in all that vast crowd I had found one true and loyal friend in this young girl who was absolutely unknown to me and whom I saw for the first time in my life on

the fourth day of my trial. After that I watched for her every day, and every day she came; in a strange silent way she gave me courage and strength, and God knows I needed it at that time.

Sometimes when some particular malignant point was brought forth against me I could see her eyes flash with anger and I was glad that someone had faith in me. The trial dragged on its weary course and each day I was brought back and forth from the prison and passed through the bitter, heartless crowd with my jailer. Sometimes I heard muttered threats uttered against me by someone in the crowd and jeers would arise that ceased as soon as my jailer turned in the direction from where the sound came; once, just before I was taken into the court room, I passed by the girl and saw her more clearly than I had before. She was beautiful, and I read in her eyes pity for me; on her lips I could read the word she uttered "courage," and for the first time in my life I knew what a true noble woman could mean to a man. I am positive that if I had never seen this lovely creature again—and I certainly had no reason ever to expect to gaze upon her after my trial was finished—I knew that I should remember her as long as I lived. When the court assembled for that day I think it was her sympathy and her faith that gave me strength to bear as deadly a blow as had ever been offered to anyone.

The trial had reached the point where the physicians had testified against my method of treatment;

my reputation had been vilified and blackened in every way possible. Finally Binkley was called as a witness. How a man of his discredited standing was permitted to testify in any court was beyond my comprehension, but, as he was to testify against me, he now had the support of the physicians who had formerly repudiated him, and the influence of the royal court brought to bear against me, lent him power and standing. His reputation was immediately discredited by my barrister, but this was overruled and therefore little attention paid to it by the jury, but what Binkley said about me was extremely interesting to it.

As he told his story, I must admit that by his ingenious manner, and the fact that to the jurymen he appeared reluctant to say anything against me, as it might appear as though he was actuated by revenge, my enemy gave the impression that he was only speaking through necessity, and as it were for the good of the public in general. He actually tried to avoid giving any evidence against me, and so well did he act his part, that I did not blame the jury and the public. It believed it was listening to the words of a magnanimous man, a martyr, as it were, and by his cleverness he made that jury think he had entirely forgiven me for driving him from the medical profession; I believe those men sitting on my case really thought the man was actually a friend. When Blinkley had thoroughly gained their attention and their sympathy, he asked to be excused as a friend

of mine from offering any testimony. The judge peremptorily ordered him to tell all he knew, to hide nothing, and that man, under the oath of the crown, told the public and the jury that day in the court room of Hull, a story that for plausibility was remarkable. He detailed facts, dates, specific hours and days, and produced witnesses to substantiate his entire story. Every word of that story was accepted and, furthermore, believed by the entire court room with the exception of two people—the girl, who sat in the fourth row, and myself.

I listened in amazement as he related his marvelous story, every word of which was untrue, and sometimes I would glance at the girl as she listened to his testimony. I could see her look of astonishment, then her anger, and, intuitively, I felt she knew that Binkley was lying. But even had she desired she would have been powerless to offset his story and condemn him for perjury, for even I myself could not refute his testimony. Towards the end of his story I caught her eye. She smiled, looked at Binkley, then nodded her head with a negative sign, and showed me plainly she did not believe him. Why the girl did this I did not know, but I resolved to defend myself if only for her sake.

During the course of the trial I learned for the first time that on the same night that the little crippled child had died, her body had been removed in some mysterious manner and had not been found. I could see no reason why the body had been spirited

away and was unable to figure out any cause for this, but when Binkley finished his testimony I realized the cause and the motive.

In his story Binkley gave a seemingly plausible reason for my patients leaving me one by one. He attributed it to the fact that they had no confidence in me, but asserted he could not accept this view until he had some definite proof, and now that the proof was furnished him he was forced to accept it, horrible and beyond reason as it was. He hesitated and gave a dramatic pause, as though he was unwilling to continue his story. The judge demanded him to furnish his proof, and, under protest, as it seemed to the crowd and to the jury, he stated that Mrs. Cork, who had taken care of the little girl when I was treating her, had come to him in great distress and said she believed I was purposely murdering the child for some particular reason. Mr. Binkley assured the court that of course he did not believe this, but as the woman was so insistent, he had come to the cottage, more out of curiosity than anything else and with a desire to protect me from so monstrous a charge. In the cottage he had met the husband of Mrs. Cork, who had informed him that Dr. Collingwood had ordered him not to enter this cottage. Binkley stated that this had been brought about because one day Cork had seen the Doctor give a small amount of poison to the little girl, and that Cork had remonstrated to the Doctor about this and immediately had been ordered to leave the

house. I certainly had ordered Cork from the house, but not for the reason given by Binkley. The testimony of Binkley at this point was cross-examined by my barrister, as to why, if Mr. Cork knew that this little girl was being poisoned, he had not at once reported this matter to the authorities. Binkley explained that Cork was not certain and had asked his wife to call Mr. Binkley, who had once done him a slight favor, to examine this so-called medicine and find out if it really was poison. Binkley stated that he knew something about chemistry—enough to know poison—and that he had made an examination of the remaining liquid which he found in the glass by the side of the child, but that even then he could hardly believe I would do an act so cowardly; to make certain he had gone to a chemist to have his judgment verified.

The chemist was called to the witness stand and corroborated the statement of Binkley, even to the day and hour on which Binkley stated he had brought the poison for examination. Mrs. Cork was next called as a witness and stated that the glass and the liquid was the same as I had used. Her story coincided in every detail; fact and date with the testimony of Mr. Binkley and the cross-examination of the chemist and of Mrs. Cork did not change their evidence in the slightest degree. At last Mr. Cork was called as a witness and verified all of these statements, adding that I had tried to bribe him twice to secure for me a dead body for use in dissection,

but that he had refused my money. Cork said his wife had seen him refuse my offers and after that they had suspected me, and made up their minds to watch me closely. When they saw me give the poison to the little girl they knew why I wanted to murder her. His wife was recalled to the witness stand and her testimony agreed in every particular with that of her husband and nothing would change it. By this time the people in the court room were entirely convinced that I was a murderer.

Of all those people the only human being that believed in my innocence was that beautiful girl. I was stunned, literally stunned at these stupendous untruths, at this overwhelming mass of perjury that was brought against me. I looked again at the girl, my only friend in all that crowd and her eyes were filled with tears. She looked at me, and nodded 'no.' I felt, despite these terrible stories, she believed in me. No one will ever know what this mysterious, lovely girl and her great loyalty meant to me on that day, when I felt that the hand of the entire world was against me.

And then occurred an incident so startling that it even brought a thrill to the crowd and satisfied to the fullest extent their morbid curiosity. If in my most sanguine moments I had ever entertained a slight hope for justice, I now found it entirely destroyed at one stroke. Cork consulted with the defense for the crown and the crown asked that he be again permitted to say a few words to the

court. This privilege was granted him, and the crowd waited expectantly to hear what he had to say. He hesitated and then told the court that a terrible dream had come to him on three succeeding nights and each night he had jumped from his bed in fear and had awakened his wife and told her about it. Cork seemed to think it had an important bearing on the case and might help perhaps to clear up the mystery of the missing body of the girl, but he was not sure. Then he stopped in his story and did not seem to know whether to continue or not.

The people leaned forward in their seats and one could read disappointment upon their faces. Cork certainly aroused my curiosity, but not any particular interest, as I merely imagined he wished to relate some foolish dream that really had no bearing whatever on the trial and was probably desirous of attracting more attention to himself. The judge thought a moment and then told him that if his dream would shed any light in regard to the missing body, if there was even a suggestion that might help the court, it was his duty to relate his dream. Cork again hesitated, apologized saying that as this was only a dream it was not perhaps as important as he imagined, but he added that several of his dreams had really come true and he admitted that some people thought he possessed a gift in this direction. As the same dream had appeared exactly three times, both he and his wife believed it. It was quite evident that the audience and the jury had taken Cork en-

tirely at his word, but this was only natural when you realize how deeply ingrained is superstition among ignorant people. The judge rather sharply ordered him to relate his dream as well as he could remember it. Cork told a long and visionary dream, draped in his own language, a dream surrounded by an air of mystery that seemed slightly beyond his meager intelligence to weave, but the important thing that made those people in the court room and the jury almost rise from their seats, and that astounded me beyond all measure, was the fact that Cork stated he saw me in his dream carrying the body of the little girl away from the cottage. He related that as he saw me each night in his dream, I seemed to glide along the street with the dead child, and that I took the body and placed it somewhere as though I was trying to hide it.

At this time the crowd and jury were ready to tear me to pieces and I could see that they actually believed this man, taking his dream, as he called it, as gospel truth. So vivid, indeed, was the story that I must admit that for a moment it almost seemed an actuality to me. I remember looking up in a startled manner at the voice of the judge, who asked Cork to try and remember if he could just where he saw me hide the body of the girl in the dream that came to him.

Cork closed his eyes, and asked everyone to wait for a few moments. He even requested them to keep silence, and so strong was the spell of the dream upon

the court room that everyone obeyed his injunction, waiting silently and expectantly until he again spoke. He seemed to go into a sort of trance and finally began slowly, as though from a great distance. The man stated that he saw me take the body of the little crippled girl to my own house, but he could not tell just where I had hidden it. It seemed to be near—very near the house in a clump of bushes. Then he opened his eyes and looked around at the people as though he did not seem to know exactly where he was.

The judge dismissed him, ordered the trial to be delayed for half an hour while he sent officers to investigate the story of Cork. That it was an absurd story I had no doubt. It was merely on a level with the rest of his untruthful testimony, but as it was supposed to be a dream he could not be held accountable, I hardly thought it even worth a passing thought. In far less than half an hour the officers returned and said they had found the body of the dead child in a clump of bushes at the back of my cottage. I could not believe that I had heard them correctly. I rose from my chair in the dock as the people in the court room started towards me. It was with difficulty the officers protected me from their violence. There were wild shouts, cries and the judge had considerable difficulty in quelling this outburst. He finally secured order, stated that an inquest would be made at once upon the body of the child, ordered the people to disperse

quietly in the name of the King, and added that the trial would be resumed on the following day.

Several times during the trial I had been questioned and cross-examined, but my answers were always short and concise. Repeatedly I asserted my innocence, denied most emphatically everything that was brought against me, but found that no one placed any credence in my words. In fact I had a feeling all through the trial that I was condemned in advance. I had no witnesses to prove that Cork and his wife were lying, no one except the little crippled girl knew how much I had tried to help her. In regard to Binkley it was useless to state that he had threatened me in London, that would only have been put down to malice on my part. Everyone in that court room was evidently convinced I had taken care of the little crippled girl for the sole purpose of murdering her, and when her body was found at the back of my cottage I had no way to prove I had not placed it there; to the crowd and the jury evidence pointed to me as the guilty man.

When the trial was resumed on the following day, the coroner reported that poison was found in her body. The jury was instructed to bring in a verdict, and certainly not more than thirty minutes could have elapsed before it returned to the court room. In the deep silence that fell on the court room as the jurymen filed to their seats, I waited for their verdict, and once again I looked at the beautiful girl who had been so loyal to me through all this

trial. She looked up at me, her eyes filled with tears; then a remarkable thing happened. She spoke aloud in a clear ringing tone, and I heard her say "This man is innocent."

The words came with the shock of a thunderbolt, in the dense silence it was startling. Instantly there was an uproar, officers were called, but no one seemed to know just who had defied the authority of the court.

I was glad that no one except that strange, beautiful girl and myself knew the author of those words, for I should have taken some desperate action if she had been punished for her temerity in speaking so boldly in my behalf. To me her outspoken belief was miraculous. It seemed hardly credible that one who did not know me could still retain faith in me, despite all of this damaging testimony. It gave me strength at that moment to bear anything. I looked at her again, and she looked straight at me. I seemed to read the mirror of her soul at that moment and I am sure she must have read my everlasting gratitude and devotion for her sublime faith. If I were to die I should die without regret, for not only was I innocent, but there was one human being in all this world who believed in me!

When silence was restored, the judge raised his hand, and pronounced me guilty of the murder of the little girl. I was sentenced to be hanged.

CHAPTER II

A FAIR ACCOMPLICE

OVER one-half of my fortune was spent in trying to free myself from this frightful charge and the remainder, a considerable sum, was seized by the crown. All of my efforts failed and on the third of May, 1820, I found myself in the prison at Hull awaiting death.

During the long weary month of my imprisonment I had written and published, at my own expense, a statement of my case, not expecting that it would save my life, for I had abandoned all hope of that; I knew the time would come when my method in treating this child and my other patients would be accepted by my profession and I longed to be cleared of this crime at least in the eyes of posterity, hoping that by some chance my pamphlet might reach the eyes of the unknown girl. As for my conjectures regarding Cork and Binkley and the evidence produced at the trial, of that I said nothing, for if I had my pamphlet would not have been allowed to see the light of day. The cost of publishing it took the last penny I possessed, outside of the remainder forfeited to the crown, but I had the satisfaction of learning that it had created a

sensation, and several important papers and magazines had made mention of it.

Often in my bitterest moments, when I was in utter despair, I would think of this beautiful girl who believed in me, and the memory of her loyalty was my one hope of happiness during those black hours. On June the first, just exactly six days before the date fixed for my execution, the bailiff came to announce the visit of a girl. When I saw her coming down the corridor I could hardly restrain myself, for it was the beautiful girl who was always in my mind. She gave the jailer a sovereign and he consented to let her talk alone to me a few minutes through the bars of the cell. She gave me her hand and I seized it eagerly and rapidly; I told her how much her faith had meant to me, asked her to tell me all about herself. When she said her name was Rosalie Gunning Dean, then I knew her beauty had descended to her from her mother's side of the family and the romance of the old chapel in May Fair again came to my mind.

I asked her a hundred questions about herself and learned that she was nineteen years old, that her mother had long been dead, that she was an only child, and that her father, John Dean, was a physician and a partner of the Hudson Bay Fur Company. She said her father's home was at a large factory situated hundreds of miles north and west of Quebec; she had left home three years ago to finish her education at Doctor Grant's school in Edinburgh. The girl also told me that not many years ago her

father had been persecuted for using methods of therapeutics somewhat similar to mine, but since he was only an obscure physician in a country town no attention from the outside world was given to his case. She told me she had often watched him when she was a child treating and nursing his patients, but despite his success he had found opposition so strong that he had given up his practice in disgust and he had gone to Canada declaring he would never return to England. But as the time had come when it was necessary for her to finish her education, so prejudiced was her father against England, that he had sent her to Scotland. Her education now completed, she was just about ready to go to Canada when she had heard of my trial and so out of curiosity and on account of the similarity of my medical treatment to that of her father, she had decided to come to Hull to my trial. Miss Dean avowed she had become so interested in the trial and so convinced of my innocence that she had remained several months longer, but, she added, she had remained here for a purpose and did not intend to return to Canada until that purpose was accomplished.

I asked her to tell me her purpose in remaining in Hull after I had been convicted, but she blushed and evaded my question, nor would she tell me the great purpose she had in her mind. The only thing she would admit was that she now believed her purpose was accomplished, but before I could question her further we heard the steps of the bailiff coming down

the corridor. She lowered her voice and spoke very rapidly, asking me to listen carefully to what she had to tell and to try and remember it. She came close to the bars, her voice almost a whisper, and said she would sail five days afterward, on the ship Fontanac, from Liverpool to Quebec, where she expected to meet her father, going by canoe and snowshoes to their home in the trackless wilderness.

When she left the prison corridor she gave me a small bunch of flowers that she had worn at her corsage. I watched her as she passed out with the bailiff, and when the door had closed upon her, I mechanically lifted the flowers to my lips. A hard, sharp point pricked my face. At first I thought it was a thorn, but upon examination it proved to be a file, and securely fastened in the paper wrapped about the rose stems were five gold sovereigns. Then I realized why this beautiful girl had remained in Hull, and that her one purpose was to help me to escape.

Once more the blood galloped in my arteries, the firm zest for life returned, and the ecstacy of that moment was worth the price of all my suffering. How I longed for night to come! Meantime I devoted my thoughts to a plan of escape. It was simple. The window of my cell overlooked the river and was perhaps thirty feet above the water. My bed consisted of a few wisps of straw scattered on the floor, and I had no sheet of which to make a cord. My only hope was to jump. Fortunately I was a fairly good swimmer and was very strong.

A board six feet long by perhaps fourteen inches broad, resting upon stones projecting from my prison wall, and used as a seat and table, was the only piece of furniture the cell contained, but it proved to be more valuable to me than the most luxurious furnishing ever devised by the mind of a Frenchman.

During the daytime, no guard was kept upon me, but by night a deathwatch sat just outside my cell door. That fact escaped my mind while I sat waiting for night, and I lost the afternoon. That night I secured a good night's rest and was congratulated next morning by the guard, who had a few drops of the milk of human kindness in his heart. When the guard left, I fell to work with my file. There were four iron bars to be filed through, and I made up my mind to finish this work despite all obstacles. My only visitors were the guards who brought my breakfast, dinner and supper, so I needed only to avoid detection by them.

I worked with my file from the outside of the iron bars, and during the first day, filed almost through three of them, leaving only a small portion of the iron on the inside to conceal the bright filing and to hold the grating in place. The freshly filed iron I concealed with blood taken from a cut in my arm. I thought my heart would burst when the guard brought my dinner. I watched his eyes and feared his every glance toward the light. I carefully suppressed all signs of rejoicing and tried to effect a mournful, resigned expression of countenance.

By nightfall of the second day, all the bars were filed almost through, and the grating hung by mere shreds of iron. My escape, of course, must be made in darkness. Numerous plans for ridding myself of the guard after night suggested themselves, but none of them seemed feasible. Fortunately, an opportunity came without my intervention.

I could eat no supper that evening, but my thirst, brought on by excitement, was insatiable. The deathwatch came before dark and took his place in the corridor just outside my cell door. I had drunk all the water left with me at supper-time, and when the deathwatch came, I asked him to refill the jar. This he willingly consented to do, but when he went to fetch it, I cursed my stupidity for not having waited till after dark. The thought of my awful blunder seemed to stupefy my brain, and I could think of no plan to remedy my mistake. In a short time the guard returned with the water and placed it on the floor in my cell, passing it through the wicket and taking no notice of me.

Presently darkness came, and I stretched my weary body on the straw, hopeless of escape that night. My great thirst frequently drew me to the water jar, and in one of my excursions, I upset the water on the cell floor. I then placed the jar in the corridor begging the guard to fill it for me. Again he consented and departed, grumbling, to fetch the water. Upon his return, I felt sure he would open the wicket

and place the water jar on the floor of my cell, without taking notice of me in the darkness.

The moment the door of the corridor closed behind the guard, I drew off my coat, hurriedly stuffed it with straw and placed it in the corner where I usually slept. That task being finished, I tore the grating from my window and tossed it into the river. I next seized the board—my bench and table—and dropped it to the water. Then, with infinite labor, I crawled through the window and fell, head first, with a splash. I thought I should never come up again, so deep did I sink, but on reaching the surface, I found my board and felt that my escape was secured, and my life saved.

There are moments in every man's life when, as if by a flash of inspiration, he becomes convinced, without evidence of any sort, that the future holds certain conditions and events for him. No moment of my life had ever before held joy so keen, so strengthening, so sure as that in which I grasped the board when I rose from the bottom of the river. I knew I was saved from the gallows. I cannot explain why I was sure of my future safety, but I was as certain then that my life was saved as I am now that I did not hang. One must live through such a moment to know the joy of it.

After floating several miles down the river in the darkness, I felt safe in making a landing on the shore, and all that night I walked until I came to a seacoast town, probably thirty miles from Hull, where I

lay all day concealed just outside the town till nightfall. From my place of hiding I saw two men pasting a notice on a roadside billboard. I seemed to know that the notice concerned me, and when the men had passed up the road, I went cautiously to the bill and read it. Sure enough, two hundred pounds reward was offered for my capture. That fact was of itself disturbing, but if my personal appearance at all accorded with the description in the bill, I must have been a wonderfully handsome man, to say the least. In addition to the reward for my capture, fifty pounds was offered for the arrest of "the young woman, twenty years of age, et cetera, who assisted the criminal to escape."

After nightfall, I sought a farmer's cottage and told the good man I had been capsized in a boat and had lost my clothing. I purchased, with one of my sovereigns, a hat, a coat, and a pair of shoes. The price paid was five times the market value of the articles bought, but no amount of gold could equal their value to me. I also borrowed the farmer's razor and shaved off my beard. The loss of my beard and the rough farmer's clothing completely disguised me. I walked down to the village, feeling safe from detection.

After leaving the farmer's house, I began to consider plans for my future movements. The reward offered for the girl's capture had set me wondering if she had escaped; I knew that by her last words she had meant for me to reach, if possible, the ship in

which she was to sail, and of going with her into the wilderness. As I was sure the ship would stop for a day or two at Queenstown, I determined to try to board her there. Fortunately I found a small vessel making sail for Ireland, and was given passage in consideration of the payment of five of my remaining eighty shillings.

Landing on the Irish coast, not far from Cork, I made my way as quickly as possible to Queenstown, hoping to find the Fontanac, but if not, to find a ship bound for America or any place away from England. Within an hour after entering Queenstown, I had the pleasure of reading the notice of reward for my capture, coupled with the statement that I was supposed to be in Ireland. The notice did not disturb me; it amused me, and I felt a keen delight in evading my pursuers. Fortunately the Fontanac was lying in Queenstown harbor with its pennant flying, ready for sailing, so I hired a boatman to row me out to the ship.

I climbed aboard and dismissed the boat. I then sought the captain and engaged passage in the steerage for twenty shillings down. I also contracted for food for the voyage, explaining that I had had no time to procure it. Soon afterward sail was made, and the ship started slowly for the open sea. Just as we were passing out of the harbor, a small sailboat approached from the land, bearing two men who seemed to be passengers. The sailboat put out for shore immediately after the men had climbed aboard

the Fontanac, and they did not discover that it had gone till the sails of the ship had filled and the small boat had placed fully a mile between the two vessels.

I was standing near the captain when the new arrivals discovered that the small boat had left them and that the ship was under way. They approached the captain and excitedly ordered him to stop the ship, as they desired to return to Queenstown when they had searched the vessel for a young woman who, they said, had assisted a condemned prisoner to escape.

The captain, a gruff, crusty man, said: "I'll see you damned before I'll take in sail with this fair wind. If I don't get into the open sea with this breeze, I may have to lie here a week."

"But we are officers of the crown," answered one of the men, "and have boarded your vessel by authority of a warrant. The young woman we seek is aboard your ship; she sailed with you from Liverpool, and we order you to take in sail and allow us to get our prisoner and return to land."

To order Captain Scott to do anything was the last way in the world to get it done.

"To hell with you," said the captain. "Would you know the girl if you saw her? Have you ever seen her?"

"No," answered one of the men of law; "but we have a full description of her."

I thought of the description I had read on the pos-

ter, and I felt sure the account on the bill did not correspond with her appearance.

The captain hesitated while the officers continued to demand that the ship be stopped and that they be allowed to inspect the passengers. Meantime the wind, which the captain had pretended to fear might drop, increased to a stiff breeze, and the ship continued with each moment to gather speed. I stood near the captain and the officers, listening to their controversy with an interest that soon grew to be torturing, though I turned my back and looked over the railing out to sea. We had passed fairly out of the harbor when the captain consented to an inspection of the passengers.

"Stop the ship at once!" demanded one of the officers.

"I'll do nothing of the sort," replied Captain Scott. "If you find the woman you want, and prove her to be the person named in your warrant, then I'll stop the ship and send you ashore, if the sea permits. If it does not, you'll have to cross with us and pay your way. No one told you to board my ship."

The officers protested loudly, but the only concession they could obtain was that the captain ordered the secondmate to summon all passengers on deck. The steerage passengers came up first. There was one girl who partly answered the description in the warrant, and the officers demanded she be surrendered to them. Then the cabin pas-

sengers appeared, grumbling and ill-tempered at being disturbed.

Almost the last person to come up through the cabin hatchway was the beautiful girl that had saved my life. I remember almost laughing at the thought that, without her help, I should, at that very moment, be hanging by a noose about my neck on a gallows at Hull. I say I almost laughed at the thought, for I had the strong sense of certainty of which I have spoken, that my life was saved.

The girl was as pale as death and I feared she would confess her guilt the moment she was accused. I also remember fearing that she might betray me in her confession, for I did not then know how completely the loss of my beard disguised me.

The officers carefully examined all the women, reading the description as they proceeded down the line. When they came to Miss Dean, they scrutinized her carefully, asked her to step aside with them. And the other passengers were dismissed. Fortunately the officers had two girls to choose from, and they were apt to fall out between them. The girl from the steerage gave a clear account of her whereabouts on the first day of June—the day Miss Dean visited my cell—and others on the ship corroborated her story. That left Miss Dean the only possible victim aboard ship, and the officers were disposed to take some one with them.

"Where did you sail from?" asked one of the officers, trying to catechize the poor girl.

"Liverpool," she answered.

"Where were you on the morning of June first?"

The girl was frightened, and I could see that she was on the point of telling all she knew. Fortunately, an hysterical flood of tears checked her words, and the officer, after a long pause, demanded gruffly that she answer the question. She was about to speak—to her undoing, I was sure—when a happy thought flashed through my mind. I stepped up to the captain and the officers, and assuming a rustic manner of speech, spoke to Captain Scott:

"It's an outrage, Captain Scott, to allow these officers to insult and browbeat that young lady. She is so frightened and confused that she cannot answer their brutal questions. I can answer for her. She does not know me, for I am not of her walk in life. I have, for years, worked as gardener for Doctor Grant in Edinburgh. I saw her there last Sunday morning, June first. I saw her leave the school Tuesday noon for Liverpool to sail for Quebec; at least that is what one of the gardeners there told me. The young lady's going put into my mind the thought of making the voyage to Canada myself, so here I am. My name is John Mason, and though this young lady may never have seen me, I well remember her since three years ago when she first came, a girl in short skirts, to Doctor Grant's school. It was in the fall of '17 she first came to Doctor Grant's. Ask her if I am not right."

"Is that true?" asked the captain, addressing the girl.

"Yes, it is true," she answered. "I've been in Doctor Grant's school three years."

"Now you can go ashore," said Captain Scott, turning to the officers. "You have given us too much trouble already. I don't like your way of doing things, and I'd like to heave you overboard for the fishes. Make ready a boat and choose a crew to row these fellows ashore," continued the captain, addressing the boson, "and bring the ship about without taking in sail," he said, calling to the mate.

By that time the wind was blowing a stiff breeze and the sea had an ugly, choppy run in its waves. The officers read the sea, and not liking the prospect of a ducking and a possible upsetting, told Captain Scott that they would not land while the wind and the sea were up. They demanded that he heave the ship to and wait for a calm, or to sail back into the harbor.

"I'll see ye both go down first," answered the captain. Then turning to the boson, he said: "Don't lower the boat; tell the mate he need not bring the ship about."

The officers of the law grew violent and abusive when they saw the ship's bowsprit pointing steadily toward the Atlantic, but their rage seemed only to increase the anger of the captain.

"Come, come," said Scott, "pay your passage, cabin or steerage, or make ready to work your way

across, slushing down." Again the men protested, but Captain Scott took out his watch, opened it, noted the time, and said: "I give you just five minutes to choose which you will do, work or pay. If you don't consent to do one or the other, in irons you go, on bread and water, and damned little of that. I'll treat you as I'd serve any other stowaway."

Before the five minutes were up, the officers of the crown found enough money to pay their passage in the steerage, and did so accordingly. We then went forward among the steerage passengers, and Miss Dean returned to her cabin.

During the first few days the gentlemen of the law, whose names were Crumm and Burk, were very quiet and very sick, but when they got their sea legs and sea stomachs, they began to grumble, They lorded it over the other poor steerage passengers and abused the captain to an extent that brought their words just to the verge of mutiny, and there they knew enough to stop. They declared they would have the captain and Miss Dean arrested the moment the ship reached Quebec.

CHAPTER III

FUGITIVES OF THE LAW

DAY after day I watched and waited, hoping yet fearing, to see Miss Dean. I longed to see her, for I had fallen desperately, passionately in love. I had lived to middle life without the love of any woman entering into my life. But this girl was so beautiful, her face, her form, her perfect teeth and still more wonderful eyes, with their long, black, curling lashes and arched brows, her great crown of dark fluffy hair, her soft voice, her tender heart that showed so plainly in the act that saved my life, her love of justice and the courage her act required, all made her irresistibly beautiful to me. Add to these attractions the fact that she had saved me from a felon's death and was now being pursued for my sake, and I believe I have summed up a set of conditions that no man could resist, unless he were of stone, or his heart elsewhere engaged.

I thought of her every moment of the day. I dreamed of her at night. Hope of winning her for myself, I had none. In the first place, I was much older than she, a fact that of itself would seal my lips. I was, by the law, a felon under sentence of death; my life was a wreck, and even granting that I

could win her, mine was a case that should have prevented any man who was not all bad from trying. I feared to see her because I did not wish to increase the malady from which I suffered, because I knew that she would speak with me, and might lay the foundation of trouble for herself and for me when the ship reached Quebec. Nevertheless, I longed to see her and would watch all day near the railing that divided the steerage passengers from the cabin.

No man, however innocent he may be, can entirely resist the corroding influence that comes as a result of his conviction of a crime. He gradually absorbs, to a certain degree, the opinion entertained by others. These conditions soon begin to undermine his self-respect. If one knows that the world despises him and waits to hang him, the mere act of evading his pursuers gives him, despite his utmost effort, a "slinking" manner and brings his self-love to a point where it needs constant bolstering by his will.

A part, therefore, of my dread of meeting Miss Dean was due to a persistent, intruding feeling that I was intrinsically unworthy to speak to her. I could easily reason down the absurd thought, but without an effort of my will, it kept bobbing up and made me feel subconsciously that I was her inferior in a degree that did not at all exist.

But love overrides all other motives, so I appropriated a coil of rope near the steerage railing and sat there for five days, hoping yet fearing that the

girl would come to me. I knew, with that strange sense of prescience that sometimes comes to one, not as knowledge but as sensation, that she would come to me. If I had been able, even for a time, to remove the clog of reason, that indefinable though accurate sense, I believe the future would have been laid bare to me with exact truth. I seemed almost in a clairvoyant state.

On the evening of the sixth day out, I was sitting on my coil of rope, thoroughly downhearted and blue. Anger gathered in my brain and hatred grew in my heart as I brooded over the frightful injury the world had put upon me. I knew that my loved profession, that would some day be a blessing to mankind, was in its present form a curse, that the credulous people of the world were being killed more frequently than cured by old and deadly methods whose only virtue was the stamp of precedent. They were a part of the knowledge of our forefathers, and that is the greatest of all stumbling blocks in the march of the human race forward to good. While I was in a very hell of despondency, hatred and anger, I was suddenly transported to a heaven of delight by seeing Miss Dean emerge from the cabin hatchway. She glanced toward the steerage and I knew she was looking for me. I rose to my feet and she came at once to the railing. She offered her hand and said, with emotion:

"I thank you. I have been ill or I should have come long ago. It was a noble lie. A man who

could utter such a lie could never speak an evil one. How quickly you did it! A delay of one second would have been fatal, for I was on the point of breaking down and telling everything. What would they have done with me?"

"If you liberated a condemned criminal, you would have been tried as accessory after the fact, and his fate probably would have been yours," I answered.

"Do you mean they would have hanged me?" she asked, almost gasping for breath.

"That or imprisonment for life," I answered, "if the prisoner was under sentence of death."

Her face paled for an instance, but she soon turned toward me, and her eyes glowed with a meaning far deeper even than her words as she said:

"I did not know I was committing a crime when I gave the poor man the means of escape, but it would have made no difference if I had known. I should have done it just the same."

I thought from the manner of her gaze that she meant me to know she had recognized me, but I was sure that an avowal of recognition between the girl and me was unwise at that time, if not unsafe. After a brief silence, she continued:

"I read an article published in the paper that gave extracts from a pamphlet written by the—the accused man, and his condemnation seemed so unjust, his defense so clear and beautiful, so convincing, forgiving and hopeless, that my sympathy was

aroused, both because I saw back of the article a strong and beautiful character; I firmly believe some day all of his ideas will be accepted by the medical profession. When I saw him at his trial and finally met him in the death cell I discovered that all my exalted ideals of him had fallen far short of reality." Her head drooped as she continued, haltingly: "He—he—was the most perfect man I ever beheld, and the most ignorant, unobserving woman in the world could have seen at a glance that his character was even more beautiful than his person. He has not left my thoughts for one moment since I saw him. Sympathy drew me to his trial and fate brought me to his cell. Fate holds me chained to him with bonds that I cannot and do not want to break."

Then I was convinced that she did not know me.

After that first conversation the girl came every morning with her camp stool and sat by me, the railing between us. I often found her waiting for me, though I was an early riser. From the first interview her conversation was frank, and at times I was almost ready to believe she was a coquette, ready to flirt with any man that might come her way. I could not, however, accuse her of that shortcoming, for the ship was filled with men, many of them young and attractive, and I never saw her exchange a word with any of them. Jealousy often prompted me to believe that she confined her conversation with other men in the cabin, after she left me, but after the

jealous fit had passed away, I felt that I was doing her an injustice. One day while I was suffering from one of my sporadic attacks of jealousy, I said:

"I'm afraid you waste a great deal of time on me. Doubtless there are other men on board who would be delighted to talk to you—men whose society you would enjoy far more than mine."

"If that is true, why don't I seek their society, or allow them to seek mine?" she asked.

That effectively quieted me and taught me that if I was sincere in my desire to remain silent upon a certain dangerous theme, I must not induce her to speak. Several attempts of the sort had led me to believe that this young woman belonged to the outspoken class, and I did not know just how much the peculiar situation had affected her imagination. I was never sure that she did not know me; at times I was sure she did.

I saw the girl every day, and her companionship grew to be so necessary to me that I felt I could easily do without the air I breathed as to forego the joy of her presence. Although my love for her grew day by day, it did not diminish my resolution to remain silent on the theme, but rather increased it, for I knew I had no moral right to inflict myself on this young, beautiful girl, even admitting that I could possibly win her love. Our constant association, even though the steerage railing was always between us, caused a deal of talk among the passengers, both fore and aft. It attracted the attention of the

whole ship to us, and that was just what I wished to avoid.

I will not dwell long on the earlier events of the voyage, for many things happened later on that were of far greater importance. I will say, however, that during our daily conversations the girl constantly gave utterance to words and half hidden sentiments that would have led me to believe that she returned my love, had I not been able to make allowances for what I have already mentioned; that is, the influence of all the surrounding conditions on her imagination. At times when she uttered words that were almost an invitation to me to speak, I thought her a fickle, bold person, for she had early in the voyage told me, almost with sharp and imperative plainness, that she had lost her heart to the man she had liberated; now, after the voyage was a few days old, she ceased to speak of him and was speaking to me, whom she did not know, and acting toward me in a way well calculated to make me lose all self-control. There was no boldness in her words and acts; what she said and did was but the output of an impulse springing from a heart that knew nothing of the art of concealment.

All her life, excepting the few years at Doctor Grant's school in Edinburgh, had been spent in the primeval wilderness and nature had placed on her the indelible stamp of genuineness. She told me all the little history of her life, and like a true child of nature, trusted me much further than was within the bounds of prudence. Among other facts that should not

have been told, she said her father had been exiled from England because he had dared to substitute new truths for old fallacies in the medical profession. She then said that the man she had helped was condemned for a similar offense. That fact, together with her unrestricted nature, had impelled her to seek entrance to the prison and to help me.

But through all her tempting, I remained steadfast to my purpose and gave expression to no thought that would make the situation worse. At times I feared that my reticence was the most artful form of wooing I could adopt; at other times I hoped it was; again I was tempted to jump overboard and rid both the girl and myself of a dangerous situation. The suicidal mania, like jealousy, hatred and some forms of love, is a disease. In many cases it is self-limited in the same manner that a fever runs its course and subsides; in other instances it is curable, not by medicine, for that, I almost believe, cures not at all, but by mental shock. My disease was of the latter sort, and was cured in the following manner.

One day the mania had been strong upon me, and I had written a letter to Miss Dean telling her who I was and giving her the reasons for my cowardice. I intended giving her the letter that evening when we should part for the night, and then—good-by to the world and all its troubles. I hate myself even now while I write these lines, for they recall to my mind the detestable fact that I may at any time again sink to the depths of cowardice in any impor-

tant situation in life. It may be, however, that the fear of again becoming contemptible has been a spur to my self-love, for since that lapse into degradation, I cannot remember a moment in my life of which I am ashamed.

I was waiting at the railing for Miss Dean when one of the steerage passengers, to whom I had never spoken, came to my side and addressed me. He was a plainly dressed man of the farmer class.

"My name is Bates," he said, speaking somewhat haltingly. "I have knowledge of a matter that has been going on during the last few days, that I believe is of great interest to you and to the lady, and I have determined to tell you if you wish to know about it."

I was at first inclined to refuse his offer, but fear for Miss Dean prompted me to reply:

"Yes, thank you; I should like to hear what you have to say."

"You may have noticed," said Bates, "that the officers of the law that tried to arrest the lady have of late frequently been seen to go aft."

"I recall the fact, now that you mention it," I answered.

Bates remained silent for a moment, and continued:

"There is a man in the steerage named Jordan who told me, early in the voyage, that your name is not Mason. He said he knew you in the city of Hull, when you were a physician, and that you are the man liberated by the lady. I do not know whether

his statement is true or false, and I do not want to know. I simply tell you what Jordan told me. If he had told no one else, I should have remained silent, but yesterday he told me he had given the information to the law officers and was to receive fifty pounds of the reward offered for your capture. The law officers and Jordan communicated their knowledge to the captain. The matter is to remain secret until you and the lady reach Quebec, when you both are to be arrested and taken back to England. The captain does not fully believe Jordan and refuses to allow the arrest to be made at this time, but when you and the lady land at Quebec, his authority and protection, of course, will cease. My information may be of no use to you, but my words are well meant."

"And I thank you for them," I answered.

My suicidal mania was at once cured. I tore the letter to shreds and cast it over the gunnel. Rosalie would need my help and I would live to serve her; I would also live to fight for my life. That evening Rosalie was happier than usual, and I could not bring myself to tell her of the frightful cloud that was hanging over us. I frequently met the gentlemen of the law, whose manner toward me was unmistakably one of triumphant anticipation. They seemed to gloat over me as a vulture whets its bill upon its prey.

During the next weeks of the voyage, I suffered from that most awful of mental pain—uncertainty.

Sleep visited my eyes only when impelled by exhaustion, but I could think of no plan that offered even a remote chance of escape. Rosalie, whose joyousness grew day by day, noticed my depression and commented on my worn expression, but I would not bring the frightful fear to her until I must. By day and by night, I thought of nothing but plans to save Rosalie. At one time I determined to offer myself to the law officers upon condition that she be spared, but that, I knew, could not save her from their greed. Again I conceived the thought of killing the men who were pursuing us, but they were always together, and even should I accomplish my purpose, it would not help me at Quebec.

I shall not try to tell of the thousand schemes that flashed across my brain, all futile and impracticable. I was almost insane, but never was the zest of life so strong within me.

Three weeks dragged out their weary way after I heard the terrible news from Bates, and the ship was approaching the Gulf of St. Lawrence, intending to enter by the Straits of Belle Isle. Only a few weeks more and we should be alongside the wharf at Quebec. Then Rosalie would be in irons, ready for the return voyage; I, too, would soon be sailing back to death, but that thought gave me no pain. The thought of Rosalie's suffering brought me agony. I could see no way out of the frightful dilemma, for a few questions would quickly force from Rosalie a full confession of her identity. Even should she rec-

ognize me, she would not betray me; that she would betray herself there was no doubt in my mind.

One evening it was reported that in two days more we would reach St. John's, where the ship was charted to stop on its way to Quebec. All hearts save mine were filled with joy, but I was dumb with agony. I remember lying down that night, almost unconscious of suffering. My pain, like an overdose of poison, had neutralized itself and I went to sleep. During the night I was awakened by the noise of the sailors on the deck above. The ship was tossing frightfully, and I heard Captain Scott and the mates giving hurried orders to the men. I rose from my hammock and found most of the passengers sitting or standing about the steerage. The dim light of a lantern shone upon their frightened faces, and every one seemed to be in a state of panic. Standing not far from my hammock, was Bates, and I went to him and asked what was the trouble.

"A terrible storm has come up from the south, I believe," he answered. "I heard the bo'son call all hands, and some one on deck shouted: 'The ship has struck a rock!' Then the hatches were closed and—and—my God, the ship is sinking!"

I thought he was right, for the vessel turned over on its beam end until the deck stood at an angle of fully forty degrees, and everyone and everything went to the port side. I fell to the deck and was there along with the others. One must witness such a scene to appreciate it. Men, women, and children

cried out in an agony of fear, but my friends, the officers of the law, showed the greatest cowardice. They tried to beat open the hatch, cursed the officers and sailors as murderous brutes for fastening them in a death-trap. But their ravings did not help them, though their example helped to spread consternation among the other passengers.

For three days and nights the hatches were battened down, and the ship tossed as though it were a live thing in agony. The scene in the steerage was indescribable. I feared to disclose the fact that I was a physician, for it would confirm what Jordan had said; but the poor women and children were so ill that I could not resist ministering to them. There were many cases of severe contusion caused by falls, and there was one fair little girl whose leg was broken by a great drunken brute of a man who fell on her. I set the limb and did all I could to help her and others. While I was adjusting the splints to the child's leg, one of the officers of the law approached me, saying:

"Ah, my friend, we've found you out. You'll not have so pleasant a journey back to England. You'll go in chains, my hearty!"

He was drunk, as were most of the men in the steerage, and alas! many of the women. I was desperate and answered indiscretely, though I could not make the situation any worse than it was.

"If you give me an opportunity to kill you; *you* will not go back at all," I said.

"Ah, you would kill me, would you? Well, I'll be on my guard. I don't want to have to kill you in saving my own life. You are worth two hundred pounds alive in England."

With that he drew from his belt a murderous looking bludgeon, shook it threateningly at me, and took his leave.

In the morning, when the sea had somewhat subsided, the hatches were opened and I hastened on deck, hoping to see Rosalie. As soon as my head reached above the hatchway frame, I saw her standing at the steerage rail. I hastened to her, for she had not been out of my thoughts one moment during the storm. The ship was still tossing furiously and there were but few passengers on deck.

"Oh, I have worried so much about you," said she, holding both hands across the railing to grasp mine. "Life in the cabin has been frightful. What must it have been in the steerage?"

"So terrible I cannot describe it," I answered, "Were you frightened?"

"No," she replied. "I cannot say that I was. I worried so much about you that I had no time for fear. I am more afraid now than I have been during the entire storm. Will the ship live through it?"

"I hope not," I answered. "A wreck is the thing of all others I desire, save for the sake of the poor women and children, and—and you. There are not five men in the steerage who do not deserve death. If you had seen the drunken brutes fighting among

themselves, beating their wives and children, venting the venom of their hearts in moments of disgusting cowardice, you would say, 'God deliver me from all men!'"

"Not from all men," she answered, her eyes glowing as she gazed intently into my face. "I know without the telling that there was one brave man whose manhood grew and blossomed under the strain. Did you not help the others?"

"I set a child's leg," I replied unwillingly.

'Do you still wish the ship would founder?" she asked with intense earnestness, after a long pause.

"For the sake of others, no; for my own sake, yes," I answered.

"Then I, too, wish it," she returned, shyly touching my hand. "Your wish is my wish; your will is my will. It has come—to—to that. I realized the truth before the storm, but the three days' separation from you gave me to know what permanent separation would be, and—and—now I have told you what a modest girl would have kept to herself?"

She hung her head in shame, and the glimpse I caught of her face, by peeping beneath the rim of her bonnet, showed it rosy with blushes. An almost irresistible impulse prompted me to tell her of my love. Surely her words and my longing should have excused me, but my manhood and her helplessness came to my rescue, and I answered soothingly:

"No, no, child, your words are not immodest. I am glad to have your trust. It bolsters up my self-

respect, which God knows has been sadly falling of late. I pray God I shall always deserve your faith."

"You must cling to your self-respect," she answered in a voice husky with emotion. "Whatever your condition on your surroundings, never forget that you are you. Tell me, have you ever in all your life done an act of which you are really ashamed?"

I was looking out to sea, but I could feel her eyes upon me. After a long, thoughtful pause, I turned to her, saying:

"Many little things have happened in my life that I wish had been left undone, but there is not one of which I can truly say I am ashamed."

"I did not ask the question," she continued, "because I doubted you. I simply wished you to put into words, for your own good, the composite truth of your whole life. One may think a truth and believe it, but the thought, given words, drives home, and one knows it is true. Distinct utterance often gives color of truth to a thought which one doubts. I have heard my father say that one may talk one's self well of an illness."

"Your father is right," I responded.

Thus talking upon such subjects, I led her away from the dangerous one, and though I longed to lead her back to it, the fact that I did not was a wonderful stimulant to my self-respect; that afternoon, when the storm increased and the passengers were ordered under hatches, I went back to my hell in the steerage, strong in the courage of my own cause.

CHAPTER IV

ON THE ROCKS

THE next morning, after a frightful night, the hatches were opened and I again went on deck where, after waiting an hour, I was rewarded by finding Rosalie once more by my side.

"The captain says we have been blown far north out of our course," she said. "He says we are off the rocky coast of Labrador. He seems to be terribly worried, but he keeps a brave front and tries to comfort the passengers."

At that moment the captain emerged from the cabin, and I asked Rosalie to tell him that I wanted a word with him when he had a moment to spare. She accordingly went to him, and presently they came toward me. I told Rosalie I wished to speak to the captain alone, and she withdrew.

"From what Miss Dean tells me, we probably are off the coast of Labrador," I said, interrogatively.

"I fear we are," answered Captain Scott.

"With the wind as it is, from the south and east, the rocky shores of this part of the world place us in a most dangerous position, do they not?" I asked.

"I do not want to discuss the question," he an-

swered. "It will only spread fear and panic among the passengers."

"That is my reason for speaking," I rejoined. "If we are near Labrador and the wind rises, as it is apt to do before night if the gale come from the east, I know the result quite as well as you do, Captain Scott. When trouble comes, you will need help from among the passengers. You have no one in the cabin who can help you, and of all the men in the steerage there is only one—his name is Bates—who would not throw his wife and child overboard to save his own life. I wish to offer my help. If you will arm me with pistols or cutlass, I will do my part. You will need all the help you can get. If I am not mistaken, the wind is already freshening, and if it comes from the east, you will drift upon the rocks as sure as to-morrow's sun will rise."

The captain remained silent for a moment, and then said: "I thank you. I'll call on you in case I need you. I believe you are the only passenger, excepting Bates in the steerage, upon whom I may depend."

The captain walked away; Rosalie, hurrying to my side, childlike, asked me what we had been talking about. I told her, and instead of being frightened at our danger, she seemed to be happy. She really wanted a wreck because I had said I wanted it. My reason for speaking to the captain was twofold. I wanted to get possession of arms, intending to kill Crumm and Burk upon the first opportunity. I also wanted to be vested with slight authority so that

I could arrange for Rosalie's disposal according to my liking.

Within an hour the wind shifted to the east, and the ship sped inland before a terrific gale. During forty-eight hours the captain had not been able to take an observation; the shifting of the wind had rendered dead reckoning impossible. Very naturally, therefore, no one on shipboard could tell our position with accuracy, although Captain Scott supposed we were off the coast of Labrador. When the wind shifted to the east, twenty-four hours of driving to the west under canvas sufficient only to give the ship headway did not help to clear up the mystery of our position. At the expiration of that time, the wind again shifted to the north and Captain Scott hoped it would blow him into the great St. Lawrence Bay through the Straits of Belle Isle, a twelve miles wide opening in the rocks. To drive into any other spot on the coast meant our destruction. Twelve miles of open in a thousand miles of rock was a small target to steer for, but the mouth of the Straits of Belle Isle seemed to be our only chance.

When night approached, the wind again came from the east. Captain Scott would have remained hove to, had he not felt sure that the danger of drifting would be greater than the risk of forging ahead under small canvas. With this last change of the wind, I felt sure the time of the ship's greatest danger was approaching, so I sought Captain Scott and again asked him to accept my services, and to allow me to

remain on deck all night to be in readiness in the event of catastrophe.

With the sea and wind as they then were, I knew that shipwreck meant death to all on board, and so selfish was I that I did not care a straw what others might suffer, if God in His mercy would send death to Rosalie and to me.

"Our great danger to-night will be the rocks," said Captain Scott. "The night is so black we cannot see them, and the wind howls so terribly that no human ear could detect the surf a cable's length away. We must plunge ahead and trust in God. If we do not strike the Straits of Belle Isle, we shall be at the bottom of the sea before morning unless we are preserved by a miracle. Go to the mate. He will give you a brace of pistols. If the worst comes and the boats must be lowered, the mate will assign you a place and will tell you what to do; that is, to kill any man that disobeys an order."

I hurriedly sought the mate and obtained the weapons. Soon after nightfall the sea rose as the wind increased, and the hatches were all closed. Crumm and Burk were on deck when all hands were ordered below. I had received the pistols half an hour before, and they were very precious to me, for I cuddled the thought that there were two bullets in them, one for Crumm and one for Burk. Immediately after receiving the pistols, I conceived the idea of killing my enemies at once, but fortunately I could not find them. It had reached the point where I would will-

ingly have become a murderer if it would save Rosalie.

When the hatches were ordered closed, I was told to remain on deck. Hearing this, Crumm and Burk protested, refusing to go below, whereupon Captain Scott ordered them seized and directed that they be put in irons if they made further resistance. This produced the desired effect and they descended to spread mutiny among the steerage passengers. All the cabin passengers, of course, were below and I had no opportunity to speak with Rosalie and tell her to cling to my side in case of disaster. I feared that we might be separated if shipwrecked; death would lose half its sweetness if we could not die in each others' arms.

It was a terrible night. Imagine, if you can, the grandeur of such a scene when one can look calmly upon it and witness its fierce beauties, not in fear but in ecstasy, not in dread but in love. Surely it was never given to man to witness what I saw that night with eyes such as mine. I believe fear is at the bottom of every evil that comes upon us, and that the lack of fear will conquer the greatest danger that can assail us. The sea could not frighten me; therefore it spared me.

All night long Captain Scott and the crew remained on deck, battling with the sea. I remained well toward the bow where the wash of the waves was not so violent. I clung to a guy rope when the sea came over in great surges, and at such times my heart

jumped for joy. Although I longed to feel and to hear the ship strike, still I felt that my duty was to help save the vessel, if possible. After four or five hours of darkness—for at that season the sun rises early in those latitudes—the sky in the east became gray, and the inky blackness of night gave place to a murky light.

Hardly had the light appeared when I noticed a faint white streak on the surface of the sea, directly ahead of the ship. At first I thought it was but a succession of whitecaps, but I soon concluded it was too far-reaching and unbroken to be simply the froth of wave crests. Although I was not a sailor and had never used the sea nor known much of its ways, I was sure the white line ahead of us was a mighty surf breaking over the rocks, so I sought out Captain Scott and led him to the ship's bow.

"Breakers ahead," he cried, returning amidship, and issuing orders for bringing the ship about.

The maneuver brought no help, for the ship continued to drift toward the rocks, her fate was evident, even to me, a landlubber. Two of the sailors ran to one of the boats and began lowering it. The mate struck one of them a blow that sent him out of the boat into the sea; the other sprung from the boat and attacked the mate. The captain and the second mate ran to the first mate's assistance and several sailors joined their comrades against the officers.

I had turned my eyes away from the surf ahead of us when the fight began, and did not know the ship

was upon the rocks until she struck with a crash that broke her foremast off within twenty feet of the deck. This sudden and awful catastrophe stopped the fight, all hands began at once looking to their own safety. A few commands from the captain soon brought order out of chaos, at least some order. The hatches were thrown open by some one, and the passengers came on deck from the cabin and the steerage. Captain Scott and the officers begged them to go below, but they did not obey.

"To the boats! To the boats!" screamed Burk, whereupon the men from the steerage and, I am sorry to say, several from the cabin rushed to the boats and were about to lower them into the water when the captain, the mates and I drove them away at the points of our pistols.

When the half-mad men were driven from the boats, I began to look for Rosalie. I sought her among the passengers crowded about the cuddy hatch, but could not find her, and I concluded she had gone below in obedience to the captain's orders. I was about to enter the cabin in search of her when I heard a great screaming among the steerage passengers, and turned just in time to see a mighty wave dash over the ship. As it passed to the underdeck, I saw dark objects on its crest, and when it had left the ship the number of the poor steerage folk was reduced by half; several of the cabin passengers were gone. Fortunately I was standing at the cabin hatch when I looked back and saw the great wave

coming, so I quickly closed the hatch or the cabin would have been flooded. Some one else had closed the steerage hatch. Clinging to the masts and rigging were a number of passengers and sailors, half drowned and almost helpless. I at once seized a wreck near the cuddy hatch, expecting every moment another visitation from the surging sea. To my great joy the monster wave had no immediate successor, though the sea beat violently against the rocking ship's stern. Within ten seconds I ran to the gunnel, over which the great wave had tumbled into the sea, trembling with a sudden fear that Rosalie had been washed overboard. To my infinite horror I saw her struggling in the sea, not ten feet away, in a space of calm water in the lee of the ship. I had previously removed my shoes and all surplus clothing, so over I went with the first flash of thought, glad of the chance to die with the girl I loved. I quickly caught her. Nature asserting herself, put back into my heart the normal love of life, and by some unknown means, probably by the help of a returning wave, I brought the girl and myself once more on board. I hurried with her to the cabin, and in a few moments the brave, strong girl had almost entirely recovered from a shock that would have killed most women.

When she was able to stand, I said: "Go to your stateroom. You will be safer there than on deck, and you may be sure I'll not forget you."

"I know that without the telling," she answered,

taking my hand to express her faith. Then she entered her room while I hurried on deck.

The sea had not subsided, though the waves did not break so violently over the ship, because, perhaps, of the elevation on the rock to which she had been carried by the first great comber. The ship, however, shook and trembled under the beating of the waves, and it looked as if she might go to the bottom any moment. She was hard and fast on the rock, but should the sea lift her from her berth, the vessel certainly would sink like a stone. Of this fact the most ignorant person on board could not help being aware, and soon the cry: "To the boats! To the boats!" began to resound above the din of wind and sea.

Captain Scott shouted: "There is death in the boats. Not one of them could live in this sea."

So the sailors, the officers and myself again took our stand by the davits and threatened to shoot anyone who touched the falls and ropes. We guarded the boats for an hour, by which time the sun was breaking through the clouds, and day had fully dawned. The sea had apparently become less violent, though there was a trembling and rocking in the ship that led every one, including the captain, to believe that she might be lifted from the rock and plunged to the bottom at any moment.

Captain Scott had not slept for two days and nights, and his nerves were not strong enough to resist the imperative demands of the passengers that

the boats be lowered, the ship abandoned. He knew that the boats could not live in the sea, but the utter destruction of the ship seemed so imminent and the whole situation looked so hopeless that at length he yielded, saying:

"We might as well die out there in the sea as here. Make ready to lower the boats!"

I hurried to the cabin and told Rosalie of the captain's decision, and she hastened on deck. Frightful confusion ensued. Most of the men, passengers and sailors, made a rush for the boats, pushing the women and children aside with brutal cruelty.

Fortunately these brutes had taken possession of the boats on the windward side of the ship because they were the larger, and as each boat was lowered, it careened and took its cargo of human souls to death. This disaster, or blessing, reduced the number of persons that would have to go in the smaller lee boats. The great wave had already diminished our number, so that with the fortunate death of a score or more of men in the boats that had been lowered on the windward side of the ship, there were barely a score of men, women and children left for the three lee boats, each of which could easily carry all of them.

With the worst of the men gone to their last account, Captain Scott and the officers easily restored order, and the women and children were placed in two of the lee boats. Then the men were ordered in, and soon no one was on deck but the captain, the first mate and myself. Not having determined what

course to pursue, I had allowed Rosalie to enter one of the boats, but when the captain ordered me to the boat, I indicated that the mate should go first and he took his place in the stern of the boat in which Rosalie sat. Her eyes did not leave my face and I felt sure she had divined my purpose.

"Make haste," said the captain, addressing me.

"I shall not go with the boats," I answered. "I'll remain with the ship."

Then I heard a cry from Rosalie. Before a word could be spoken, she rose from her seat in the boat, and placing her foot on the gunnel, sprang to the deck beside me. Captain Scott again ordered us into the boat, but we each refused and drew away, whereupon the captain said:

"You are right. I go with the boats, but I am throwing my life away for the sake of these fools."

He then left the ship, and the sailors carefully lowered the boats to the small space of comparatively calm sea in the lee of the ship. Soon they drifted out on the turbulent waves, and within ten minutes they were carried out of the range of our vision, not toward shore, but out to sea against the wind.

I had expected the boats to founder as soon as they passed beyond the lee of the ship, but when I saw that they safely rode the waves, I felt like cursing myself for keeping Rosalie with me on board the doomed ship. I wished to die, but I had no right to gain my desire at the cost of her life. Many a man

has loved a woman so dearly that he was willing to die for her, but I doubt if there are many men who can measure their love by their willingness to live.

Rosalie and I stood watching the boats until they were lost to sight. Then she turned to me and said:

"The waves and the mist hide the boats from us. I am glad I am here with you."

She looked up to me and I could see the gladness in her eyes. I longed to take her in my arms, but instead I, who was not prone to prayer, begged God to give me strength against my love, and to serve me as I should serve this helpless girl, so strangely thrown into my life.

"Will they all die?" asked Rosalie, referring to the persons in the boats.

"All, I believe," I answered.

"Shall we die?" she asked in much the same voice and manner she would have used in asking an ordinary question.

"I see little hope for us," I answered, "unless the sea goes down very soon. No ship can long stand the battering this ship is receiving. If it were not that we are very high upon the rocks, the deck would be washed by every wave, and the ship would be crushed. As it is, she shakes and trembles like a live thing in torture, and within a few hours, perhaps in a few minutes, will grind her timbers to splinters."

I wanted death for myself, but I could not bring myself to tell the girl that death was upon us, so I

became silent and did not tell her what was in my mind. After a brief silence she said:

"Don't fear to tell me the truth. I want to live, but I do not fear to die. Now that we are free of Crumm and Burk, life has a real zest once more. Look upon our situation in that light, my friend, and you, too, will want to live."

She put her hand on my arm and seemed to take it for granted that I wanted to die. How she learned that dismal fact, I have never known; neither has she. Her words seemed to arouse me to a knowledge of the fact that life might, after all, hold a great fund of sweetness for me. I had not noticed Crumm and Burk in the two boats that got away, and I believed and hoped those two worthies had gone down with the boats that had perished. Even if the officers got away, the chance for their survival was small; if they were saved, they would suppose that Rosalie and I had perished with the ship. In any case, it looked as if Rosalie and I were free from the law's persecution. If, by any chance, we should be able to save ourselves, Rosalie could seek her father, who, doubtless, could hide her, and I could lose myself in the wilderness.

These thoughts put life and the love of life back into my heart, and almost immediately came the commonplace but healthful sensation of hunger. As I have said, the ship was high upon the rocks and was comparatively dry. She was almost on a level keel, though there was a slight list to the windward and a

decided slant downward toward the bow, two facts that accounted for her dryness, as the wind and sea struck her well astern over her quarter.

"I'm hungry," said I.

"So am I; almost starved," answered Rosalie. "Let us go down to the cabin and find something to eat."

We started to the cabin, and almost with my first step a cloud seemed to lift from before me and my mind became normal. The first natural impulse to return was the love of life. I had eaten little since the day I was sentenced to die, and while my physical condition had remained almost normal, I was very far from my natural strength. Hunger had been a stranger to me for a long time, but when the homely sensation returned, it brought with it a host of other lost sensations, desires, and interests, and I quickly discovered that my old self, which, in a way, had been absent since the day of my arrest, had come back with my appetite.

Rosalie and I, spurred by hunger, hastened to the cook's galley, where we found crackers, ham, cheese and, much to our surprise, two tight cans of nearly fresh milk. Rosalie could cook, and very soon we were eating our breakfast from the cook's table; and our meal was most enjoyable, notwithstanding the frightful shaking and trembling of the vessel when great seas struck her.

Again reaching the main deck, my first task was to provision the one remaining boat, so that we could

with safety put to sea in her, should we find the ship about to go to pieces. Then we sought a place sheltered from the wind and protected from the sea, where we sat down to look the situation squarely in the face. This was quickly done. We were on a ship struck hard and fast upon a rock some place in the North Atlantic Ocean, where we could not know nor even guess within hundreds of miles. We were alive and well in spite of the fact that an hour before anyone would have supposed the ship could not last one-fourth of that time. The wind and the sea were going down, and our lives, that had so recently seemed worthless, were rapidly gaining in value. The ship could not last long in her position; should the sea come up, even in a small degree, the Fontanac would soon be scattered upon the waves.

These few facts were discussed by Rosalie and me, and seemed to cover the situation until suddenly the sun began to emerge from the clouds and the mist began to rise, showing us something of decidedly more importance—land. Ahead of us, at a distance of perhaps half a mile, stood a very small island from which sprung a steeple-shaped rock to the height of a hundred feet or more above the sea. Beyond this island we saw a dim blue line extending along the horizon as far as the eye could reach. Presently when the sun burst forth in full glory and the fog had lifted, the blue line changed its form to cliffs and rocks. Above and beyond the cliffs were trees and hills. Within an hour after the fog had begun to dis-

solve, we could distinctly see higher hills back from the coast. Therefore we felt sure we were within two or three miles of the mainland, for the prospect before us seemed too large for an island, unless it was a very large one.

Whether the coast we saw was island, or mainland, it was all one to me, for the main-land would be as devoid of inhabitants as if it were an island in the midst of space. My first sweet thought was that Rosalie and I would be out of the reach of England's cruel laws. The second phase of my dream was equally as delightful. Rosalie, the one person I loved in all the world, the one and only person that was dear to me, would be with me. That thought held a moiety of pain for her sake. I shrank from my joy when I thought of her isolation from the world because of what she had done for me. The hardships and privations she would have to endure in the wilderness, the thought of her loneliness and her separation from loved ones, all made the selfishness of my sweet dream stand out with an ugly front. Nevertheless selfishness triumphed, and I reveled in thoughts of the future.

Following these two prime elements in my dream came the thought of the full laden ship and the hope of saving its precious cargo. It had been laden with all the necessities of life for use and barter by the employés of the Hudson Bay Fur Company, scattered through the wilderness at the company's factories and forts. If by any good chance, the weather

should become fair and the sea grow calm, Rosalie and I could easily put out for land in the boat, and transfer to our new home everything needful for our support and comfort.

I dreamed, silently for a time, but soon the dream took definite form and I told it to Rosalie. I had hesitated to speak because I feared she would dread the frightful isolation of the wilderness even more than death; but to my surprise, her face lighted with joy and she grasped my hand delightedly.

"It will be glorious," she said, speaking in soft, earnest accents. "If we could have chosen any fate we wished, this would have been our wildest dream of joy."

She remained silent for a little time, holding my hand. A slight cloud came over her face, and I asked:

"What is it, Rosalie?"

"I'm thinking of the other boats," she answered. "They, too, will be there, and we shall not be alone."

"Would you wish to be alone with me, Rosalie?" I asked after a mighty effort to keep back the words.

"Yes," she answered, dropping her eyes and blushing slightly. But soon she continued haltingly: "Crumm and Burk may be with Captain Scott, and they probably will have reached the land ere this, if the boats survived. It is awful to find in my heart almost a desire that the boats and all on board have perished. It does not amount to a desire—I'm not that bad and selfish—but I cannot conceal from my-

self the terrible fact that I would not be sorry to know that—that—Ah! God will surely punish me for this hard selfishness—this cruelty."

"You cannot help feeling as you do, can you?" I asked.

"No," she answered dolefully.

"God is good and just," I said, "and He will not punish you for what you cannot prevent."

"I hope H-e will not," she replied, sighing, and then we lapsed into silence. After a long pause, I said:

"When the boats put off from the ship, daylight was hardly abroad and fog hung over the land. Captain Scott could not have seen the cliffs. I also remember that the boats sped rapidly eastward, as if carried from the land by a current. Within ten minutes of leaving the ship, the boats were out of sight, going away from the land and almost against the wind. I believed they sank from sight and were swallowed by the sea, but in any case, traveling eastward at the rate we saw them going, they would now be so far from land that it would be out of sight to them. For Captain Scott's sake, and for the sake of all except Crumm and Burk, I hope the boats will make land—the land we see—even though they might destroy our—my—paradise."

"—And mine," whispered Rosalie.

CHAPTER V

AT SEA IN AN OPEN BOAT

BY one o'clock the wind had shifted to the northwest and the sea had lost its fierceness. I had provisioned the boat that hung on the lee davit, for I feared spending another night on the ship. The weather and the sea had been so capricious that they could not be trusted. To spend a night on the ship in her precarious position, with land lying within easy reach, seemed to be willful recklessness. So about three o'clock in the afternoon I said to Rosalie:

"I believe the best thing we can do is to go ashore. After we are safely established on land, we'll visit the ship and carry off what we need."

"I'm glad you think so," said Rosalie, "for I am anxious to see what the country is like. We may find it inhabited."

I discovered two pieces of sailcloth, each large enough for a small tent, and rolling them tightly together, placed them in the bow of the boat. After looking carefully to the supply of water and food. I helped Rosalie into the boat and together we lowered it to the water. I intended stepping the mast and setting sail after I had pulled the boat well away from the ship. When we had thrown off the

fall hook, I took the oars and pulled the boat to a distance of two hundred yards from the ship. Then I threw back the oars and began to adjust the mast. The rigging was tangled and twenty minutes elapsed before I had the mast ready to put in place. During that time Rosalie and I had been kneeling in the bottom of the boat with our attention given entirely to the task of unraveling the ropes. When we were ready to step the mast, the girl rose from her kneeling position and sat on the forward thwart. Immediately after she had risen she uttered a faint scream, and looking up, I quickly discovered her cause of alarm.

"Look at the ship!" she cried. "It is leaving us or we are leaving it very rapidly."

I looked toward the vessel, and to my surprise, she was fully a mile away from us and the distance was constantly increasing. Either the ship had been lifted from her berth and was rapidly drifting away from us or we were being carried to sea by a tremendous current. I knew the ship was not drifting from us because she was to the windward. If she was free of the rocks, the wind would blow her in our direction. When I also remembered the rapidity with which Captain Scott's boats had disappeared, I concluded that we were in an outbound current, and were swiftly running away from land and out to sea. I abandoned the mast and at once took up the oars, turning the boat's bow toward the now dim shore line and pulling with all my strength, but I did not perceptibly check

the boat in its outward course. I could make no headway against the current.

Judging by the sun, the land was due west of us, and I could easily see, though we had no compass, that we were traveling at a terrific rate due east. Since I could accomplish nothing by rowing, I concluded to step the mast and hoist the sail, though I did not hope for much help from the wind, it being by that time west by north. When the sail was up I again took to the oars, leaving the tiller ropes in Rosalie's hands and directing her movements.

I was not a sailor, and it may be that an experienced boatman could have made land, but under my management, all I could accomplish was to change the direction of the boat's progress from due east to southeast, as near as I could determine the point without a compass. Soon the shore line disappeared; the ship became a mere spot in the northwest, with the red sun sinking just beyond her. Then the ship sank from view, the sun went to rest, and I rowed on hour after hour until I felt that I should fall asleep. I was exhausted and fought desperately against my drowsiness. In my anger I raved and blasphemed.

"God must hate me!" I cried. "What have I done to deserve it? His frown has been upon me so long that I am almost mad. He would not even give me death when I longed for it, and now that I long for life, because I want to save you, He brings me to the door of death and makes for me a hell by allowing me to bring upon you this frightful fate. I have

always believed that God is love, but now I know He hates me."

"No, God does not hate you," softly spoke the girl. "He does not hate you. Wait until our story is told and then you will know. You are very tired, so please rest a few minutes. You need sleep. You have saved my life twice, and it is not fair for you to do everything. Please let me watch for a few hours; if I feel that we are in danger I promise to awaken you."

"My precious burden," said I, sleepily, grasping her hand.

After that I remembered nothing until I awakened several hours later, and turning my eyes heavenward, saw the blue-black sky, the floating clouds and the stars blinking in the firmament.

All that night we drifted southward, as nearly as I could determine the direction, before a strong though steady wind blowing from the north. But the wind came up with the sun and to keep the boat from being swamped I was compelled to hoist sail and run. I kept as much to the west as the sea would allow, handling the boat much better than I had supposed I could. After my rest hope seemed to grow in my heart, and out of hope always comes strength.

We fared so well that life in an open boat, lost at sea, was for a time filled with zest and delight. The girl laughed and smiled and sung, the sun held such promise in his brightness that I grew happy and glad for the first time in months.

"We can't be far from the Newfoundland coast if Captain Scott was right in his reckoning," I said hopefully. "He reckoned that we were near the Straits of Belle Isle. Our drift yesterday and last night—say fifteen hours—must have brought us southward seventy miles or more. We have been sailing southwestwardly since sunrise—ten hours; that would give us perhaps forty or fifty miles more. Surely the southern part of Newfoundland must lie before us at no great distance. If the sea will be kind to us for a few hours longer, we will thank it."

"—And God," whispered the girl reverently.

"Yes," I answered softly.

Though bitterness had entered my heart and had driven out good, the girl was rapidly bringing me back to my normal condition.

I hoped and longed to reach land before nightfall. I did not know the coast and did not care to go ashore except in daylight, but above all I feared the sea when darkness fell upon it. In the light it is beautiful and seems to have a touch of human love, but in the blackness of night it becomes a frightful monster. After many hours of longing and watching for land, the fearsome night came down upon us, slowly, deliberately, cruelly.

Three or four hours after nightfall the wind rose, and soon the sea began to roll like a huge demon in chase of our frail boat. The faint glimmer of white that crowned each dark and breaking wave looked

like the gleaming teeth of a pursuing monster. There was no course left for me but to put the boat before the wind under the smallest sail I could make and fly from the pursuing sea. If we were near land we might, without a moment's warning, be dashed upon a rock-bound shore or capsized in a furious surf; but the sea itself was the impending danger, and I was compelled to fly before it or perish at once.

The night wore away, and when the sun rose, we found, much to our surprise, that it was standing directly over our right bow. In other words, we were sailing before the wind which had shifted from north to east, then to the south, and now was blowing a small gale out of the southwest. Where we were, had been or were going, I did not know and I gave up trying to guess. The wind which would have been merely a fine breeze for a ship, was like a hurricane for our small boat, and the sea following in our wake kept us at our swiftest pace to avoid being swamped. It was a day of fearful labor, and killing struggle for me; but the girl sat on the thwart before me and every few minutes sung as happily as if she were on a pleasure jaunt. For a time I thought she was singing to keep up my courage, but I was soon convinced that she sung as the birds sing, because she was happy. Then I concluded that she did not realize our danger, but in that respect I soon discovered I was wrong; she simply was not afraid.

After night had fallen clouds obscured the stars, and the darkness was like a pall of black. My only

fear was for the girl, but I said nothing, not wishing to alarm her.

She seemed to read my thoughts. "Do not fear," said the girl. "We shall be saved; we shall be saved!"

"Of course we shall," I replied, but I knew that we were in grave danger.

"Do not fear for me," she entreated. "I know that we are safe."

I had stored all the sails and provisions under the little deck at the bow of the boat for the twofold purpose of preventing the stern from sinking too deeply and to save the provisions as well as possible from the wash of the sea. This enabled the girl to sit by me on the stern thwart. The night was so black that I could not see her, and the wind, mingled with the awful splash of the sea, made it difficult for me to hear her voice unless she spoke in my ear. She drew close to me when she said, "We are safe," and after a long pause, with her lips close to my ear, she continued:

"I know we are safe. A voice keeps telling me. I know not why, I know not how, but the voice whispers every now and then: 'Fear not, fear not!' Listen! It may speak again, and if I hold your hand you may hear it." She grasped my hand though not in a way to disturb my free handling of the tiller ropes, and drew her cheek close to mine. After a moment's pause, she said: "I hear it faintly, don't you? Now, listen!"

I thought the girl's mind was touched and that she

was the victim of hallucination. What she had passed through surely justified my fears. But after a long pause, she said, as if speaking to some one else:

"Louder, please, so that he may hear."

Then to my consternation came out of the darkness, in clear, soft tones, the words:

"Fear not, fear not!"

After a moment's thought I concluded the girl was playing a ventriloquist's trick on me and I said:

"It was you that spoke."

"It was not I," she answered, and I knew she told the truth.

I do not attempt to account for the voice; I simply state the fact. It may have been my imagination. Nor shall I attempt to account for other miraculous manifestations that afterward came to me, as I believe, through an unknown and unconscious power exercised by this girl. I shall simply state the facts.

Did you ever stop to consider that even wise men are apt to accept old falsehoods and to refuse new truths? Herodotus accepted with avidity the stories of dog-headed men. He reveled in the Phœnician's accounts of bloody battles between pygmies and storks. He loved and retold with gusto many a narrative of magic, but when the Phœnicians who had voyaged south of the equator, said that in the country they visited, a man's shadow fell to the south at midday, the old philosopher tells us plainly that the Phœnicians were not to be believed. Twice again in this narrative shall I be called upon to test your

credulity by narrating events that will seem to fall within the limits of occultism. I myself am not apt to accept stories of like nature, and if I were in your place I should put them down as having been the results of an imagination slightly touched with madness.

In trying to account for these manifestations, I have sometimes believed that the girl possessed hypnotic powers. If that were true, she had no knowledge of the fact, and her power for hypnotic suggestion acted entirely without consciousness or interest on her part.

The whispered words, "You are safe," bore in upon my soul with an irresistible accent of truth.

If you wish to realize what an endless extent of time a minute is, lose yourself in a small open boat on a stormy sea at night. Rosalie and I longed for morning. I had lighted a small dark lantern and frequently turned on the light to consult Rosalie's watch. We would wait, it seemed, for hours, and look at our watch to find that five or six long minutes had passed since our last inspection. I remember looking at the watch and saying to her:

"It is just midnight. When dawn comes, Rosalie, I hope for your sake we shall sight land."

"And for your sake," she added, clasping my hand.

I was too moved to speak and we sat in silence for at least an hour. Suddenly Rosalie's grip tightened on my hand, and she said hurriedly:

"What is that I hear? Listen!"

I listened but could hear nothing. Again I listened with every nerve strained, and there came to my ears from the heart of the black bank of night before me, the roar of a mighty surf. Its note was sharp and definite, and resounding above the other voices of the sea as the boom of cannon resounds above the rattle of musketry. I knew we were plunging toward a lee shore, and instinctively I felt there were dangerous breakers ahead of us.

Rosalie had worn a life preserver ever since the sea had risen, but I had removed mine, the better to enable me to handle the tiller ripes and to manage the sail.

"Take the ropes for a moment, Rosalie," I said, hastening to adjust my life preserver. "We shall soon be upon the rocks. Do you hear the surf?"

"Yes," she answered. "I hear a long continuous roar like rolling thunder. Is that the surf?"

"It is," I answered. "Our race is over. Death is upon us. No power can save us, but before we die, I want to tell you that—that—I want you to know that I love you, and that death with you is sweeter to me than life with anyone else in all this world."

"You need not tell me," she answered quickly. "I have known it for a long time, and you know that I love you, my master, my king, my love! If you will cling to me and will hold me in your arms, death will be sweeter than any moment of life I have ever known. I loved you the first moment I saw you. Love led me to your prison, and love almost broke

my heart when I left you not knowing whether I should ever see you again."

"You know me?" I cried.

"Did you think it possible for me not to know you?" she replied. "Oh, the breakers! Now quick, love, one kiss. Clasp me tightly to you, and then let death come when it will!"

I had adjusted my life preserver and had thrown two or three coils of rope about Rosalie and myself to prevent losing her, when the bow of the boat rose up before us and we were thrown into the sea.

For a time consciousness must have left me; I do not remember just what I did when the boat capsized. The first moment of consciousness after the catastrophe that I recollect was that in which we struck violently against a rock. I supposed we should be dragged away from the rock and dashed upon it again and again until we should be drowned or crushed, but to my surprise we were held by the rock and the waves receded. I gained a foothold on the rock and found that we had been held by Rosalie's skirts that had caught upon a sharp projection.

I carried her in my arms and ascended the rock. She seemed to be unconscious and I feared that she was almost drowned. To my surprise and great joy, I found the rock easy of ascent, although the night was so dark I could not see my hand before me. After taking three or four steps up the steep incline, I looked back to the sea but could discern nothing in the darkness. A few steps more brought me to the

top of the rock where I found a level spot. I did not know the extent of the level space, but I continued to move away from the sea, feeling my way cautiously with my foot as I went.

After taking a dozen steps, I discovered that the rock sloped again gradually away from the sea on the side opposite to that upon which we had been cast. Therefore, wishing to get as far from the beating surf as possible, I moved with great care down the lee slope and soon found myself at the water's edge, though the water was comparatively still. Feeling my way with my feet, I stepped into the water, a great wave came over the rock on which I had been standing, and its froth came up to my waist and passed on, leaving me again in water up to my knees. Within twenty seconds the water came back again, submerging me to the waist, but bringing me joy for I knew I was close to a receding beach. I could not see the shore because of the blackness of the night, but I knew that a cliff in front of me would have thrown the water many yards into the air with a splash and a deafening roar. I also knew that the shore was not far off because the wave that had dashed over the rock and passed me had returned so quickly that I knew its journey landward and back could not have been long.

All these facts came to me as in a flash and without reasoning, so I determined to wait until the next wave should come and recede, and then make a dash through the water for the unknown shore. I had not

long to wait until the wave came. I watched for the first moment of its return and then I plunged into the water. The passage was longer than I had supposed, and soon another wave lifted us gently in its great arms and laid us on a sandy beach. I quickly rose to my feet and snatching Rosalie from the sand, ran from my pursuers until I felt sure I was safe from the reach of the sea. Then I laid Rosalie down, and in the pitchy darkness of the night, brought her back to life. I can recall no moment in all my life whose joy can be compared to that in which I heard a sigh come from Rosalie's breast and knew that respiration was almost restored.

In a moment she sighed again and whispered feebly: "I believe I have been dead. Where are we?"

"I don't know," I answered. "But we seem to be safe for a time, at least."

While I knelt beside her I could see, even in the darkness, the snake-like tentacles of the sea running toward us with froth and hiss, and to my heated imagination it seemed that a terrible monster was reaching for the girl I had just snatched from its jaws. I watched the frothing heads of the snake-like arms until I could stand the strain no longer, and snatching the girl from the sand, I ran from the sea in fear and hatred. I was insane. Fifty or sixty rapid steps up a steep sloping beach brought me to a rock-strewn bench of ground that I knew, by the feel of the earth to my bare feet, was not washed by the sea. There

I stopped and placed Rosalie on her feet. She stood for a moment or two unsteadily, leaning against me, but quickly recovered her strength.

"I'm all right now," she said, catching her breath between words.

Respiration was not entirely restored, but I knew a little exercise would quickly bring back the proper muscular action, so I asked her if she could walk a little way with me. She said she could, and we started instinctively away from the sea. A few steps brought us into a mass of broken rocks, through which it was impossible to proceed in the dark, and turning back toward the sea, I said:

"Let us walk in the sand."

"Not toward the sea, not toward the sea!" she cried piteously. "It frightens me." Then I stopped and taking her hands, moved her arms rapidly up and down; within less than a minute the girl was breathing normally. When I ceased the exercise, she placed her hands on my shoulders for a moment, and said: "I thank God, and—and—I can't say I thank you. It means so little." Thereupon she knelt at my feet, and placing her cheek against my knees, embraced them.

I quickly lifted her to her feet, saying: "Let us find a rock to sit on." We groped about us and soon found a flat stone that served us for a seat.

While in the boat, flying before the wind, we did not feel its cold, but when we caught its full force, there was a painful chill in its breath. Rosalie had

lost her cloak and part of her dress skirt had been torn from her by the rocks and the sea. I had discarded my coat, vest, and shoes; therefore we had no protection against the blasts. It was midsummer, but five minutes' exposure to the sea wind brought the keenest suffering from cold I have ever known, although I have, since that awful night, stood at the same spot when the thermometer must have registered eighty degrees below the freezing point.

"We must find a large rock to protect us from the wind," I said, my teeth chattering with cold. "We have escaped the sea, but the wind pursues us and we shall die if we cannot find shelter from it. You remain here and I will try to find a large rock to shelter us. What revengeful, bloodthirsty monsters the wind and the sea are!" I rose to go out in the darkness among the rocks to seek a place of shelter.

"Don't leave me! Pray don't leave me!" cried the girl, clinging piteously to my hand. "You may lose your way and fail to find me; I should die if left alone in this frightful place for an hour."

"I'll not go ten steps from you," I answered encouragingly. "You need not fear. I will not leave you."

I soon found a large rock and started back, as I thought, to Rosalie. I knew that I had not taken ten steps after leaving her until I found the rock that would give us shelter, but the night was so black that I could not see her after I had taken five steps from her side, but in less than a minute I knew

I had missed her. I should have called to her then, but feeling that I knew just where she was, I began again to walk, as I supposed, toward her. Again I missed her, and again I continued the walk. Why I did not call, I do not know, unless it was because I expected that every step would bring me to her.

After several fruitless efforts to find her, I did call, "Rosalie, Rosalie!" But owing to the hurricane voice of the wind splitting upon the rocks and the deafening roar of the surf, my voice did not carry to the windward and she did not hear. Again I should have waited for a lull of the wind, but I did not. I must have been insane. I could not think. I grew frantic and began to plunge about among the rocks, going, I suppose, farther from the girl at every step.

My excitement and mental anguish grew so rapidly upon me that I seemed to become unconscious of my surroundings, and stood muttering to myself, "Rosalie, Rosalie." One conscious sensation only manifested itself; every energy of my brain was given to one mental conception only—Rosalie. My mind was acting entirely without the help of my will, and consciousness served no part in what I felt and thought.

Under such conditions, I believe there is no limit to the possibilities of the human mind. Acting under a sufficient degree of concentration, untrammeled by the will and uncloyed by extraneous consciousness, I believe the possibilities of the human mind to go beyond all limits that have been placed by human

thought and speculation. If one who can and will study the action of his own brain is so fortunate as to be placed under extraordinary conditions such as will arouse extraordinary mental phenomena, he may, by close self-analysis, learn more truth than all the books of the world can tell him.

Upon that terrible night I found myself (though I did not know it at the time) in both the position and condition for mental action entirely unencumbered with what I might call ego-essence. *I* did nothing. *I* was as unconscious as if I were in a trance; and there occurred a manifestation of mind's independent power that startled me, and later in life, as I pondered upon it, taught me the lesson that few persons really learn; that I was actually a part of the Infinite God and possessed a moiety of His power. Thousands of men and women repeat the aphorism and think they believe it, but unless it has been borne in upon them by some convincing demonstration, they believe it only as the person who is born blind believes that the sun shines.

The convincing manifestation in my case was this: While I stood muttering Rosalie's name, I saw her through the inky darkness as plainly as I now see the paper on which I am writing. I could not see the rocks by my side; I do not believe I could have seen my hand before me; but I distinctly saw the girl standing on the rock where I had left her sitting. The wind was blowing her hair wildly, and her face which I plainly saw, bore an expression of fear and anxiety.

I spoke in a low tone of voice and her fear left her, as she answered:

"Here I am. Come to me, oh, come to me! I thought you were lost!"

I immediately hastened toward her, stumbling and hobbling over the sharp rocks. When I came near to her, after walking perhaps a hundred yards, consciousness returned; my reason and my will resumed their sway, and when I was within twenty yards of where Rosalie was standing, I could not see her. I called, she answered, and within a minute I was by her side.

"Did you see me?" I asked.

"No, no," she answered, sobbing. "I thought you were lost in the dark and that I was alone. Please don't leave me again."

"I surely will not," I answered. "A strange thing has happened. I distinctly saw you when I was at least a hundred yards away, though I could not have seen you had you been by my side. I can see you now but dimly."

"What was it?" she asked in awe-stricken tones.

"I don't know," I answered. "Did you hear me call?"

"Yes."

"How often did I call?" I asked.

"Once," she replied.

"I called at the top of my voice twenty times," I said. "Did you hear me?"

"No," she answered. "I heard only one call.

That was a minute or two before you came up to me, and then you called again when you were near by."

"The first call you heard was spoken almost in a whisper," I said.

"What has come upon us?" she cried, clinging to me. "Are we going mad? I heard the voice in the boat; you also heard it. You saw me at a distance through the impenetrable darkness. I hear your whispered call when your shouts fail to reach me. What has come upon us?"

"Nothing but good has come upon us, save the wind and the sea. Even those may be more friendly than they seem. If the wind had not driven our ship north, we might have been at Quebec in irons, ready to sail back to England and to death by this time. We desired the wreck above all else. The sea gave us what we wished. It has handled us roughly, but I am content."

"And so am I if I were not so cold—so frightfully cold," she rejoined.

"I found a large bowlder near here and was coming back to fetch you when I lost my way and was led back to you by some unseen hand. If we can find the rock again, it will give us at least a slight protection from this cold wind that seems to blow right through our bones."

"But I'll go with you this time," pleaded the girl.

"Yes; come with me," I said. "We'll part no more this night."

"Nor any night," she answered, clinging to my arm as I started once more to seek shelter.

I longed to make answer in like manner, but I held back the words, knowing that from that night the girl's life and honor—all that would make for her future happiness—depended on my discretion and my manhood. I felt that I had no right to offer myself to her as a husband, even if we were under different conditions where the marriage ceremony could be performed. I was too old to be her mate, and legally, I was a condemned criminal under sentence of death. The rest of my life would be passed in hiding from mankind, and I felt that I had no right to inflict on this young girl the curse of hiding with me. As I have said before, my conviction for the crime of murder, unjust though it was, and my having been sentenced to die a felon's death by hanging, had sapped my self-respect and there seemed to cling to me a loathsome taint of the crime with which I was charged. It is true that in an unguarded moment, when I saw death staring us in the face, I had given rein to my heart and had spoken my love. But now that death had lost his grip on us, my reason and my sense of honor returned and I determined that my one lapse should be the last. Therefore I allowed the girl's significant remark to pass unnoticed.

After groping about in the dark for ten minutes or more, we found a large rock and eagerly sought shelter under its lee. There was most exquisite relief in escaping the chill wind, but our clothing

was saturated and we spent a most uncomfortable night.

"I am cold," said Rosalie, "but never in all my life was I so happy as I am at this moment. What would we not have given one short hour ago to have been where we are now. If we had possessed all the gold of the earth, we would gladly have given it for the privilege of sitting here under this rock on the blessed land. Oh, the sea! I fear it; I hate it!"

"And I would hate it for the suffering it has caused you if I myself were not at the bottom of your trouble."

"You are more cruel than the sea to say that," she said with a tone of reproach in her voice. "You did not cause me to sail in the 'Fontanac' and you did not cause the wreck. The ship would have been lost just the same if I had never known you. Knowing you has made this difference: I am alive and safe. Otherwise I should now be floating fathoms deep with poor Captain Scott and the unfortunate people who went off with him in the boats. Do you believe it possible that any of them are alive at this time?"

"I do not," I answered. "No boat could have survived in such a sea as they were launched upon. Even if they had known of the proximity of land, it would have been death to attempt to go ashore. The ship must be a hundred, perhaps two hundred miles north of here, and the sea is more terrible there than here. The boats, if they lived for even an hour, would have been carried out to sea as we were, and

the storm in which they were launched was fiercer than any we have seen. No, there is no chance that they are now alive. Out of the 'Fontanac's' great freight of human lives, yours and mine alone survive; of that, I fear there is no doubt. I wonder where we are. We may be off the coast of Nova Scotia or we may be still farther south, off the coast of Maine. I hardly think we are so far south. We may be as far north as Labrador. I'm completely lost; where we are I cannot guess. Our course changed so often that I lost every trace of where we were going. But we are here and I wish the sun would come up. I have never before been afraid of the dark, but now I shrink from it as if it were a monster seeking to devour you."

"Seeking to devour me?" she answered, repeating my words with emphasis on 'me'. "You always think of me; I believe you would be happy if you were free of me and the concern I give you."

"I fear you are partly right. If it were not for you, I should welcome being cast upon this island."

"Oh, is it an island?" asked Rosalie, almost gleefully.

"I do not know; I cannot even conjecture. But it is very probable that it is an island off the coast of Nova Scotia, Maine or Labrador. I have heard there are many."

"That is wonderful," she rejoined, clasping my arm and sitting closer to me. "What could be more romantic than to be cast upon an uninhabited island?

We can have such glorious times building a house, and—and doing everything. I'll help you. You need not fear that I shall be a burden. I hope we are on an island—a desert island, but I suppose we shall probably find other people on this island."

"I hope so for your sake, Rosalie. You have surely suffered enough. I should like my coat just now, and by morning we shall want the box of lucifer matches in the coat pocket. But we'll surely find inhabitants, though we may have to tramp a long way, and they doubtless will take us in and give us comfort."

CHAPTER VI

CAVE DWELLERS

WE talked a little and shivered a great deal during the long hours of the night, and at length the sun came up and I got my bearings. To my great surprise, I found that we had approached land from the west—perhaps from a point a little south of west. The "Fontanac," when we left her, lay due east from the land we had seen from her deck, and our course, after leaving the ship, had been east by south. To approach land from the west we would have had to make a great way west, and then must have turned our boat's bow to the east, unless the land we had found was an island. I knew nothing of the charts of these seas, and for all the knowledge I had on the subject, the Atlantic Ocean, in these latitudes, might be peppered with islands. The position of our starting point, the wrecked "Fontanac," was so uncertain and our course at sea had been so erratic and zigzagging that I had no basis, no facts from which to draw a conclusion as to our whereabouts.

When the sun rose we discovered, to the north, a series of forest-covered hills; to the east were low, rocky hills having a few pine trees and many low bushes or undergrowth; to the west was the sandy

beach, dotted with rocks, upon which we had landed; and to the south was a rocky expanse, a continuation of that upon which we stood, extending south and sloping with the hills to the sea and to the land's end. Had our course in the boat been one mile south of the spot on which we were cast, we should have missed the land and should have been driven out to the Atlantic again.

Of course we were hungry, and I, at least, was so thirsty I thought I should choke.

"I want a drink," I suggested. "Let us try to find a spring or a creek."

"I'm almost starved, as well," said the girl. "Let us find something to eat."

"I'm afraid my wants will be satisfied first," said I. "Unless we find a habitation, I don't see where the food is to come from. The only weapon I have is my pocketknife, and I fear it will not fill our larder."

"Let us look for the boat on the beach," suggested the girl.

The proposition was so full of good advice that I accepted it at once, and we started for the beach with a haste and energy born of pressing want.

We walked to the extreme south end of the island, or peninsula, then turned back and examined the beach for a distance of fully a mile to the north of the spot where we had landed, but we found neither the boat nor any trace of its contents, not so much as a scrap of wood.

"Something may wash ashore during the day," I

said encouragingly, "and after we have reconnoitered the hills to the north, we'll come back to the beach and may find something useful to us."

We stood for many minutes closely scanning the beach, and then we walked inland toward the hills to the north. The sun was well started on his day's journey, but his rays had not grown warm, when wet, cold, hungry, and tired, we started to climb the hill. The exercise warmed us, but our strength was not great enough for the labor, and we soon became exhausted. My heart ached for the poor, tired girl. Soon after entering the pine woods, I said:

"You rest here; you are almost exhausted. I'll climb to the top of the hill to overlook the country on the other side and to find water, if possible."

"No, no!" she cried piteously. "Please take me with you. I'll die if you leave me alone. I'm almost starved, and my throat burns from thirst. Let me rest a moment and then take me with you."

It pierced my heart to take her with me, but I could not bear to leave her, so after ten minutes' rest we again started up the hill. From the hilltop we could see nothing because of the dense pine forest that obscured the view in all directions; therefore we could not tell whether we were on an island or a peninsula. We found the sea on the east and had come from over the sea on the west. The land we had been cast upon was not more than two or three miles broad from sea to sea, although it widened somewhat, as we could see, as it extended north. How far

it extended north we could not know, and after a hard day spent in exploring we were no wiser.

By noon we had ceased to care whether the land was an island or a peninsula. Water and food were our immediate needs. The sun had become warm and our clothing had dried, but following the frightful chill of the night, the heat of midday was terribly oppressive and I began to feel the effect of my hardships upon my strength.

"You are almost worn out," said Rosalie. "Here is a soft spot on the pine needles. We have had no sleep for months, it seems to me. Let us lie down and rest. Then we shall be stronger for our journey."

The suggestion was so good that I eagerly accepted it. We soon found a tree with moss and pine needles covering projecting roots, and with these moss-covered roots for pillows, we lay down to take the first rest we had known for more than forty-eight hours. The girl slept almost instantly, but I was so tired, so nervous and so thirsty that I could not lie still. After a few minutes of futile effort to rest, I rose and began to wander about in search of water. Within ten minutes I found a tiny creek of ice cold water. Although my thirst was torturing me, I could not drink until Rosalie was with me, so I hurried back where she was sleeping and roused her.

"I've found water, Rosalie. Come, hurry!"

I thought she would never waken, so slowly did consciousness return to her. Even after she was on her feet, I could see that she was not fully awake.

She could hardly walk, so I placed my arm about her waist to support her, and learned in that one moment that my love for the girl was a thousandfold stronger and deeper than I had supposed it to be. To say that I would have given my life to save her from further suffering is but a poor expression of my love.

We walked hurriedly to the creek and Rosalie's eyes soon opened wide in wakefulness. When she saw the clear, limpid water, she gave a cry of delight and hurried forward. She did not know how to get the water, so I scooped it up with my hand and held it to her lips. When she had taken all she wanted, I fell upon my breast and drank from the creek.

It is impossible to describe the ecstasy the first drink of water produced. It was meat and drink and strength. But after a time hunger began to assert itself, and I suggested that we look about for something to eat. I hoped to find wild berries, and although I was not an authority on wild fruits and roots, I knew at least what we should eat and what we should leave.

After an hour's search we found a vine resembling the blackberry. The berries looked large and luscious, but upon tasting them, we found the pulp to be very thin, and the flavor, though not unplesant, far from rich. This poor fruit stayed our hunger in a slight degree, and as it was all we could find that day, we were compelled to be content with it for supper.

Toward nightfall, clouds began to gather in the south, giving promise of storm and rain later. With

the gathering clouds, another pressing need forced itself upon my mind. We should soon be suffering unless I found shelter. The trees upon the hill were tall, straight pines, whose foliage, fifty feet from the ground, would afford no protection.

I found an elevated spot and left Rosalie there while I searched for a cave or an overhanging rock. I spent the three hours preceding dark prowling among the rocks, but I found nothing but a large bowlder behind which we could at least hide from the wind. Should rain come, we should have to take it. Just before sunset we each collected a handful of berries, and as the wind was rising with a chill blast in its teeth, we sought the bowlder and crouched under its lee. Fortunately it was surrounded with sand instead of rocks, and I took comfort in the thought that we might obtain a little very much needed sleep.

We had barely seated ourselves under the lee of the rock when I toppled over on the sand, sound asleep. Nature had reached her limit. From the time I sat down I remember nothing until I was awakened by cold water dripping in my face. I tried to think, but though my eyes were open, I could not tell where I was. I remember trying to awaken myself by rubbing my eyes, but failing, I rose to a sitting posture and in so doing placed my hand on Rosalie's head. She was lying beside me. Rain was falling and our clothing was saturated.

My touch awakened Rosalie, but like myself, she failed to recover consciousness immediately.

"Where am I?" she cried piteously. Presently I awakened her and she began to weep, clinging to me as she rose to a sitting position. "Oh, how miserable I am!" she cried. "It has been raining. What time is it?"

Her suffering was torture to me, and I did everything I could to comfort her. I cannot describe the tortures of that night. Soon after we awoke, the rain increased and came down in torrents. Through the long weary hours we waited, soaked to the skin and shivering with cold. At last the sun came up, and soon afterward the rain ceased. As soon as the day dawned, I announced my determination to climb the hills to the north.

"We'll perish if we remain here," I said, "and we can do no worse by moving about. It is true we may be leaving the sea and may lose a chance for rescue, but we shall need no rescue if we have many days and nights such as those we have just passed through. Shall we go back of the hills into the forest?"

"I am willing to do whatever you wish," answered Rosalie plaintively. "You know best, and I—I trust you."

"Then let us go to the creek and get a drink," I suggested. "We'll gather a few berries and start for the woods."

After drinking, we bathed our hands and faces, and then crossed to the west side of the creek. We did not mind wading through the water, our feet and clothing being quite as wet as it was possible for them

to be. I chose the west side of the creek because the ground was less rocky than on the east, a small fact that later grew large. We at once started to ascend the stream that came bubbling down the hills in a succession of small waterfalls.

When the sun was four or five hours high, we reached the crest of the hill and found that the land stretched off to the north and west in a broad plateau, covered by forest and bounded by high hills on the north.

"I believe we are on the mainland," I said, turning toward Rosalie, "and if we are, we shall certainly reach a settlement if we can keep going long enough. Be brave, my dear girl. Try to keep up and we shall be saved. God is good."

We continued to ascend until near the hour of four, judging by the sun. The creek furnished us drinking water, but by noon we had traveled out of the berry district and water had been our only dinner. We were desperately weary and very weak for want of food. I had no gun; if I had carried one I could not have used it, for we had not seen a living thing more edible than crickets and grasshoppers. Near the hour of four we approached a lake bounded by a marshy strip of ground.

"There should be waterfowl here," I remarked to Rosalie, "and if I can construe a plan to capture a duck, we shall have a good supper."

"But we have no way to cook it," said Rosalie.

"No," I answered. "We'll be glad to eat it raw."

"I couldn't," she returned.

"You can and you shall," I replied. "I am going to capture one, for your life depends on food."

My only weapon or tool was my penknife, but for some reason I had perfect confidence in my ability to catch our supper. We soon found duck in great numbers, but they swam leisurely out of reach and left us standing hungry on the shore. I tried to kill them by throwing stones; though I succeeded in hitting several I did not cripple them. However, I did not give up hope.

"If I had a string and a piece of leather with which to make a sling, such as I used when a boy, I might kill a duck. But I might as well wish for a gun."

"No," answered Rosalie, eagerly. "I have the string in—in—my stays, and you may cut a piece of leather from my shoe-top."

Rosalie retired for a moment behind a thick clump of bushes and returned with the much needed string; then I cut a piece of soft leather from her shoe-top, and soon had a harmless looking though, in fact, a dangerous weapon. I gathered a few pebbles and tried my hand at the sling to learn if I had lost the art. A few efforts brought back my boyhood's accuracy. I stored my trousers' pockets with pebbles, and Rosalie, lifting her skirt, filled the lap of her dress with missiles.

Thus armed, we went back to the lake-side, and

after waiting a short time, discovered a flock of ducks emerging from the rushes. They seemed to have little fear of us, doubtless never having been disturbed by man, and sailed placidly by within easy reach of my sling. I found there was a great difference between throwing the pebble with great force and aiming it accurately at so small an object as a duck. A mountain side would have been nearer my size for a mark. My pebbles fell far short or passed a long way beyond the ducks.

After a long, hard period of practice I began to get the range, and was rewarded by wounding a duck. At once I plunged into the lake to catch it, fearing it was only stunned and might recover its strength and escape. I waded out into the lake until the water came to my shoulders, and was still several yards from the duck. My feet were bare, my only clothing consisted of trousers and shirt. Though slightly hampered by my scant apparel, I determined to try to swim to the duck, and with some difficulty succeeded in grasping it. With the bird in one hand, I began to sink. For a moment I was panic-stricken; the bird was too precious to lose, but I could not hold it and swim.

The words: "Take the bird's foot in your mouth," came to me in clear, calm tones from Rosalie, who was standing waist deep in the water near the lake's edge. The suggestion saved both me and the duck.

"I should not have thought of carrying the

bird by my teeth if you had not called to me, suggesting it. How did you happen to think of it?" I asked.

"I *did* think of it," she answered, looking at me in astonishment, "but I did not call to you, and when I saw you take the duck's foot between your teeth, I thought it remarkable that you and I should have had the same thought at the same instant."

"But you did call to me," I insisted. "I heard you as distinctly as I now hear my own voice."

"I did not call," she answered.

"You surely are mistaken," I contended.

"No, I am not mistaken. I did not call. You imagined you heard me."

"But you say you had the thought," I said.

"Yes," she answered, "and that is the remarkable part of it. I—I don't understand."

"Neither do I understand," I replied "The whole affair comes within Hamlet's suggestion to Horatio. But we are too hungry to talk further. Let us eat the duck."

"Without cooking?" Rosalie asked.

"We must eat it now if at all," I answered.

"You have done everything else," she said, almost complainingly. "Please make a fire."

"I wish I could," I answered. "The savage method of rubbing two sticks together has always been a failure in my hands, but I'll try."

Although I was starving for food, I found a dry

piece of wood and prepared a stick in the approved manner. After a half hour of frightful effort, I was again almost exhausted and gave up the task. I took the duck to the lake-side, skinned it, cooled it for a time in the water, and cut a slice from the breast from which I carefully drained all the blood. This slice I offered to Rosalie, feeling that I had no right to take a mouthful of food until she had eaten.

"I cannot eat it raw," she said, turning from me.

"You will starve if you do not," I urged.

"Then I'll starve," she replied, "for I cannot eat it raw."

"I'll starve, too," I said, "because I shall not touch the meat until you have eaten."

"I'll try," she answered feebly. "I'll try for your sake, though I am not hungry."

With her, hunger had passed the sensation point. She ate the meat I gave her, and after a few minutes I offered her another slice. She ate that also, and then I fell upon the raw meat and devoured it as if I were an animal. The duck was large and fat, so we had a plentiful supper.

After I had eaten my strength came back to me by leaps and bounds. I felt the stimulus of food. Rosalie, too, began to recover within half an hour after eating.

In those latitudes the summer day lingers lovingly upon earth, so we had a long spell of daylight in which

to find a shelter for the night. Clouds were gathering in the southwest, and I feared we might have another night of drenching unless I found shelter. Off to the northwest, a distance of half a mile or more up the lake, I noticed a short range of cliffs, and hoping to find a cave or overhanging rock, we started in that direction. Without much trouble we found a small cave in the rocks. I cut hemlock boughs and arbor vitæ branches and spread them on the sandy floor of the cave for a bed for Rosalie. By the time the bed was finished, night had fallen and the rain had begun, so I said to Rosalie:

"You lie here, I'll try to find another cave or a rock to hide behind."

"You shall do nothing of the sort," she replied, almost savagely. "This is your cave—you found it. You made the bed. You shall sleep in the cave with me, or I shall go out in the rain with you. Conditions with us have passed the bounds of conventionality, and if they had not, I—I—trust you with all my heart. You will protect me from all evil better than I can protect myself. I have no fear save the fear of being separated from you."

There was no intonation of doubt in her voice, nor was there any doubt in my mind that she meant what she said. Therefore I drew a part of the hemlock leaves to one side and made my bed at her feet. We lay down, and I at least was asleep instantly. During the night I was awakened by Rosalie calling my name. I rose to a sitting posture and asked:

"What is it, Rosalie?"

"There are houses near us," she murmured.

"Why do you think so?" I asked.

"I see them," she answered, and then I knew she was asleep.

Rain was falling heavily and lightning flashes illumined the heavens at frequent intervals. The sense of security from the storm was like an intoxicant to my nature; I felt an exultation bordering on ecstasy. Unable to sleep, I lay awake watching for the dawn.

In the gleam of the lightning I seemed to see the grim old prison at Hull. Even the scaffold upon which I was to have been hanged appeared in the outlines of the clouds, revealed by the recurring gleams. These fancies caused me no pain, for I knew them to be but creatures of my half dreaming brain. In truth, my sensations were those of delight, and in my heart I laughed and defied the prison, the gallows and my persecutors, for I was safe from them at last. All the hardships of the last few days grew small as they drifted back from me. I was resting on a soft bed, secure from the storm. I had eaten a nourishing supper at the beginning of the night and felt confident I could easily secure our breakfast in the morning. The girl I loved better than my life was sleeping not ten feet away from me, but above all I was freed from the bloodthirsty law and was safe from my venom-hearted persecutors.

I was so happy I could not sleep, and lay open-

eyed until the sun came up. Then I sallied forth with my sling, caught three ducks, cleaned and cooled them in the water, and was ready for breakfast before I saw Rosalie emerge from the cave. I hurried to her with a piece of the breast of a duck, and she ate it without disgust. At noon she ate nothing, but by night she ate the piece of raw duck-meat with relish. Twenty-four hours of necessity had overthrown a lifetime of prejudice, and for the next six days while we dwelt in the cave, Rosalie ate the raw meat and seemed to have forgotten her desire for a fire. Finding dozens of duck eggs I soon taught Rosalie to eat these raw.

"You are making an animal of me," she said, jestingly, "I wish we could make a fire."

The ground about our cave was covered with thousands of flat stones; out of these I built a wall in front of our cave, leaving a small opening for a door. Outside the wall I piled sand to a height of three feet, and when I had finished, we were cozy, warm and very happy. I discovered several roots that my knowledge of botany told me were fit for food, and back from the lake we found the thimble-like berries that had furnished us our first breakfast on the island.

Fire would have made life very endurable, and I do not remember ever having felt my limitations so keenly as upon the occasions of my many failures. I collected dry wood and tried to make a tinder box with a hollow piece of wood and two flint rocks, but

I failed. The rubbing of two sticks together will not produce fire in the hands of a civilized man. Savages and animals have many powers denied to us, who boast our superiority. Perhaps the animals pity us because we can neither see as well nor hear as well as they; we certainly are entitled to their commiseration when we cannot find our way home, and when we are left to take our livelihood from the broad face of Mother Earth, as were Rosalie and I. A dog, wolf, deer, or wild fowl would have experienced no trouble in this land of plenty, but we, dwarfed by civilization and weighed down by the artificial necessities of what we call our "higher life," almost starved because we were so "superior" to the animals we despise.

After three or four days' practice I became expert with my sling, and as long as the ducks remained, we should not starve. Fire was my great desire, and every spare moment was given to trying to produce it. One afternoon—I think it was our fifth day on the island—Rosalie was sitting near me watching my vain endeavors to ignite a piece of dry punk by striking flint stones together. By constant practice, I had acquired sufficient skill to enable me to produce a spark with nearly every stroke, but I could not ignite the punk.

Then suddenly the great idea came to me, and in my eagerness I jumped up and almost frightened Rosalie, in my excitement.

"I can make lint by scraping a piece of linen," I

exclaimed. "Why did I not think of it before? Give me a small piece of your petticoat, and we'll have fire in a short time."

Taking my penknife, she cut a piece of linen from her petticoat. I placed it on a dry sheltered rock in the full blazing sun, and after half an hour I carefully scraped a thimbleful of lint placing it in my improvised tinder box. The first stroke of my flint rocks ignited the lint, and in a moment we had a fire burning before our house and were almost delirious with joy.

Truly the Hindoo is right: "Without grief there is no joy." You that have never suffered do not, in the faintest degree, know the sweetness of ecstasy, the infinite thrill of real joy. In fact, you do not know what joy is; it is only a name to you. God surely does not love a man or woman to whom He sends no pain. There can be no heaven without an antithetical hell. The first great joy I ever felt was at the time of my escape from the prison at Hull; my second was experienced at the time of the wreck of the "Fontanac"; my third when I found myself and Rosalie safe on land after the storm had wrecked our boat; my fourth when I killed the duck; my fifth when I made fire. Each one of these thrills of joy was purchased at the cost of great pain, and that is the only price that would have bought it. Joy does not exist in its fullest until it becomes so intense that it is, in itself, a pain. If I alone had needed the fire, my joy of achievement would have been far less than

it was, for my fear and pain for Rosalie's sake was the greater part of the price of my joy.

Although the day was warm, Rosalie and I hugged the fire, and its heat was like an elixir. I hurried to the lake to kill ducks, but it was midday and they were in the shade of the rushes. In the early morning and in the evening, an hour before sunset, the flock would come into the clear water. That evening I killed three ducks, and after the meat had cooled I broiled a dozen pieces over the fire. I roasted several duck eggs, too, and although we had no salt nor bread, we made a hearty meal on duck flesh, eggs, berries, and lichen. We had found a great patch of delicious red raspberries, the fruit was a most welcome addition to our bill of fare.

Rosalie and I were very happy. We had food, fire and a cozy home where we were safe from every storm. Up to the time when I was successful in producing fire, the struggle for existence had been so great and so constant, and the necessity for effort had been so recurrent with every moment that I had no time for thoughts of love. Rosalie, who was usually idle, had too much time to give to that dangerous occupation, and I could not help seeing and feeling her eyes upon me at all times. After a man has once learned to recognize love in a woman's eyes, he will always afterward know it when he sees it. No false protestations can deceive him, no effort to conceal the real thing can mislead him. The world seems to have accepted the dictum that men do not

know women as women know each other, and that women do not know men as man knows his fellow. Experience has taught me differently. No woman knows her sister as a man may know her, no man knows his brother as a woman may know him.

So it was with this strange girl who took no pains to hide her heart. Every glance from her wondrous eyes, every gesture of her hand was as expressive to me as words—far more expressive, for words are more deliberately uttered and may be false.

With relaxation, the full tide of my love for the girl returned, and I began to fear myself. I had not, for many years, been given to praying. In fact my religion was not of the sort that led me to believe that prayer could be answered. I firmly believed and still believe that the Great Ruler could and would ordain all things wisely, including those that touched me, without my advice or importunity. Still I held to a firm belief in the subjective answer to prayer. One who wishes to be good can help his cause wonderfully by thinking the wish. By speaking it in words, he will give life to his yearning, and in most cases germinates within himself the power to be and to do the right. So the prayer always on my lips was:

"May God serve me as I serve this girl. If I betray her trust, may God forsake me."

This prayer, in its broadest sense, soon grew to be a vital part of my heart's most ardent longing, and my very love for the girl, instead of leading me and her into danger, grew to be a safeguard.

After this restful, reassuring strength had come to me, we were very happy. We not only enjoyed our strange home and each other's society, but behind each pleasurable sensation was the knowledge we were safe from the hangman's noose that dangled for us in our native land. The sense of immunity from impending danger is of itself a source of exquisite happiness, and thrill upon thrill follows in the wake of the thought. But we had many other sources from which to draw. It is true that the future often frightened me, though Rosalie always laughed when I spoke of it, and said:

"Something will happen to save us. Our troubles are all over, I am sure, but if they are not, there is no need to go to meet others."

"The winters in this latitude must be terrific," I suggested, "and the ducks will leave in the autumn. I have no gun with which to kill larger game."

"We'll not starve, my love—" She checked herself, blushed, and covering her face with her hands, began to weep. After a moment she hurriedly rose, fell upon her knees at my side, threw her arms about my neck, and said: "It is true. Why should we not say it, my love? I do love you and I know you love me, though you try so hard to conceal it from me."

How I withstood the onslaught, I do not know, but I held her away from me, and said:

"I love you dearly—but—I want to protect you and to save you from all harm and danger—even from myself—and—and—that is the way I love you."

"I do not believe you. You are speaking a real lie —but it's a blessed lie—and you think it is for my good; it is no wonder I love you. You told me in the boat, when you thought we were to die, that you loved me, and you were going to kiss me when the boat upset. I wish the sea had waited one moment longer to overturn us. But I will some day get that of which the sea cheated me. It will be mine some day. It will come in with all else that is good—but now—now, give me the one the sea stole from me. Give me that one; it is mine. I'll wait for the others until—until they come."

In my heart my prayer was bubbling, a veritable fountain of strength and good resolves. I knew that a thousand kisses would soon follow the one the sea had stolen, so my fountain of good resolves said over and over again, "Avoid the first step," and that is what I did. The girl took no offense when I almost rudely thrust her from me. She smiled and said:

"I've waited all my life; I can wait longer. There is no man like you in all the world, and I have you here on an island where you cannot escape from me." She laughed nervously and continued: "You will think me the boldest, most immodest of girls, but I don't care what you think. If I did not know your heart even as I know my own, I would have died rather than have spoken as I did."

My first task was to build a shelter for our fire. I felt sure I could again make fire from the linen lint and the flint stones, but the atmosphere usually was

damp and I might not be so fortunate in my second attempt, so I built a fireplace and chimney of flat stones near our home; soon a great blaze was roaring and crackling happily on our hearth. The next day I found a small cave among the rocks in front of which I built a protecting wall, and there I built a fire of large logs and green limbs of trees that I had torn down. This cave was to be our fire magazine, though we were careful to keep fire at both places.

After we were secure in the matter of fire, I wished to add fish to our daily fare, but I had no line nor hook. My only tools and my weapons of offense or defense were my penknife, a linen petticoat and a pair of soft kid-skin shoes. It was not a formidable array, but up to the time of which I have just written my assortment had saved our lives.

"If we only had the ship to draw from," Rosalie often said, "how supremely happy we should be."

"I don't believe we should be one whit happier," I once responded. "We should have missed the great joy we felt when we made fire if we had possessed a tinder box or a case of lucifer matches."

"That's true," responded Rosalie, smiling dreamily. "When the lint blazed up, I was so happy that I wanted to cry, and when I looked up and saw the joy in your face, I did cry, at seeing your great joy."

"And I wanted the fire for your sake," I returned. "But now that we have earned and enjoyed the happiness that follows ardent desires, I do wish to have

the ship. What a beautiful home I would build for you! My poor girl!"

"I'm happy enough as I am," came her assurance. "Don't waste your pity on me. You are safe here from that—that awful thing in England. The other boats with all on board must have perished, and the world will soon forget all about you and the 'Fontanac.' They will think you are drowned."

"No one suspects that I was on board the 'Fontanac,'" I answered. "I wish the fact were known in England. The knowledge would put an end to all search for me."

"No one will look for you here," the girl responded joyously, "and that thought alone gives me a thrill of joy hundreds of times each day and night."

It was almost bread and meat for me, too. But there was another and kindred thought that was even sweeter to me. It was the knowledge that Rosalie, who would be in as much danger in England as I, though she never fully realized the fact, was also safe from the fate her timely help to me would bring upon her if the voracious minions of the law discovered her. The offer of a reward for the apprehension of criminals often stimulates the sense of outraged justice in those who execute our laws to the point of bloodthirstiness, and gives us a glimpse of the most hideous side of human nature. The reward offered for my life and Rosalie's would keep alive in many a heart thirst for our blood until all hope of finding us was lost.

"If we had the ship," said I, "the first thing I would seek would be a fishing line and hook."

"I'll furnish the line if you will find the hook," said Rosalie. "A few strips from my—my linen petticoat—"

"True, true, the wonderful petticoat!" I cried. "It is a veritable Aladdin's lamp. What should we have done without it? But we can't make a hook of linen—though there is a Hook of Holland. If I had a piece of steel or iron, I believe I could make a hook."

"I'll furnish the piece of steel, too," she said, rising and going into our house. Presently she returned and handed me a piece of steel—a brace or something of the sort, I don't know what it is called—taken from a woman's stays.

By the help of the fire and a file-shaped flint rock, I made a rude though effective fishhook, and that evening we had fish for supper. A flat piece of rock furnished us a skillet, and two flat pieces of rock furnished us plates to eat from. My penknife and our fingers served all other purposes at table.

We lived comfortably and happily for a number of days, though my conscience constantly upbraided me for my apathy. I knew that winter would soon be upon us, and winter under the conditions in which we lived, meant death. I must discover a way of escape or else find human habitations. Every day I made short excursions along the coast, which was not more than two miles to the west of the lake and not more than five miles to the east, but I discovered no

trace of man and returned each day no nearer liberation from our happy prison. At the end of two weeks I began to grow uneasy and frightened. One day we returned after an unusually long march.

"Winter will soon be upon us," I said. "By the way, one night I heard you talking in your sleep. You said, 'I see a house and men; there are houses on this island.'"

"Did I?" she asked musingly. "I don't remember. Do I talk in my sleep?"

"I have heard you only once," I answered.

She sat musing for more than an hour and then said:

"It might be that one building a house on this island, if it is an island, would build it on the lake. We have never gone far into the forest up the lake and through the hills," she suggested. "We don't know what we may find farther on."

"The lake cannot extend very far to the north," I replied, "for the hills are not more than a mile away."

"Unless it winds among them."

"You are right," I said eagerly. "I'll start out to-morrow on a long journey. I'll kill several ducks for you, and will cook several to take with me."

"But I'll not stay here alone. I should die of fright," she protested.

"There is nothing, unless it be the ducks, that can hurt you, and you will not be afraid," I said reassuringly.

"I will not stay, so there!" she declared emphatically.

And I, only too glad to take her, said: "You shall come with me."

Next morning we started, bright and early. We each carried a brace of roasted ducks, and one seeing how happy we were, would have supposed we were going out for a day's picnic in the woods. We followed the shore of the lake and found, as Rosalie had said, that it wound among the hills, narrowing here, broadening there, everywhere furnishing us a picture of exquisite beauty. After passing over the highest ridges, we came into a great pine forest, where the trees grew so thick that we could not, in many places, see a hundred yards away from us, though there was little undergrowth.

The first night we rested under a great, spreading maple, and I covered Rosalie with boughs. Next morning we again took up our journey to the north, keeping the lake always in sight, so that we should not lose our way back home. Upon the evening of the second day, I killed a pair of ducks and with a great deal of labor, started a fire and roasted them. After supper, being very tired, we lay down under a tree, and I fell asleep instantly. I do not know how long I slept, perhaps an hour, perhaps four or five hours, when I was awakened and found Rosalie kneeling by my side.

"John, John!" she whispered.

"What is it, Rosalie?" I asked.

"I see a light over yonder. It seems to be on the hillside and from its brilliancy, must be far from us. It is beautiful, yet I fear it, for it means—it means men."

I looked as she directed and distinctly saw a light shining between the trees. The night was very dark, being moonless, and the mass of clustering trees seemed to deepen the gloom. We had looked carefully about us when we stopped for supper, before sundown, and had seen no house, still the light had the expression, if I may say it, of a candle in the window.

"If we wait until daylight, we'll not be able to find the house," I suggested, "so let us start for it at once."

"No, no," said Rosalie. "Let us wait until daylight. We don't know what it is, and I'm afraid. But you know best, John!"

We did start, but soon lost the light, and after prowling about the woods for an hour or more, again lay down and waited for the morning.

CHAPTER VII

THE MISSION ON THE POINT

NEXT day we sought feverishly for the house but failed to find it, and again we kindled a fire. After eating our roasted ducks, we lay down to rest, and as usual, quickly fell asleep. Soon I was awakened by Rosalie, who was lying on my breast, clinging to me and trembling with fear.

"John! John! A man is here! Wake up, John, wake up!"

Rising quickly to my feet, I saw the dimly outlined form of a man standing ten or twelve feet from us.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" I asked.

"I might ask the same question of you," he answered. "I saw the light from your fire and came over to investigate."

Almost mechanically, I stirred the fire and threw on some dry branches I had collected. When the flames blazed up I saw that the man wore the rough costume of a trapper, but there seemed something aristocratic in his air; he did not seem to me to fit in these surroundings.

"Are you a trapper?" I asked; "and do you live here on this island, if it is an island?"

"Yes, to all of your questions except the last," he answered. "I am a trapper—that is, temporarily. I live near here, and this is almost an island. It is a peninsula known as 'the Point.' Now if you will permit me to be inquisitive. Who are you, and where do you come from?"

I answered his questions in part, for I did not care to tell him who we were. I did not want to lie, but I knew that a lie was the safest form of expression under the circumstances. After all, the active evil in an untruth is the wrong it works.

"My name is Alden—John Alden. This young lady is my—my niece, Miss Alden. We were adrift for many days in an open boat from the wreck of the ship—the ship 'Dolphin,' nearly three weeks ago, and were cast on this island. We are seeking shelter or the means of escape. We have been living in a cave far to the south. Can you help us in our distress, and will you?"

"Gladly," answered the trapper, turning his eyes toward Rosalie, who stood in the full light of the fire. She was so beautiful and winsome, standing amid the lights and shadows, eagerly listening to what was said, that he could not keep his eyes away from her, and I saw a look in them of intense admiration for this beautiful girl.

The young trapper—as he called himself—was a handsome man of about thirty, and when he looked at Rosalie—he, too, standing in the firelight—the admiration in his eyes showed so plainly that she

stepped quickly to my side, where I stood a little back in the shadow, and clung to my hand.

"Gladly," repeated the trapper. "If you and Miss Alden will follow me, we will go to the Mission, where you will be welcomed by Father Ignace, who is the head and I might add the guardian angel of this far northern post. My name is Gabriel Du Barr. I have only lately come here from 'La Belle France.'"

"Is the Point inhabited?" I asked.

"Half a hundred Indians live on the west side of the Point, two miles from the Mission house. In former years, Indians, white trappers and voyagers came here from the mainland to hunt seal. The Fur Company established a factory here and this Mission was built, but the seals left our coast a number of years ago, and the Fur Company abandoned the Point. The priests of the Mission had planted trees and had cleared a great patch of rich ground. The Mission buildings were good, and Father Ignace, who has been here since he first took orders, loved the little band of Indians who lived on the Point, so the Mission remained when the Fur Company withdrew, and profited greatly by the withdrawal."

"Are you and Father Ignace the only white men on the island?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered, "unless Brother Jerome, at the Mission, and—and Jean Hubert, who lives in the village are exceptions, and can be called white men. They are half-breeds—French and Indian. Late in the spring Father Ignace buys the furs (there are

still a few seal on the east coast, and the land is infested with fur-bearing animals and game of all sorts) and sends them in a boat under charge of Jean Hubert to Tadousac, where the cargo is traded to the Fur Company for a few necessities of the Mission and the Indians. The proceeds of the fur Father Ignace distributes among the Indians, reserving a small portion for the Mission. Our wants and the needs of the Indians are small, so the proceeds of the little boat-load of fur, though not large in itself, are quite equal to our wants. Our only lack is a physician. Father Ignace knows little of medicine, nothing of surgery, and I know even less than he. Father Ignace has always said that when we really needed a physician the good Lord would provide one."

"My friend—John—my uncle is a physician and surgeon, and a very great and learned one," said Rosalie, who was walking by my side, holding my hand.

"Ah, indeed!" exclaimed the trapper. "I'm truly glad. Father Ignace will be very glad to see you, Dr.—Dr. Alden, I think you said. Poor Muschla, one of the best Indian women on the island, is very sick. Perhaps Dr. Alden will visit her."

"Yes, I'll go at once, if necessary," I answered, feeling that I could lose nothing by confirming Rosalie's unfortunate statement.

I trembled when she spoke, and gave her fingers an admonitory squeeze, for I feared, even here in the wilderness, to betray so much of my identity as the fact that I was a physician. My terrible misfortune

in England, and the fear of being dragged back to it had become almost a mania with me. Whenever it was thrust into my mind, it covered me as a frightful, threatening cloud comes to blacken the earth, and my utmost effort of will and reason was required to throw it off. I was glad that I was to have work to occupy my attention, and for my services as a physician any expense that might be incurred by Rosalie and myself would be more than paid for; even here in the wilderness, I could not only protect, but could support her.

"Shall I find remedies—medicine—at the Mission?" I asked.

"We have a large medicine chest, but we know neither the drugs nor their uses, save the simpler remedies. Father Ignace gives the same medicine for all diseases. He says that the curative power of medicine consists chiefly in its effect upon the mind, so he gives that which he knows will not work injury, and in most cases, it works a cure."

"Father Ignace is right," I rejoined. "In most cases the medicine does more harm than good except as it helps the mind. But there are instances when the right remedy, properly administered, will save life."

"It is in such cases," agreed the trapper, "that we need the help of a physician. Father Ambrose, the former head of our Mission, died a short time ago yet we all felt that he might have been saved. Five of our little band of Indians died last winter from

diseases that we believe would easily have yielded to treatment. I hope you will remain with us. You probably will be compelled to remain until next summer. Our boat has just left for Tadousac and will not return before the last of September. By October 20th, navigation will be dangerous if not impracticable, so you see you may not be able to get away very soon."

"That will be delightful!" exclaimed Rosalie.

"Hardly delightful," I interrupted. "We must reach Quebec as soon as possible. Matters of grave importance require my presence there, and your father will suppose you were lost when the news of the wreck of the 'Fontanac' reaches him."

The young trapper looked up in surprise. "Really, Doctor, you confuse me utterly. Did you not say you were wrecked on the 'Dolphin' and now you are talking about the 'Fontanac.'

Rosalie and I glanced at each other quickly, but this Frenchman was watching us very closely. I had made a stupid error, and tried to rectify it to the best of my ability. "Of course, it was the 'Dolphin,'" I asserted. "Really, Monsieur Du Barr, you must not be surprised at anything I say. We have positively been through so much lately that I can hardly even believe we are alive." Then I changed the subject of conversation.

"We will appreciate your hospitality, but we are anxious to go to Quebec at once."

I had no thought of going to Quebec, and my

greatest desire was to remain on the island, but I wished, for apparent reasons, to keep that fact a secret.

"The Point is a pleasant place, and it would be delightful to remain here until next summer if we were not so anxious to get to Quebec," continued Rosalie, giving my fingers a gentle squeeze, as if to say: "Now I've corrected my mistake and will try to keep my lips sealed."

Presently we ascended a hill and saw at a short distance a welcome light in a window. We were both tired, poor Rosalie was so weary that the light in the window shone upon us full of promise. It told us of shelter from the storm, of a comfortable bed, of palatable food fit for civilized man, and it spoke of human companionship so necessary to mankind and yet so dangerous to us.

Within ten minutes after seeing the light, we approached a long, low, log building, and passing around the east end, stepped on a broad, long porch that extended across the entire north side of the house. The night was so dark that we could not see any other features of the place.

Gabriel Du Barr led us along the porch to the door and opening it, asked us to enter. By a table in a long, low-ceiled room, sat an old man reading by the light of an oil lamp. He rose when we entered, and our conductor presented us to Father Ignace. He welcomed us with all the kindness of a great, gentle, loving heart, and Rosalie and I were worshipers at

his shrine within five minutes. Father Ignace asked us to be seated; when he had learned from his friend, Gabriel, our little history, he said:

"The Blessed Father is good in sending you to us. The privilege of helping those in distress comes very seldom; we are thankful for the opportunity. I'll call Brother Jerome and you shall have supper."

"We have had our supper," I said. "We had two roasted wild ducks and—and berries. You see the Blessed Father who sent us to you has Himself been feeding us."

"But you must have a cup of tea or coffee," he insisted. "Which shall it be? Both are such luxuries to us that we can offer no greater treat—unless—unless—Brother Jerome, bring up a bottle of port! That's it! A bottle of port and a cracker. That's it, that's it!" exclaimed the good old man, happy and gleeful at the thought of giving us comfort.

"There be but two bottles of port left, your Reverence," said Brother Jerome, "and you said we must save them in case of sickness. I'll get a jar of milk."

"You'll do as I say, Brother Jerome," said the old priest, looking as sternly as possible at the serving brother.

"I prefer the milk," I interrupted, "and I know Rosalie does. Please bring us a jar of milk, if you have it, and—and—if I may ask, a loaf of bread and butter."

"Ah, yes!" cried Rosalie. "Bread and butter! Think of it, John! Bread and butter once more. How good the words sound and how delicious it will taste. I have almost forgotten the taste, and the sweet sound of the words, 'bread and butter and milk.' I can hardly believe that I am to have it. And then perhaps—perhaps—Father, you can give me a good bed."

"Indeed we can. We have more bread and butter and milk and feathers than anything else. Feathers! We have beds of down. We ship down to Tadousac every year, but we keep plenty for ourselves. Our life is simple and in some respects hard, but we have beds fit for a queen and food fit for a king.

"We have chickens, tame ducks, geese and swans. We have every wild duck the epicure ever heard of—thousands of them—thousands. There are blue grouse, pheasants and partridges, deer and bear—too many bear at times—and we raise delicious fruits, berries and vegetables. Oh, I tell you, we live well, too well—far too well. If I did not feel that the Father in Heaven sent all these good things to us, I should believe that we were living in luxurious, gluttonous sin. Indeed, I should. But we flagellate ourselves by abstaining from the use of coffee, tea or wine, save at festivals. Ah, here is the bread and butter and milk."

Brother Jerome placed a large wooden tray containing these articles on a table, and Rosalie, requiring no invitation, fell upon them ravenously and

rapturously. She hurriedly cut a slice of bread, buttered and was about to eat it when she turned quickly and offered me the bread and butter.

"I was so eager for it, I almost forgot you. You have never once forgotten me," she said penitently. "You have always thought of me first, forgetting yourself entirely, and now I lose the only chance I have had, and think of my own greediness first."

"You eat it, Rosalie. I'll cut and butter a piece for myself," I answered.

"I deserve for you to refuse, but—" She looked at me so appealingly that I accepted the bread and butter, and took the wooden mug of milk she offered me.

The bread was dark, being made of whole wheat flour, ground in a hand mill, but it was soft and fresh, as sweet and delicious as bread can be. Ah, how good it tasted!

The night was cool and a small fire blazed in the broad fireplace. Rosalie, standing between the fireplace and the lamp, the kind old priest sitting in his rudely made, great armchair, with his golden cross dangling on his breast, the table scantily spread with books and whitened by the light cast down by the lampshade of seal bladder, the low-ceiled room with beams of undressed logs overhead, the walls hung with arms and trophies of the chase, the dark corners and the spot of light where the old priest sat, as if illumined by a halo, made a picture of such weird yet gentle beauty as I had never seen before. Sin seemed

to have fled the place, and gentle kindness, purity and the peace of God seemed to pervade it.

While I ate my bread and drank the milk, this thought recurred with every moment: "If I can find a home here with these good priests, I shall have bought it cheaply with what I have suffered. I will first take Rosalie to her father, and will return to this house and renounce the world."

After we had finished our lunch, Father Ignace lighted a small oil lamp and led Rosalie to a bedroom.

"Come, John! Come and see my bed!" cried the girl joyfully from the door of her bedroom, one of three very small rooms on the east end of the great room we were in. I went over and looked into the room. The furniture consisted of a plank shelf resting on pins driven into the logs of the wall, a rude chair and a homemade bedstead of the plainest, crudest pattern. But the great, high bed of swansdown, the linen of spotless white and the shining floor made ample amends for the lack of luxury in other respects.

"It is beautiful, Father," I said, after looking about the little room. "Cleanliness is a virtue, and I see you practice it along with the cardinal virtues."

"I hold cleanliness to be a cardinal virtue," said Father Ignace. "I have made for myself and those about me an eleventh commandment: 'Thou shalt keep clean, within and without.'"

"Yes," I answered, almost in reverie, forgetting that the good Father might think the remark ir-

reverent. "I am sorry Jehovah failed to put it on the tablets. The reason the command was not on the tablets, I suppose, was because the Father in Heaven considered it an obvious corollary to all the others. However, I heartily wish He had seen fit to make cleanliness the subject of an expressed law, for there are so many persons who know nothing about corollaries, and it is very hard to teach them."

"The man who keeps his own heart and health clean is dear to the heart of God," rejoined Father Ignace, "and is a joy in the eyes of even the uncleanly."

The priest passed out through the narrow door, and as I started to leave the bedroom, Rosalie kissed both her hands to me and whispered the words:

"I love you. Good-night. God has given you to me for my joy and my protection, and I pray to Him every night that He may bring joy to you."

"Your prayer is answered," I whispered, "for I am happier than I have ever been in all my life. Good-night."

Tears were in the girl's eyes as she answered: "God is good, for only the suffering He sent upon us could have brought us to this. Let us stay here for the rest of our lives. Pray tell me that you will, so that I may go to sleep with my cup of joy overflowing."

"We could not leave if we would," I answered evasively, "and we would not if we could."

"Good-night," whispered Rosalie.

"Good-night."

When I returned to the table where Father Ignace was standing, he said:

"We can boast but one guest-chamber—the one the lady has. The other two rooms belong to Gabriel and myself. You shall occupy mine, and I'll sleep in my great chair before the fire, and give thanks to the kind Father for having sent you to us."

"No, Father," interrupted Gabriel, who had been standing by the fireplace. "Mr. Alden shall use my bedroom. I'll make a bed here before the fire."

I insisted that I should occupy the bed before the fire, but they would not have it so.

"To-morrow we shall arrange the other house for you and your niece, and you may have an establishment of your own. To-night you need rest, and you must accept the bed. That is your room."

He pointed to a door opening into a room next to the one occupied by Rosalie, and Gabriel conducted me to it.

During the night I fancied I heard footsteps in front of Rosalie's door, and next morning after breakfast, she said:

"Were you at my door last night?"

"No," I answered. "Did someone try to enter your room?"

"No, no," she replied. "I fancied I heard footsteps at my door, and I thought I heard someone breathing, but I suppose I was dreaming."

I did not tell her that I had dreamed the same

dream. I thought little about the matter, it gave me small concern until long afterward.

Before breakfast, Father Ignace said mass in a little chapel. Rosalie I found out for the first time was a devout Catholic, and it gave her great pleasure to attend mass. Gabriel Du Barr, Rosalie, Brother Jerome, two Indian laborers and myself constituted the congregation. After the brief service, breakfast was served. Father Ignace asked me:

"Would you like to look about our beautiful home?"

I expressed my pleasure, and Rosalie cried out eagerly: "May I, too, go?"

"Certainly," replied Father Ignace. "The invitation was for you also."

When we started on our rounds, the good man and I walked together, Gabriel took his place by Rosalie's side, following us.

Jealousy is a terrible passion; I felt a contempt for myself when I realized that I did not want Rosalie to walk with Gabriel. But all the hard names that I could apply to myself availed nothing in relieving my heart of a miserable little ache. I upbraided myself for allowing this beautiful Eden to be invaded by the demon of jealousy, but all my self-flagellation did not cure the pain caused by Gabriel Du Barr's laughter and evident happiness as he walked twenty yards behind us at the side of Rosalie. I dwelt with some slight degree of satisfaction upon the fact that Rosalie was not laughing, but when I turned and saw

that she was smiling, my heart sank and the serpent had full possession of my Eden. Gabriel's laughter became more frequent and more joyous, and after a few minutes, Father Ignace stopped, waited for Gabriel and said:

"Please go over to the village and tell Chako and Phyllis to come at once to the Mission. I want them to prepare the factor's house for our guests."

"Very well, Father," answered Gabriel. "Shall I go at once?"

"Yes, please," answered Father Ignace.

Gabriel hesitated a moment, and turning to Rosalie, said:

"Perhaps you would like to walk over to the village. It is composed entirely of Indians, and is situated on the coast, about two miles from here. I am sure it will interest you, and the path over the hill is beautiful."

"No, no," interrupted Father Ignace. "Miss Alden needs rest. The walk over to the village is easy, but coming back is uphill and hard work. Make haste, Gabriel. Noon will come before Chako and Phyllis, if you do not hurry."

Instantly Gabriel started westward toward the village, and I was foolish enough to feel greatly relieved. After Gabriel had left, we again began our rounds of inspection.

On the crest of the hill or small plateau bordering the south side of a beautiful ravine, stood the priest's residence, a long, low loghouse consisting of

one large central living-room (the room in which we first met Father Ignace), the three small bedrooms across the east end, and a kitchen with a small room adjoining, used by Brother Jerome as a bedroom, on the west. A broad porch extended across the entire length of the north side of the house, and overlooked the ravine and the valley beneath. To the east of the house, at a distance of five hundred yards, was the lake. The plateau on which the house stood extended to the lake and terminated abruptly in a cliff, fifty or sixty feet high. Into the head of the ravine at the lake, the water overflowed in a tiny rivulet that sang and babbled and laughed as it wound its way through the ravine, down the broader valley at the west, seeking its way to the sea.

In front of the house, the ravine was not more than a hundred yards broad and rose on each side, north and south, in steep, almost cliff-like ascent. On the side of the ravine where the house stood, the ground fell back toward the south in an almost level stretch for half a mile, but on the opposite side were hills reaching off toward the north, of a height that might entitle them to be called small mountains. The ravine, with its rocks, its verdure and its babbling creek, its rugged, abrupt side and the forest-covered hills falling away to the north furnished all the excuse one would ask for building the Mission home two miles from the coast.

A few hundred yards to the west of the house, the ravine broadened and formed a valley perhaps a

half mile broad and a mile long. The creek flowed through the beautiful cup-like valley to its western extremity, where high hills again sprang upon each side, and the creek flowed on through a canon varying from one hundred to two hundred feet in height. The cup-like shape of the valley made me think of a volcanic crater, and formed a protection on all sides from the rough blasts of winter.

In this valley the priests had planted their fruit trees and had established their gardens and farm. Truly no spot on earth was better fitted for the purpose than this exquisite valley, resting at the foot of the hills and cuddling cozily in their warm embrace. The view from the porch of the priest's house included a glimpse of the lake through the east end of the ravine and the full scope of the valley to the west.

Coming from the house and leading down to the valley was a narrow footpath, in many places cut out of the side of the cliff, and in other places following a natural bench on the hillside; immediately in front of the house, a path led directly down the steep hillside to the creek at the bottom of the ravine.

The beauty of the place entranced Rosalie, and as she walked along, clinging to my hand, she could not keep back the song that was in her heart. It came forth in a sweet, soft cadence that brought a smile of joy to the face of Father Ignace.

He looked at me and said simply, "God is good for giving her, and us that song."

From the crest of the ravine we saw cattle and sheep feeding on the meadows of the valley. In a field to the north, oats were turning golden, and still nearer us were the orchard and farm buildings. The stables were rudely constructed of logs, but when we inspected them, we found them stacked about with straw and the roofs covered with a heavy thatch.

"There is room in these sheds and stables for every four-footed creature we possess," said Father Ignace. "Our winters are very cold. I love to come down here at the fall of a stormy night and look in upon our faithful dumb friends, munching their hay. When I go back to my own fireside, I enjoy it more because I know there is warmth and coziness down in the valley for the cattle, the sheep and the horses. I even love to think of the hogs snuggling close to each other in their beds of straw, and grunting contentedly in their comfort. There is sweet music in the grunting of a contented hog, if we can only forget our own superiority long enough to listen. The wind may howl as it will, and the snow and the sleet may try their best, but thick walls and a good roof protect every beast we own."

The stables were unoccupied, but they told their own story, and though homely and rude, they were beautiful in their power for good.

"I'll show you our creamery," said Father Ignace, leading us to a more pretentious building at the foot of the hill. He opened the door and we found ourselves in a large room containing crocks, jars and

utensils for making butter and cheese. At the back of the room flowed a great spring from which we drank ice cold water, clear and limpid as the rarest crystal.

I have given this minute description of the place because it was our home for a long time, and its topography will enter into this story in many instances to follow.

Rosalie and I had lived in bedraggled, torn clothing so long that we had ceased to think about our appearance—that is, I had ceased to think about it. But Rosalie, being a woman, had never lost the sense of pride in her personal appearance, and was troubled because her clothing, having been soaked many times by sea and rain and torn by briers and rocks, was, as she expressed it, "almost indecent." Her skirts, soiled and bedraggled, had shrunk and had been torn until there was hardly enough left to cover her knees. She had become accustomed to me, and in a way, had grown used to the abbreviated garment, but after we left the priest's house to inspect the farm in the valley, she became uneasy, and when we returned to the house, she hurried to her room. After a few moments she opened the door and asked Father Ignace if she might use one of the sheets to make a dress skirt, and if he would lend her needle and thread.

"Take all the sheets you want," answered Father Ignace hastily. "I'll bring the needle and thread at once."

Within an hour the girl came forth wearing a

neatly fitting white skirt that, as she said, at least "covered her," even if it did not improve her appearance. The gypsy effect of her torn dress, I thought bewitching, and her beauty had never shone with greater luster than during the days of our fearful struggle for life.

"When Phyllis comes," said Father Ignace, as Rosalie stood before him showing her new dress, "I'll ask her if she has not a Sunday gown she can give you. Phyllis is large and of a shape that may be described as an oblong parallelogram, but I suppose you can remodel one of her dresses to fit you. Phyllis is the wife of Chako. They are half-breeds, and Phyllis has inherited from her French grandmother—her father was a Frenchman—a love for fine raiment. You may find the colors rather high, but I think she can give you a silk dress, if you wish."

"No, no," cried Rosalie, laughing. "Mouse-like calico, or better still, flannel will answer my purpose. I'll be delighted with anything in the shape of a dress. I should like shoes, too, if I can have them. Look at these!"

She thrust out a foot partly covered by a light kid shoe. The toe was out, the sole was worn through, and an oblong gap in the upper near the ankle, the space left by the piece I had taken for a sling, gave a touch of pathos to the beautiful foot.

While Rosalie stood holding out her foot for the priest's inspection, I gazed on her and a rapture filled my soul such as I had never known. My eyes,

accustomed to beauty in every form, seemed almost blinded by this girl's marvelous radiance. I had lived the life, though I had lived it decently, of a man of the world, but I had never seen beauty to be compared with Rosalie's, and my heart swelled with love.

It may be that the throb of jealousy inspired by Gabriel's slight attentions to Rosalie had made me conscious of the full extent of my love. I do not know what causes operated within me and without to enlighten me, but this I do know, that after watching her standing so piteous, so forlorn, yet so joyous before Father Ignace, my love grew to such an extent that it frightened me. I feared I should lack strength to resist it, should the girl again throw down the bars of her modesty and appeal to me, as she already had done on several occasions, and as she had done only the evening before when I had said good-night.

"I fear Phyllis's shoes would not be adjustable to your feet. If her form is an oblong parallelogram, her feet almost, if not quite, solve the mathematical impossibility, a squared circle. She can, however, make you a beautiful pair of moccasins. She and all my Indians make moccasins from deerskin and walrus-hide. Once in a long while, walruses are brought to our shores on ice floes, and we sometimes kill them. A walrus-hide furnishes the soles for a great many pairs of moccasins. The heavy leather protects the foot. Indians care little for the protection, preferring the soft, pliable deerskin, but the sole of a civilized foot is not tough enough to dispense

with protection. Phyllis shall make a pair of moccasins for you just as soon as she and Chako have placed your house in order. Would you like to see your future home?"

"Yes, yes," cried Rosalie, joyfully. "Am I to have a real house of my own—for myself?"

"For you and your uncle," answered Father Ignace.

"Of course, for John, too. It would not be for me if it was not for him. I—I—have always called him John rather than Uncle John."

Her eyes turned toward me with a glance far more ardent and affectionate than was ever given by a niece to her uncle, and I feared Father Ignace might, if he had been watching her, discover a fact that we were anxious to conceal.

My conscience troubled me because of the lie I had told Gabriel Du Barr concerning the relationship between Rosalie and me. When he had come suddenly upon us in the woods, I had not had time to analyze the situation. I had never considered what I would do and say about Rosalie and myself in case we should find people on the island, for I had no hope of finding any. Taken off my guard, I acted hastily and uttered an unnecessary falsehood from which there was now no withdrawing.

After Father Ignace had invited us to inspect our new home, we rose and strolled on to the porch. The clouds of the early morning had drifted away, and when Rosalie and I saw the lights and shadows

in the ravine beneath us, with the abrupt cliffs and the pine-clad, light-flecked hills rising before us, so close that it seemed we could almost touch them, we exclaimed with delight. But when we turned our eyes a little toward the west and caught a full view of the beautiful sunlit valley, we were dumb with admiration. Surely, in all the world, nature could present no more beautiful scene to gladden the heart of man.

After we had gazed upon the lovely landscape for a few minutes, Father Ignace led us to a low, thatched-roofed log house, standing near the edge of the cliff, overlooking the lake. It was perhaps fifteen hundred feet from the priest's house, and like it, faced the ravine. Back of it—that is, south of the house—was another log structure that in the days of the Fur Company's occupancy of the island, had been used as a warehouse.

Father Ignace opened one of the two front doors of our new home, and Rosalie and I entered. The house consisted of two small rooms separated by a log partition, with a door connecting between. In the middle of the house was built a stone chimney, with a fireplace opening into each room, and along the front of the house, covering both front doors, was a porch eight or ten feet broad, covered with clapboards. The floor of the house consisted of logs hewed on three sides and fitted closely together; the ceiling was formed in the same manner, the logs being smaller.

"Phyllis and Chako will sweep and clean the house. We will build bedsteads and furnish them with bedding for your use to-night. Later we will patch the mud plaster between the logs, and will repair the thatching of the roof so that the house will be comfortable and warm for you this winter."

"Shall we remain here all winter?" I asked. "Will there be no opportunity for us to leave?"

"I fear not," answered the Father. "Our sloop will not reach us until too late in the season to make a return voyage. No other boat has touched our shore since the Fur Company's withdrawal six years ago."

"That is good!" cried Rosalie. "I want to stay. I long to spend the winter in this beautiful spot. How beautiful it must be when the snow comes."

"Winter is very beautiful here," said Father Ignace, "and I fear you will have ample opportunity to judge for yourselves, since I see no chance for you to get away."

"I hope there will be none," said Rosalie eagerly, and I was almost angry because she expressed the wish I so strongly felt."

I longed to stay not only the winter through, but my sweetest dream would be to spend my life with the girl in this rude house as our home, and this wild spot our dwelling place. Her companionship was as sweet to me as rain and sunshine are to the corn. It was the essence of life itself to me, but I had no right to consider myself in the case at all. Condemned to

death, an outcast from the world, hiding like a hunted thing from the eyes of man, I had no right to allow myself to consider my own happiness for one moment. I might, had I tried, have eased my conscience with the thought that the girl loved me, a fact that seemed truly apparent, but if I was honest, if I was fair with this girl and really placed her happiness above all other considerations, I would not allow her, even though she loved me or imagined she did, to throw herself away on me and blight her young life by tying herself to one in my wretched condition.

The prayer, "God serve me as I serve this girl," was always on my lips and in my heart. My bed, during our first night at the Mission, had been so comfortable that I was unable to sleep until far toward morning. I had lain awake, pondering, thinking, praying, and yearning for light and strength to do the right by this girl whom I loved better than I loved my own soul, and the light had come, even though the strength might never come. The only course open to me was to refuse to look upon the girl's protestations of love seriously, to take her to her father at the first opportunity, and to make an opportunity if none should come our way.

Chako and Phyllis came while we were sitting on the edge of the porch, and Father Ignace told them in an interesting mixture of French, English, and Indian what to do in arranging the house.

"I will help them," I said.

"And I, too, will help," said Rosalie. "It is not fair that they should do our work for us and receive no reward. We have nothing with which to pay them."

"They want no pay," said Father Ignace, and Phyllis said:

"Na, na," giving the *a* its broad sound, "we wan' na pay."

Adjoining the house on the east was a small stone hut covering a spring that bubbled from a natural well of stone, almost at the southeast corner of the house. Chako and Phyllis went to the priest's house for buckets and brooms. Then we scrubbed the floors, dusted the cobwebs from the corners and ceilings, and in a short time the rooms were as clean and sweet as one could desire. A bedstead was built in each room, two or three planks were placed on pins driven in the walls to be used as shelves, though we had nothing to put on them. Two down ticks, with necessary linen, were brought over and placed on the rude bedsteads, and our house was ready for occupancy. During the next day or two, we ate our meals with the priest, but afterward we cooked and ate in our own home.

CHAPTER VIII

TRIFLES LIGHT AS AIR

WE were very happy—ominously so, it sometimes seemed to me. We did not accept our food, cooking utensils and other necessities wholly without consideration. In our little colony all worked, including Father Ignace. I noticed that Gabriel seemed less inclined to labor than anyone else, but he did his part in an easy-going way. Early morning found all the men—that is, all the men of the Mission—toiling in the garden, weeding the oats or hoeing the patch of Indian corn. The corn was planted more for the sake of the fodder than the grain, the season being too short for it to mature properly.

The Mission kept several cows and they had to be milked. I had never milked a cow in my life, but I chose a beautiful little Jersey, that looked more like a deer than a cow, and in a short time I learned to milk her "dry" morning and evening. I carried the milk to our spring-house. It was sweet to see Rosalie, sleeves rolled to her elbows and skirts tucked above her ankles, acting as dairymaid and doing the housework.

I have often, in later years, wondered at my

strength and unselfishness at that time; but I have wondered more at the manner in which I allowed my conscience to lead me away from the right.

My conscience told me I ought to smother my love for Rosalie, that it was my duty to ignore her love, regardless of her pain or mine. I suspected my great longing, and I feared it; so I shut my lips and swore in my heart not to be led into wrongdoing toward this girl because I loved her. I longed to make her my wife, but my conscience, frightened by my great desire, said "no." However, I was very happy with her by my side. I feared and longed for the coming of the boat, for I had determined, at any cost, to send it back to Quebec with Rosalie.

While waiting for the boat we were not idle. Rosalie was a good housewife and busied herself making butter, preserving berries and fruit in stone jars, of which the Mission had a great supply, and in making all housewifely preparations for the winter. Oh, it was sweet to see her happiness and to hear her song. Like the birds that trilled in the trees at our door, she sang because she could not help it.

My work was in the valley, half a mile from our house; therefore I was absent during the mornings and afternoons. One afternoon I returned and found Gabriel sitting on the porch, talking to Rosalie. I thought she appeared to be happier than usual. I fancied that her laughter held a note of nervousness that I supposed was the expression of an unusual elation. She was chatting happily with Gabriel and

seemed interested in him and in what he said, but when I came upon the scene, she turned her whole attention to me in a manner so marked that even my jealousy could not prevent me from seeing it. I immediately entered the house, and soon afterward Gabriel left. When he had gone, Rosalie followed me.

I had worked hard all day, and when I entered my room I tossed my hat to the floor and sat down to rest in a large chair I had made for myself. Rosalie busied herself about me for a few minutes, but soon she noticed in my manner toward her, though I had tried to conceal it, my absurd feeling of resentment.

"What is the matter, John?" she asked, falling to her knees at my side and placing her hand on my shoulder. "Have I done anything to displease you?"

"No, Rosalie; no, child. Why do you ask?" I answered.

"I don't know why I asked," she replied, "but you did not seem to—to—I don't know what I thought. It was my imagination. I know you will be sure to tell me if I do anything—even the least thing—that displeases you. John, to please you is all I live for."

"Indeed I know it and appreciate it, you may be sure. You are too good, child, and your gratitude goes beyond all bounds. I owe you more than you owe me."

Without a word, she rose to her feet and began preparations for supper. Cooking was always done in my room. I wished to keep Rosalie's bedroom free

from the fumes and odors. The girl went to the spring for water with which to fill the kettle, and when filled, placed it on the fire. When the kettle was adjusted, she fetched other cooking utensils and began to prepare the food. She had not spoken since she rose from my chair. Her silence was very noticeable to me, for she usually chatted and sang during her work, and discussed every little move with me. I soon knew that I had hurt her in some manner, and when I watched her closely, I thought I saw signs of coming tears. The preparations for supper continued, and Rosalie's unusual silence remained unbroken. At length I said:

"You must sing and talk and laugh, Rosalie, or your bread will not be good and your cakes will be heavy."

Without an instant's warning, she threw a skillet she had been holding to the floor, covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears.

"I'm not a child, and yet you always treat me as one! I'm not grateful to you. I do not carry my gratitude too far, for I feel no gratitude. There can be no gratitude between you and me. I can owe you nothing and you can owe me nothing. It's far more than that with me, at least. I have no gratitude. If we are to talk of debts we owe each other, your debt to me is the greater. I saved your life; I risked my own when I went into the prison and became your accomplice by freeing you. No, no! I feel no gratitude; the word is meaningless to me. What I feel is

love! love! love! And you call me a child and talk of my gratitude. I want no gratitude from you. I want what I give. There is only one way you can pay me the real debt you owe me, and that is to pay me in kind. I am beginning to fear that I've made an awful mistake in believing that you—you love me, and for some reasons, have tried to conceal—"

I could restrain myself no longer. I sprang to the girl's side and was about to catch her in my arms, but checked myself and said:

"No, no, you have made no mistake. I—I—God help me! God help me!"

I sat down in the chair, and Rosalie, again falling on her knees by my side, took my hand, kissed it, and said:

"No, no, I have made no mistake. Forgive me. I'll ask no questions. I'll not pry into your secret nor your plans. I'll trust all to you, for you know best, and I'll be guided by you and will await your time."

"Whatever I do will be for your good, Rosalie," I said. "I'll do nothing unless I know it is for your good."

"But you must not think," she returned, haltingly, "that the happiness of my life can be achieved by—by your refusal to accept—to accept what I have given you, or by withholding from me that with which your heart is filled."

"All will turn out for your greatest happiness," I assured her, "and I beg you to trust me. I'll make no mistake where you are concerned."

"I'll trust you," she said, taking my hands and looking up into my face, "and I know you will be honest with me and with yourself. If there is anything in your life, past or present, that will preclude—will make it impossible for you to—to—oh, I trust you, and I care not what has been and is in your life. I trust you, and I'll await your own time in silence henceforth."

"You may trust me," I replied. "All I ask is that you be happy, and when the time comes, I'll speak as plainly as you can wish. Now, get supper, and let me hear you sing. If you don't sing, the whole supper will be spoiled for me."

"All right," she answered, laughing as she left me and went to her work.

Within a few minutes the song came with the same old genuine ring, and I knew the girl was happy once more. The song was real, the joy was sincere. The sun could affect to shine, or the birds could affect to sing for joy quite as easily as Rosalie could pretend to be happy if she was sad.

Well, the bread was all that could be asked, the cakes were light, and the supper was, oh! so delicious—facts that of themselves, aside from Rosalie's song, attest that her heart was full of joy.

Her heart contained a great deal more joy than did mine. There were times, many hours, when my heart was overflowing with joy, but there were also many hours when I was wretched. I could not help trying to peer into the future for Rosalie's sake. I knew

that I could not keep the girl a prisoner, bound from the great, bright world, the wife of a man doomed to death and hiding like a hare in its burrow. I knew that my duty was plain. There was no doubt in my mind concerning it. There was but one course for me to take, if I was an honest man, seeking the girl's good; I must send her home to her father.

There would be pain for the girl in leaving me; of that fact I was convinced. But she was young, of a buoyant, joyful nature, and would soon recover. As for my pain in losing her, that would last my life through. I was as surely convinced that the pain of separation would never leave my heart, as I was that it would soon cease in the girl's.

Another thought also worried me at times; the presence of other persons, the priest, the half-breeds, the Indians, alarmed me, and I lacked that turbulent joy growing out of my own sense of security that I felt when I thought I was alone on the island. That, however, was a source of little trouble compared with the thought that I must soon lose Rosalie. All evils became insignificant compared to that overhanging grief.

At other times, a fierce, torturing jealousy of the Frenchman, Gabriel, filled my heart with excruciating agony, and my whole being with disgust because I could not prevent it coming upon me. I reasoned with myself, and did all in my power to drive the ugly torturing passion from my heart. From my knowledge of the world, I well knew that ninety-nine

times out of a hundred, jealousy is ungrounded, and that its supposed causes are usually imaginary.

I insisted to myself that Gabriel's little attentions to Rosalie meant nothing but kindliness, and that when he sat with her on our porch, or took little excursions with her into the woods, his conduct was but the natural outgrowth of the situation, and meant nothing more than appeared on the surface of things. But when I had almost convinced myself that these walks and chats, that were growing more frequent every week, meant really nothing, the memory of an ardent glance from his eyes, or a smiling, half tender look from the girl, put up its ugly head and reason went out of business.

But all these causes of unrest did not make me unhappy all the time. Rosalie's smiles and her never-failing joyousness were such antidotes to all my noxious vapors, that, when we sat down to supper on the evening of which I have just spoken, I soon became happy again and would not have changed places with a seraph.

When the end of summer began to show itself, the real work on the Mission farm began. The grain was to be harvested, the potatoes were to be dug, the hay and the fodder for the cattle and the two horses were to be harvested, the fruit was to be gathered, and the winter's wood was to be cut. It was a busy season, and all on the island—men, women, and children—were as busy as bees. Every one had his share of work to be done, and all did it cheerfully.

Even Rosalie helped at the lighter tasks, such as fruit gathering. Gabriel was the only member of our little band who did not work to his fullest ability. He worked part of the time, but never exerted himself. Father Ignace kept up with the best of us. Usually Gabriel came to the farm an hour or two after the work had begun. Rosalie, too, was usually detained by her housework, and after the harvesting season was a week old, she often made her appearance in the valley with the handsome trapper.

One day, after the hay had been cut and every hand was needed to save it before rain should come, Gabriel had not appeared, although the sun indicated nearly noon. Clouds were in the southwest, and we all feared rain. Rain meant bad, musty hay for the cattle. Chako, also, was absent.

"Where is Chako?" Father Ignace asked of Phyllis.

"He sick," answered Phyllis.

"It's a bad time to be sick," said the Father.

"Yes, bad time," drawled outspoken Phyllis. "Gabriel, yes, he seeck—too?"

There was no way of discovering a double meaning in Phyllis' words from her expressionless face, but Father Ignace knew the double meaning was there.

"Gabriel is engaged with other duties. He doubtless will come very soon," said Father Ignace.

"When the hard work is over, then he come, quick—quick. He come with the girl," was her answer.

"Phyllis, you must not speak of Gabriel in such a manner," said Father Ignace, sternly.

"Then he mus' work," she replied. "He eat a good plenty. Mebbe he pray to keep the rain away. Oh! that's what he engage, eh?"

"Phyllis!" said Father Ignace, reprovingly.

"Ah, yes," continued the stubborn old woman, determined to have her way. "Yes, Phyllis—she eat what she work. No work, she no eat. Prayers, they for soul; no good for body. Wheat and potatoes, they for do body. Mebbe Gabriel, he lika eat prayer. You geev him prayer to eat, Father."

Father Ignace turned toward me, and said: "She is incorrigible. I make matters worse by talking, so I'll acknowledge myself vanquished and be silent."

"There's truth in her words," I said, somewhat sharply, for her remark about Gabriel and "the girl" had touched the quick.

"Gabriel should be here working," answered Father Ignace, "but it is hard for him to bring himself to this work. He says that if we of the Mission save the souls of these Indians and look to their spiritual welfare, we do them a far greater service than they can repay by the mere work of their hands in saving our crops. He has never been used to work of any sort. You may not know that he is the son—and the eldest son at that—of a French count. He has never abdicated his right of inheritance. He came here from the court of France over a year ago—satiated and spoiled by a lifetime of indolence. He has always

loved women and women have loved him, probably, to their sorrow, but whoever drifts out to this wilderness is more than welcome. All I ask is that they do their small share of the work. As Gabriel has always had others to work for him it is difficult for him to accustom himself to this kind of a life, and so we must be patient with him, my son, very patient," said Father Ignace.

Half an hour passed, but Gabriel did not appear. Neither did Rosalie appear. She usually came down to the farm as soon as her housework was finished. I tried to smother my jealousy, but could not, so I unceremoniously quit work and started to the house.

When I reached the house, Rosalie was not to be found. I hurried over to Father Ignace's house, hoping that I should find Gabriel. He was not there. I ran hurriedly through the house, and made a thorough search in the neighborhood. But Gabriel was not about the place and I felt that he and Rosalie had gone off together.

Many times before, they had walked into the woods, and I had been able to choke down my jealousy by reason; but this time I had no reason with which to check it, it was gaining the upper hand and dominating me entirely. As I was supposed to be her uncle, my position almost rendered me powerless. I knew that I must not let Rosalie see my jealousy; it would diminish her respect for me. Nothing so breeds contempt as a display of jealousy, and the wise lover, if he is so unfortunate as to feel

it, will hide it. Even less would I let Gabriel see it, for if he was in love with the girl, a knowledge of my jealousy would send a sweet thrill to his heart and would put a dangerous weapon in his hands to use against me. It was a difficult rôle. As Rosalie's uncle there was no cause for my being jealous, and I intended to protect Rosalie at all costs even if I suffered the torments of the damned. I refused to follow after them, and waited in our house for their return. At last near dusk Rosalie entered followed by Gabriel. I was seated in a chair in the semi-darkness. Rosalie did not see me when she entered, as I did not rise.

"Put them here," said Rosalie, speaking to Gabriel, who carried a sack filled with nuts, as I afterward learned. After indicating where she wished the sack to be placed, she said: "Thank you. That will do. What a fine bag of nuts, and what a treat they will be for John this winter. Thank you. I've enjoyed the day very much."

With that she turned and saw me. She tossed her hat to the floor and running to me, fell on her knees beside my chair, clasped my arm, and placed her hand on my forehead.

"Are you ill, John? Are you ill?" she asked anxiously.

"No, Rosalie, I'm not ill. Why do you ask? Good afternoon, Gabriel. Have you and Rosalie been nutting?"

"Yes," began the trapper. "We went over the

hill to the—" Here Rosalie interrupted him with little ceremony:

"But you look ill," she said to me. "I know you are ill. You came home and did not find me." Her arm found its way about my neck and her face drew close to mine, as she continued: "My poor, dear John. My John! You are ill; you look ill. Ah! This is terrible. My John! My John!" She placed her cheek against mine and then drew my head to her breast.

Her caresses were too sweet for me to interfere with them for a time, and I also desired the opportunity to observe their effect upon Gabriel. The opportunity came to my heart's content, or rather, to my infinite discontent, for I saw that in his face which told me much more than I wanted to know. Gabriel's smooth-shaven face was one that most persons would call handsome, but when I saw it, as he stood watching Rosalie caress me, the features were so distorted with hatred and jealousy that it was most hideous. Nothing but a heart filled with rankest venom could produce so frightful an effect on the human countenance. There was lust written in every line, and murder in every gleam of his eyes. He turned and hurriedly left the room. I knew, at least, that my jealousy was justified in so far as love and lust in his heart for Rosalie could justify it.

But Rosalie's sudden and apparent unconsciousness of his existence when her eyes turned to me, and her evident carelessness of what he might think or see

went a long way toward convincing me that Gabriel had not up to that time made any inroad on her heart. She was young, and he was young, handsome and entertaining, a gentleman in manner to his finger-tips. She was an ardent Catholic. He was also a Catholic and that created a natural bond between them. She found his society pleasant. That, I was sure, was all the girl had found up to the time of which I have just written. But with an unholy love in his heart, backed by an aggressive nature, used to having its wishes gratified, the situation was dangerous, and fear for Rosalie, in that one moment, drove jealousy from my heart forever. From that time I knew it was my duty to watch and protect her.

It was my duty to protect her against this man, but how should it be done? I dared not speak to Rosalie and alarm her. At least, I would not do so until I found that she was really in peril. I dared not let Gabriel know that I had discovered his passion, for that would make a breach between us and let him know that I was his enemy, and would put him on his guard.

From that day I was more tender and gentle with Rosalie than ever before, and so persistently did I woo Gabriel's favor that I soon thawed the crust of ice he had taken on after the nutting episode, and we became frequent associates on hunting and fishing expeditions.

After the scene just described, I was careful to

have Rosalie with me, if possible, on all occasions except when Gabriel was present. I waited in the mornings until her work was finished, and she walked with me to the fields. There could be no mistake about her delight at this new order of things.

"You used to run away from me so often," she said one morning, while I was waiting for her to go with me to the valley, "but now you take me with you or you stay with me, and I'm so happy that I can hardly keep from singing all the time."

"Why don't you, then?" I asked.

"Oh, I'm afraid I'll annoy you. But I can't help it, sometimes."

"Don't you ever fear that you will annoy me by singing," I answered her. "It is the sweetest music on earth to me."

"Is it really, John? Is it really so sweet to you?"

"I have no means of making you understand how very much," I answered, taking her hand—she was standing before the fireplace—"words mean nothing when I try to tell you. They express what I mean and feel, no better than they express the infinitude of God or of space."

I stopped speaking. The broom that she had been using fell with a bang to the hearth. She clasped my hand with both of hers, rested her head against my shoulder, sighed and was silent for a moment; then said softly:

"Go on; say something else. Tell me more—or the same thing again. It was good enough."

I had to summon the prayer hurriedly to keep my arm from the girl's waist and my lips from her lips. All was there for me, who loved every drop of blood in her veins. I often look back to that moment and wonder at my strength. I kept repeating the prayer mechanically, at a rate not less than a thousand words a minute, and I kept myself fairly well under control as the girl continued:

"You so seldom say anything of that sort to me, and oh! I do hunger and thirst for—for—to hear you say—to—to hear you—you—tell me that you like me, and like what I do, that when you do say even a little word of—of—affection, I grab at it and hold my ears and my heart open for more, as a hungry little bird puts up its gaping bill for food."

My only hope was to remain silent. After a little time, Rosalie continued:

"Don't you think I'm very, very good to remain silent on a certain subject as well as I do, when I so often want to speak? But I promised you I would, and I'm keeping my word, though sometimes I yearn so for you that it is very hard."

I tried to hold back the words, but I could not, so I said:

"Is there no one else you ever yearn for or—or like?"

"No, no!" she cried. "There is no one else in the world for me but you. You seem to be cruel to me, but I know there is a good reason for all you do—and

don't do—and I trust you. That tells the story, after all—I trust you."

"I must tell you that a man rarely becomes dangerous to a woman until she trusts him," I said.

"Why? I do not understand."

"Because as long as a pure woman does not trust a man, she is on her guard," I explained. "When she trusts him, she is not."

"But why should I be on my guard with you?" asked Rosalie. "Your will is my will in every respect. You would protect me better than I could or would protect myself, and if—if you don't want to protect me—why, I don't want to be protected where you are concerned. So why should I not trust you with my very soul?"

"You may trust me," I answered. "It happens that in my case you are safe, but if you find yourself trusting anyone else, remember, then danger begins."

"Still I don't understand," she answered, a puzzled look creeping into her eyes. "There is no one but you for me to trust. Oh! Do you mean Gabriel? Surely not." She laughed. "Why, he means nothing to me. He is just—interesting—sometimes—but oh—John—how absurd!" Again she laughed.

"I mean no one, Rosalie; I mean everyone," I answered. "Everyone but myself."

CHAPTER IX

ROSALIE'S FATHER CONFESSOR

BY the first of September, the harvest was over and the fruit was gathered. At leisure intervals I had built a covered shed leading from the back door of our house to the great warehouse, fifty or sixty yards back, that is, south of our house. I had plastered the open spaces between the logs, not only in our house, but in the great warehouse also, and had removed a part of the flooring from the latter, for I intended to keep a cow and a score of chickens near us during the winter, for our own use; that is, for my use, for I had fully determined to send Rosalie to Quebec just as soon as the boat returned.

I had made up my mind to tell Father Ignace everything, and to show him the great reason for returning the girl to her father, pointing out to him the continual, almost irresistible temptation the girl's presence offered from hour to hour. I knew he would order the boat back to Quebec, even though it might not be able to return until spring. I felt sure Doctor Dean, who was rich, would gladly bear all cost.

But to return to my work. I have already said that I had, at leisure intervals, made our house and

the warehouse warm and comfortable, but my greatest achievement in that respect was the building of the shed leading from the house to the warehouse. I had never, in all my life, done any carpentry, but every man is a storehouse of all that man ever did or ever thought. Whatever there is, in all the universe, that much there is in embryo in every man's soul, just as the oak is in the acorn. All unknown to myself, there was a good carpenter in my soul, and I offer this shed as evidence of the fact. I had never known that there was also a good, I may say, an excellent shoveler in my soul, but there was, for I built a wall of earth about our house and about the warehouse five feet high, and after it was finished I defied old Boreas. He could not enter through those walls of earth. I brought fodder and hay from the valley and stored it in the warehouse. If our cow should eat half I brought, I was sure she would die. Under my room was an air-tight, frost-proof cellar, and here we stored potatoes and fruit. But my greatest task was to cut our winter wood, and to bring it to the house, where I stored cords upon cords of beech wood and "blackheads" (pine knots) in the shed and warehouse.

In all this work I encouraged Rosalie to accompany me, and she was so happy in helping, even with the wood (the wood-chopper in my soul was more embryonic than the carpenter or shoveler), that the gladness in my heart made my work easy, as gladness in the heart always does.

Rosalie was with me so constantly that Gabriel saw little of her except during the evenings at our house, or before the fire with Father Ignace. Gabriel often came to us while we worked, and on such occasions he was of course compelled, out of mere politeness, to help us. He could not stand by and watch us work without giving a hand. Rosalie thought this help from him was very generous and often spoke of his kindness to us in glowing terms. I knew that he remained away from the girl until drawn to her side, even at the cost of hard labor. I never failed to welcome his advent, and always made it a point to be cheerful and cordial when he was present. He had no choice but to return my treatment in kind, that is, when he could. At times he could not even treat me civilly, but I never appeared to see his lack of courtesy.

On two or three occasions, being at our house, he wanted Rosalie to walk into the woods or to the village. Each time that he did so, I accepted the invitation for both of us, saying:

"Yes, it will be pleasant. Get your hat, Rosalie."

Then one given to reading the human countenance could have seen hatred, bitter, deadly hatred, written on his face. Rosalie knew so little about the evil of the world, either in or outside the heart of man, that she did not know the meaning of the text written upon his face by the anger in his brain, and the venom in his heart. She probably saw it very seldom, for she apparently did not notice Gabriel attentively.

But one day, after we had returned from one of these walks, she said:

"I have often thought that Gabriel was handsome, but at times, I think his face is the ugliest I ever saw."

That, however, was said late in the fall, and should not have been given here. I shall tell you of it later on, when it will have more significance.

By the end of the third week in September, winter began to show his teeth. That fact in itself gave me little concern, for our house was fortified against winter's most terrific onslaught, and we were provisioned for a long siege. Our diminutive cow was comfortably installed, in company with a score of chickens and a pair of pigs, in the warehouse. We had, close at hand, more wood than four houses could possibly burn, and our fireplace seemed to long to get to work.

But the coming of winter troubled me for another reason. The boat had not arrived from Quebec, and if it should be delayed a fortnight later it would not be taken out until spring, and Rosalie would have to remain on the Point.

One morning I awoke to find that winter had begun with a cold drizzling rain interspersed with snowflakes. Toward night the snow increased and within an hour of darkness, it turned to sleet. The north wind began to moan through the trees. Every pellet of sleet seemed to beat on my sore heart; every moan of the wind was like a wailing requiem to my hope of saving Rosalie.

The thought of keeping her at the Point all winter, and of protecting her against this man's lust and against my own love had grown to be a mania with me. I could not weigh the situation accurately. My judgment was no safer than my emotions. To ease my mind, I sought violent exercise, and during the first week of storm that opened the winter, I often walked out through the woods and welcomed the cold rain, the snow or the sleet as it beat upon me.

Whenever I left the house, I found upon returning that Gabriel had called soon after my departure. Usually he remained until I returned, and upon such occasions, I found him pleasant and cheerful to the point of hilarity. He seemed to be excited—intoxicated with the joy of being in the girl's presence. These visits and these manifestations of nervous joy disgusted me and troubled me, but I did not once doubt Rosalie.

Fully a mile west of the Mission was a hill from which one could get a beautiful view of the village, its small harbor, the gulf beyond and the rocky coast running to the north and to the south. It was called "Lookout Hill," its course ran in a south-westerly direction, a distance of a mile or more to the coast, where it terminated in a cliff fully two hundred feet high, known as "Lookout Cliff." At the foot of the cliff the currents of the sea formed a frightful whirlpool, where the water madly dashed against the rocks, even when the weather was calm. A cupful of wind caused a commotion in the whirlpool terrible to

look upon. The Indians said the sea at the foot of Lookout Cliff was bottomless, and that one caught in the whirlpool was lost forever.

One wintry day I had walked over to this hill. As it was raining when I started out, I had not permitted Rosalie to go with me. In truth, I wanted to be alone. When I returned I found Gabriel comfortably occupying my chair before the fire. He did not offer to surrender his place, and of course I would not have accepted had he done so. I drew another chair to the fire and said:

"I've been to Lookout Hill. The rain has ceased and the sun is shining beautifully. The wind is blowing a terrific gale, and the long line of surf beating against the rocks is like a great white-maned monster attacking the coast. I have never seen the sea or the surf more beautiful, but I hope the 'Silver Fox' will not try to enter port until the storm blows itself out. It is terrible and beautiful."

"Let us go to Lookout Hill and see the storm," said Gabriel, turning to Rosalie.

"It will be splendid," she said, and my heart sunk, but remained down only a moment, for she continued: "Come, John, let us go. Monsieur Du Barr and I want you to go with us."

"I believe I'll not go," I answered, carelessly so as to conceal what I felt. "I've seen enough beauty for to-day."

Gabriel's face grew dark when Rosalie asked me to go with her, but when I declined, he smiled and

laughed and showed his pleasure so plainly that even Rosalie noticed it, and showed she did in the glance that she cast towards me. She had thrown a blanket about her and had put on a warm hood prior to going out into the cold wind, when her eyes fell upon Gabriel's face. She stopped in the midst of tying the strings under her chin, saying:

"I believe I'll not go. It's too cold."

While she removed her blanket and hood, the black cloud came again over Gabriel's face, and snatching his blanket and cap from a peg in the wall, he hurried out through the door and slammed it behind him.

"Do you know," said Rosalie, after she had seated herself in a chair that she had drawn to my side, "I sometimes think Gabriel does not like you. Is it, do you suppose, because he is French and you are English?"

"I don't know, Rosalie," I answered. "Has he ever said anything to make you believe he does not like me?"

"No–o–o," she answered hesitatingly, "but he seems to look it at times. But I probably imagined it."

"I think you did, Rosalie. Don't let that worry you," I said, affecting a carelessness I little felt.

"I don't," she returned. "Something else makes me think he does not care for your company. He always comes when you are away. When you leave me here alone I'm always sure to hear a knock on the door very soon after you are gone. I'll tell you some-

thing that he told me. He made me promise not to tell you, but that promise does not count with me. If I promise anyone not to tell you anything, they might as well know that I'm telling them a—a fib—a lie—that's what it is—a lie, for I'll always tell you everything I know, and if people don't want me to tell you, they needn't tell me. Well, it's this, Gabriel is not only the son of a French count, but his family is attached to the nobility of France."

"Indeed!" I answered. "I should as soon be the son of a magpie."

"Oh, John, what an awful thing to say about Gabriel," cried Rosalie in surprise.

"There are many exceptions to the rule, Rosalie. You see I'm not one to pass on French counts. I'm an Englishman."

"I've tried not to notice Gabriel's feeling toward you, but John, I can't help seeing it. I like him so much. He is a very learned man, and his conversation, his stories from history and his own experiences are all very interesting. Think of how great and good he must be to give up his high position and his great wealth to come out here to this bleak country."

"Does he give up much wealth?" I asked.

"Yes," she answered. "He has not said his father is rich, but he speaks of his father's chateau and servants and horses. He told me that his father had two hundred hounds."

"Everyone of them half famished with hunger, I suppose," I suggested.

"Yes, they keep them hungry because they don't hunt well if they are overfed," she answered. Then suddenly she cried: "John, go with me to Look-out Hill. I want to see the ocean and the surf." She spoke hurriedly and grasped my hand eagerly. "Come with me, John. There's more in it than you think."

"Tell me what more there is in it than I think, Rosalie," I said, "and I'll go with you."

"No, no, don't ask me," she answered, drawing away from me. "I—I don't want to tell you."

"Very well, girl," I said, patting her hand and turning toward my hat and blanket. "I'll go with you anyway. You don't have to tell me."

"But I do have to tell you, and I want to tell you," she said, coming to me as she tied the strings of her hood under her chin. "It's very foolish in me, I know, but I want Gabriel to see me go with you after I have refused to go with him. It will punish him for frowning at you."

It was very flattering to me, but the girl's words told me a great deal more than they in themselves expressed, even to herself. They told me that she knew she would punish him by going with me after having refused him. Behind that significant fact was the knowledge, probably almost unconscious on Rosalie's part, that this son of a French count had more than a passing regard for her. I was sure that regard had never become so manifest as to be clearly discernible. He was too wise for that. His method of winning the

girl would be through her confidence, and by slight encroachments. If he should ever succeed in gaining his point with her, whatever it might be, he would be able to do so through sympathy for him, for Rosalie was so soft-hearted she would not have harmed any human being.

Rosalie and I started for Lookout Hill, and stopped to invite Father Ignace and Gabriel to go with us. Father Ignace accepted our invitation, but Gabriel refused without offering excuse or apology. Evidently he was chewing the cud of his disappointment.

Rosalie, Father Ignace and I climbed to the top of Lookout Hill, and were amply rewarded for our labor. The sun was setting in a splendor of color and form so marvelously beautiful that we did not even exclaim. We watched the shifting kaleidoscope in the west through the long, fiery light, and as the clouds grew dim and gray, we started home.

Rosalie walked between Father Ignace and me, holding each of us by the hand. After we had started on the homeward path, she began to hum a song without words under her breath. Soon the song became a carol, so sweet, so wild, so soft, and so tuneful that I almost expected to hear the few remaining birds of the woods join in the refrain. After she had been singing for several minutes, she stopped suddenly and turned to Father Ignace.

"Won't you hear my confession, Father?" she said, so abruptly that the good Father was startled and floundered for an answer.

"Why certainly, my daughter, if it will ease your mind," replied the old priest. "But why do you feel this urgent need for confession at this particular time?" he inquired.

"I feel the need of your spiritual advice, Father," said Rosalie quietly.

"That you shall always have, my daughter."

Rosalie clapped her hands in joy. "Then you will hear my confession, Father, whenever I am ready?" she asked.

"Yes. I'll hear your confession any time."

"Thank you," said Rosalie simply, and the song was taken up where she had dropped it.

Rosalie's request surprised me no less than it startled Father Ignace, for it seemed to indicate, at least I took it that way, that she was in perplexity, perhaps even in deep trouble. I did not want to ask her about it, but I wondered, and almost believed the young count had been making love to her.

When we reached home, Rosalie at once began preparations for supper. I built a fire of dry twigs in the fireplace for light and heat, and Rosalie, rolling her sleeves above her elbows, began her little task with a song on her lips, as usual. When supper was ready, we sat down at the table, Rosalie by my side. She would not sit opposite, because, as she said, she would be too far from John.

I was worried about her, and did a very foolish thing. I blurted out my anxiety. "Rosalie," I said, "why do you want to go to confession?"

Almost instantly she stopped eating, and in a few minutes she rose from the table without answering my question. That evening she left my room earlier than usual and entered her own, closing the door behind her.

That night I did not sleep. I suffered. Four words kept running through my mind until they took the form of a refrain: "Trifles light as air; trifles light as air; trifles light as air!" I was not jealous; I was alarmed. I had been and was too mindful of the girl's welfare and too anxious for her happiness to take her for my wife, even in the face of the fact that she seemed to love me. I wondered if I had refused the priceless gift of her love only to let it fall to the lot of a profligate, of a man who had probably spent his whole life playing lightly with women. He had only come out to this wilderness out of curiosity. It was a trip, a lark to him, and Rosalie was only one woman of hundreds who had passed through his life, but she was precious to me, and I intended to guard her from all harm no matter what the cost might be to me.

Several days after my conversation with Rosalie, the girl and I were sitting on our porch watching the sun sinking in the west, noting the shadows as they gathered in the ravine beneath us, and in the valley toward the sea. Rosalie was speaking of the peculiar effect of light and shade in the valley when she stopped suddenly in the midst of a sentence, and said:

"Would you despise me, John, if I should fail to tell you everything—if I should withhold something from you—something that I had given my solemn promise not to tell?"

"No, Rosalie," I replied. "I could not despise you. If it was something that touched you closely, I should regret your silence, for I should fear that you might need my advice and help, but perhaps I overestimate my usefulness."

"No, no, John," she rejoined. "That would be impossible. But if the matter did not concern me, and if there was nothing for me or for you to do about it, should I tell you all about it, even though I had promised, before God, not to tell?"

"If you promised before God, not to tell," I said, "you should not do so. The mistake was made when you gave such a promise."

"Yes, yes, I know that much without your telling me," she agreed. "I sometimes think I know nothing else I think about it so much."

"If it is so important that it troubles you, I fear you should tell me," I suggested. "Doing so might arrest trouble, might save you from evil."

"Oh, no, no, John!" she answered, clasping my hand and smiling up into my face. "It's nothing of that sort. Neither evil nor good can come of it. My trouble is caused by the fact that I have a secret from you. You know every other thought I feel and know everything else I know. My only reason for wanting to tell you this is because I can't bear the

thought of having a secret from you. I want you to share everything that is in me. But you have a secret from *me*, I fear. There are times when I almost die with the fear that you do not tell me everything."

"I'll save your life, Rosalie," I answered, patting her hand tenderly. "There is nothing that I don't tell you—nothing that would be for your good to know."

"Ah, that's it," she answered, withdrawing her hand from mine with a tiny sigh. "That's the trouble. You think it would not be for my good to know what you withhold, and—and perhaps you are right."

"I'm sure I'm right, Rosalie," I answered, taking her hand again. "If I were not sure, I'd tell you this moment. Oh, how gladly I'd tell you!"

I meant that the secret I was withholding for her good was my love for her and my intention to send her to her father. I thought she knew what I meant, and that it was no secret to her. I felt sure she knew I loved her. But I afterward learned that the secret Rosalie thought I was withholding from her was quite another matter. I was right; my love for her was no secret. My reason for withholding my love from her was the secret she supposed I kept. She feared my lips were sealed because it would be a sin to open them to her in giving her my affection. Long afterward I learned that she believed I was married, and supposed that to be my reason for withholding my love from her.

After the first blast of winter, lasting three or four

days, autumn came with all her serious beauty, and it was during this fortnight of pleasant weather that aways precedes the real winter in these latitudes that the boat was expected On the afternoon of our first beautiful day, Father Ignace and I walked to Lookout Hill. When we reached the crest of the hill, we saw the sails of the "Silver Fox," two or three miles at sea.

I had long wanted to speak to Father Ignace concerning my plan to send Rosalie home to her father just as soon as the boat should return. I had weakly shrunk from the ordeal many times, but now the boat was approaching, and I must say my say or hold my peace, until spring. Then it might be too late to speak. The girl was between two fires, Gabriel and myself. The first would burn her if it could; the second would not if it could help itself. I looked out toward the boat and said:

"Sit by me on this rock, Father. The return of the boat compels me to speak of that concerning which I have longed to speak ever since the day I first met you, but I have been unable to form the words. I'm not a Catholic, as you know, but you are of the quality of which a confessor is made, aside from what the Church has done. I want to confess to you."

"Proceed, my friend," answered the good old priest. "Whatever you say I shall take under the seal of confession, if you wish it so."

"It is unnecessary to seal your lips, Father," I replied, "save by your own sense of right. I trust

you. My name is not Alden; it is Collingwood. The girl who is with me is not my niece; she is Rosalie Gunning Dean, the daughter of Dr. John Dean, who lives at a factory of the Hudson Bay Fur Company, situated many miles northwest of Quebec, and who is a wealthy partner in the corporation.

"I am a condemned man—condemned to death. I was to have been hanged on the sixth day of June for a crime I did not commit, and I should have been hanged, had not Rosalie, an entire stranger then to me, given me a file in a bunch of roses, by the aid of which I escaped. By a strange coincidence, we became passengers on board the same ship, the 'Fontanac,' and sailed from Queenstown on the day on which I was to have died. Officers pursued us on board the ship, and were carried across the Atlantic with us. The ship was wrecked far to the north of this island, if the captain was right in his reckoning, and if, since then, I have not lost my bearings in our wanderings.

"All the passengers, officers and crew, except Rosalie and me, left the ship during the early hours of the morning after it struck a rock. I would not enter the boat, preferring to stay with the ship, and when Rosalie learned that I intended to remain on board, she would not leave me to perish alone, as she supposed would be my fate, and cast in her lot with mine.

"I believe the other boats and every soul on board perished in the storm that raged after the boats were launched. During the afternoon, when the ocean

calmed, and the weather grew pleasanter, Rosalie and I put to sea in an open boat, hoping to reach land that lay at a distance of a degree or more to the west of the rock on which the ship had struck. After several days of hardship, during which we drifted far to the south—we were cast on this Point, and you know the rest."

"I need not ask you if all is holy and sinless between you and the girl," said Father Ignace, half interrogatively. "I know that it is."

"You are right, Father Ignace. I am going to tell you the whole truth. I love the girl better, far better than I love my own life. There is no price, in pain and suffering, I would not pay to bring happiness to her. She loves me, or imagines she does, and has told me so many times. I believe she knows I love her, but if my love for her is what it should be, I'll protect her against myself as completely as I would guard her from other harm. If my love is true, I would not wreck her life by tying her to a man much older than she, one living with the hangman's noose dangling above his head, one whose only hope for life is to remain hidden like a hunted wild thing, forever on the alert to evade his cruel blood thirsty pursuers.

"I am innocent of crime. Of that fact I will convince you at another time; but in the eyes of the law, and in the minds of men, I am the hangman's property, and I cannot inflict my misery on this young girl who saved my life and then fell so strangely to my care.

"What I want to ask of you, Father, is that you will send the boat back to Quebec, bearing Rosalie to her father. The boat may have to remain at Quebec all winter, but Doctor Dean is a rich man and will gladly pay all expenses and give the crew a handsome bonus. I need not enlarge on the great reasons for doing this, Father; I simply beg you to save this girl."

I saw that Father Ignace hesitated in his manner, and in my anxiety and grief, I fell upon my knees, grasped his hands and said:

"If the voice of the Master has ever touched your heart with love, if the cry for human help has ever reached the core of your heart, if the love for your kind has ever stirred your soul, I beg—I implore you not to refuse this, my prayer. I'll gladly bind myself to you as your slave for life; any price that I can pay, you may demand, though I am sure the only reward you wish will be that which goes with the doing of every good deed, a joy of heart that can come from no other source."

"If it is in my power to send the girl to her father, I shall do so," was Father Ignace's assurance.

"Why may it not be in your power?" I asked, feeling that the subject of my great desire was slipping away from me.

"Because the St. Lawrence freezes and ceases to be navigable about this season of the year. However, I'll talk to Captain Hubert, and if the boat can reach Quebec, I'll comply with your wish.

It is a strange one but a holy one, and you shall have your way if it is in my power to give it to you."

The "Silver Fox" entered the little harbor at the foot of Lookout Hill just as Father Ignace ceased speaking, and after watching the arrangements on board to shorten sail and to cast anchor, he said:

"Let us go to the village and ask Jean Hubert if he thinks he can reach Quebec on a return voyage this autumn."

We hastened down the hill, and when we met Captain Hubert, Father Ignace put to him the question in the answer to which I was so much interested.

"It would be impossible, Father, before the end of winter," answered the captain. "The river will be frozen beyond Seven Islands. We might reach Seven Islands and walk the rest of the way, two hundred miles, to Tadousac, but to do that we must wait until the swamps freeze and the snow comes. Even the overland trip from Tadousac to Quebec can be made better on snowshoes, for the traveler must carry his own provisions. One will not find three houses in the two hundred miles."

"Enough, Father," I said. Then I turned and walked home, wretched in soul, yet curiously happy!

I had tried to do my duty along lines of misery to myself; now I would do it along pleasanter lines. I should be happy all winter in the companionship of the girl, and in the spring I would send her from me, never to see her face again.

CHAPTER X

ADRIFT ON AN ICEBERG

WHEN I reached the house I found Gabriel sitting before the fire, cozy and merry as you please. The same old cloud came over his face, and the same smile to Rosalie's when I entered.

"You ran away from me, John—Uncle John," said Rosalie. "I wanted to go with you. Now tell me where you have been."

"Father Ignace and I have been to Lookout Hill, watching the 'Silver Fox' come in. We went down to the village to welcome Captain Hubert, and to learn if the boat could go. The captain is a fine fellow, Gabriel."

"So the 'Silver Fox' has come at last," remarked Gabriel. "She's late returning this year. Last year she was home by the middle of August."

"I suppose she was late this year because I was so desirous she should be early," I said, with a poor attempt at laughing, as I hung my cap on a peg in the wall.

"Why were you anxious that she should come early?" asked Gabriel.

"So that Rosalie and I might have returned to Quebec in her," I answered.

Rosalie looked toward me in surprise, and as I turned from the wall, I saw or imagined I saw a glance of mutual intelligence, surprise or inquiry pass between her and Gabriel. After all, "trifles light as air" may carry great weight of confirmation. The knowing glance exchanged by Rosalie and Gabriel robbed my failure to send Rosalie to Quebec of all its joy, and added to my disappointment a harrowing sense of fear for Rosalie's sake, greater than I had ever felt.

I had long before passed the jealous state. All considerations of myself and my own feelings had long since ceased to exist, and in its place had come a longing to save Rosalie from two dangers, marriage with me or worse than marriage with this Frenchman, who could not and probably would not make her his wife, however great his love might be.

He was a French noble, who, notwithstanding his many good qualities, would look upon her only in the light of legitimate prey. She was much too far beneath him to be thought of as a wife. He had intimated to Father Ignace, many times, that he was satiated with the pomp and vanity of this world, he had all the wealth he desired and money meant nothing to him. He had even suggested to Father Ignace, when he first came to this wild country that he might expiate the sins of his past by becoming a missionary, a priest, if the Father thought him worthy of that honor, but after Rosalie came here he had said little about following out this lifework. As a priest he

would have to save Rosalie, not destroy her, and I imagine the life of a priest was no longer of interest to him. If he joined the priesthood it would be a profession to him—a means to an end. Of course, a wife would effectually block the whole scheme.

So you see, I had good reason to fear for Rosalie's safety, for I knew he was madly in love with the girl. I also had good reason to feel that Rosalie loved me, and I knew she would not willingly change. But a wise man, though he may not agree with Francis I, should always bear in mind that a woman's heart may change against her will and perhaps to her great sorrow. In truth, a wise man knows that a woman's will, though one of the most interesting and potential forces, under certain conditions, is powerless against her heart, and has nothing to do with the giving or the withholding of her love.

Gabriel was a very handsome man. He was learned, witty, and entertaining, but above all, he had the polish and the air of the nobleman, and he had a quality that gained confidence of all women. I could not, by the slightest hint, interpose an objection to Rosalie's intimacy with Gabriel. I feared thereby to do more harm than good, for nothing that a man can do, under like conditions, so weakens his own cause and so strengthens his rival's as a show of jealousy. Rosalie might not have attributed my interference to jealousy, but I did not care to take the chance until I saw that no other way was open.

After I had been in the room for a few moments, Rosalie began to make her preparations for supper.

"Won't you join us at supper, Gabriel?" I said, extending the invitation with a cordiality I little felt.

"Gladly," answered Gabriel, "if Rosalie—Miss Alden will join in the invitation."

"Yes. I always cook enough for an extra plate. Sometimes John—Uncle John and I are hungry enough for three. But for a long time, he has not been near hungry enough for even one. I'm troubled about his lack of appetite, but he ought to know what is wrong with him. He is a physician."

Rosalie checked herself, though she did so too late, and again I saw a glance of silent intelligence pass between her and the nobleman. The glance from Rosalie's eyes was full of trouble; that coming from Gabriel was one of amusement, touched with surprise, but on the whole, having what one might call a very "knowing" significance. Twice within half an hour, the same glance of intelligence, troubled on Rosalie's part, triumphant and "knowing" on his side, had passed between them.

He had never before, in my presence, called her Rosalie, and taking it all in all, I had troubles of my own that evening—real troubles, all built on "trifles light as air." The remainder of this history will tell you whether "trifles light as air" ever should be considered confirmation "strong as proof from holy writ."

Gabriel remained for supper and smoked a pipe with us until an early bedtime. By a great effort, I maintained the attitude of a jovial host until the door had closed upon my guest and then I thought I should collapse. Coming from the door, I went to Rosalie, who had resumed her chair before the fire, and placing my hand lovingly on her head, spoke almost in a whisper, for I was nearly worn out, physically and mentally:

"Good-night, Rosalie. I'm very tired, and I—I want to be alone. Good-night. It is time that you go to bed."

"Ah, please, John, don't send me away just yet," she said coaxingly. "Let me remain with you five minutes. I want to speak to you—I want to ask you—about—about—something."

"To-morrow, to-morrow, sweetheart," I answered, stooping and kissing her hair.

"No, to-night, John," she replied. "Right now. You have been bearing all our troubles; you shall share them with me, or my heart will break. I know you are in trouble now; it has been plain to me all evening. Why did you invite Gabriel to stay for supper? He is interesting and very entertaining, but if one is in trouble, one doesn't want to be entertained; one wants to be comforted. I thought he would never go."

There was balm in her words for me, and she comforted me to an extent of which she little dreamed. The girl led me to my chair—Gabriel had com-

placently appropriated it all evening—and standing beside me, brushed the hair from my forehead with her hand. No woman knows the comfort, the peace, the joy she can bring to a man, and no man can measure it.

"What did you want to say to me, Rosalie?" I asked, when she had reduced my mental temperature to normal.

"You told Gabriel you wanted the boat to come in early so that we could go to Quebec," she replied. "You did not mean it, did you?"

"Yes and no," I answered. "I wanted to send you to your father. I—"

"No, no, John, you could not. Oh, you could not do that!" she cried, falling on her knees beside me, trying to clasp her hands about my neck and burying her face on my breast as the tears came in a passionate flood. "You could not do that, John. You do not hate me; you love me! I know you love me. You do not tell me so in words—for some reason, you wish to hide your love from me—but you tell me in every glance of your eyes, in every word of gentle kindness you speak, in everything you do. Ah, I know it, John. You are a truthful man, but I would not believe you if you swore before your God that you did not love me. Why not tell me? Why not confess it every hour, John? I already know it, and you cannot make me doubt it."

"One is apt to undervalue that of which one is too sure—that which comes to one too easily," I

said, despite my effort not to say anything of the sort.

"That may all be true, John," she said, lifting her head and drying her tears, "but this has never come to me. Not only has it not come easily, but it has not come at all. I know it exists. Nothing that you can say or do will shake my faith, but you keep it all. You give none of it to me. I know, John, your reasons are good. You know best. I trust you and will await your own good time. Forgive me, John. I'll inflict no more of my outbursts upon you. I'll be good. I'll trust it all to you. But John—now I'm going to say something frightful—it matters not what your reason may be for withholding your love from me. I never will be separated from you, and I want you to promise me now that you will never again think of sending me away."

"Don't you want to see your father, Rosalie?" I asked. "Don't you commiserate his suffering when he thinks you were lost in the wreck of the 'Fontanac' ?"

"Yes, yes, that is all true," she replied. "Oh, how terribly true it is, and how greatly do I suffer at times, no one can know, but—but—I suppose something is wrong about me. I must be bad in some way that I have never suspected—oh! I want to stay with you, John."

"You shall, Rosalie, you shall," I answered, clasping her face in my hands and kissing her hair. "We shall be happy here together all win-

ter, and when the spring comes—Great God, girl! Don't you see the frightful war I wage against myself—?"

"Yes, yes, John," she sobbed, shrinking in fright from my violence when I thrust her from me and sprang, almost screaming, from my chair.

"Don't you see that I suffer, and that the conflict is almost worse than death to me?" I cried. "Trust me, Rosalie. In all the world, there is no one to whom your welfare and happiness are so dear as they are to me. And help me, girl, help me, and pray God to help me or I'll kill myself. My trial, my conviction, the hangman's noose dangling always above my head, my unjust persecution, the hounding by my fellow-men, the hatred that I have learned could lie in the human heart, my escape, our shipwreck, my frantic effort to save you from every danger and every evil—all have been more than my brain could stand. I'm not able justly to weigh facts and conditions. A few months of rest will restore me to my old faith in my own judgment, and then I'll know what I should do. Help me, Rosalie. If a man ever needed help, it is I. Trust me, but help me!"

Rosalie put out her hands to me—she was kneeling three or four feet from where I stood—and began to move toward me on her knees. I stepped toward her and clasped both her hands in mine, intending to raise her to her feet. But she withdrew her hands and clasping my knees, drew me to her breast, pressed

her soft cheek against my rough leather trousers, and whispered:

"Forevermore, John, forevermore, it is yours to command, mine to obey, for I am sure that you know best what is for my good and for my soul's good."

"If, next spring, I ask you to go to your father, will you go, Rosalie?" I asked.

"Yes—yes—I suppose I will, if you command me to do so—but I do not promise," she replied.

"You shall not go if it is possible for you to stay," I said.

Rosalie took my hand for a moment, and rising, said, "Good-night." Then she went to her room, and soon, sitting in my chair before the fire, I saw the streak of light under her door turn dark and I knew she had gone to bed.

"Trifles light as air" vanished into very thin air before the rush of Rosalie's very real storm, and though I fully realized that even despite all that Rosalie had said and done, Gabriel might win her love, by coercion and threatening me harm and through any one of a hundred diabolical plans which his brain might originate, and I knew full well that much of the feeling that Rosalie had manifested for me might be the result of her gratitude and perfect trust, still I sat before the fire until midnight, gazing into the embers, and went to bed a happier and more hopeful man.

Gabriel grew to be an enigma to me. He visited Rosalie and me frequently, and if I left the house to

go on a hunting trip or for any other purpose that would keep me from home, I was sure, when I returned, to find him talking to Rosalie. Sometimes I noticed the cloud on his face when I approached, but usually he was smiling and jovial.

I could not bring myself to pass judgment upon him. If he was a bad man, he was also good in many respects. The only evil I was able to fix definitely upon him was the fact that he was, beyond a doubt, very much in love with Rosalie. That might be a sin he could not avoid; I was in the same condition, much against my will. My chief reason for believing him to be a bad man—that is, when I did so believe—was the sinister expression I had noticed on his face. Even that might have seemed worse to me than it really was, for I knew that I was, at times, fiercely jealous of him, and I knew that my judgment was not of the clearest, even when I felt no jealousy.

I believe a part of my greatest suffering at that time was due to the fact that I recognized my own weakened mental condition, and consequently had little faith in the perspicuity of my judgment. That there was much good in Gabriel was shown by his unflagging kindness to the simple-minded half-savages that constituted the flock of Father Ignace. I remember one occasion, soon after Rosalie had, for the second time, unintentionally said that I was a physician.

It was late one cold, stormy night. I had been in bed perhaps two or three hours when I was aroused

by a knock on the door. I rose and admitted Gabriel.

"Miss Alden has said that you are a physician. Is it not true?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered.

"I am glad to know it," he continued, "for an Indian child is very ill at the village. I do not like to ask you to come out in the storm, but the child is very ill and will die, I fear, if not properly treated. Father Ignace and I each have a slight knowledge of medicine, as you know, but our skill does not reach to the point of treating this case. Will you come?"

"Gladly," I answered. "Wait until I put on my coat and my blanket and cap."

When I reached the village I learned that Gabriel had been sitting by the sick child for nearly thirty hours, and it was then I began to revise the adverse judgment I had passed upon him.

Upon another occasion an old Indian man failed to return from a fishing expedition to the east side of the peninsula, five miles distant from the village and four miles east of the Mission. Again Gabriel came out strong. He started to the old Indian's relief and found him stranded on a tiny island, situated a mile off the east coast. The island was small and lay very low upon the water. The sea covered it at high tide, and often left fish, lobsters and other shellfish in little pools when the tide ebbed and left it dry. For the purpose of visiting the island, the Indian kept a boat on the east coast, and frequently when the tide

was low, crossed the mile-wide channel just as the tide began to flow. The channel could not be crossed with safety at any other time owing to a strong current that flowed oceanward with almost irresistible force at ebb tide. Along the entire east coast of the peninsula were many dangerous currents. A slight wind from the west or north accelerated them, and made navigation in a small boat exceedingly perilous.

I went with Gabriel to rescue the old Indian, and when we reached the east coast, through our field glasses, we saw the man standing knee-deep in water on the highest rock on the island. The tide had caught him off his guard and had floated his boat toward the shore. When we reached the east coast the tide was at its flow and would soon begin to ebb. If the old man was not rescued before the ebb set in, the current would soon sweep the island and carry him out to sea. The tide would be in full ebb before we could reach the Indian and return. The attempt would be hazardous, for the current, should it once catch the boat in its grip, would almost certainly carry it to sea.

Gabriel quickly took in the situation. Without a moment's hesitation, he waded in to where the boat had been caught upon a rock and drew the small craft to the beach, where we turned out the water. When he pushed the boat seaward, I said:

"I'll go with you. You shall not go alone."

"There is no necessity for two," he replied. "The boat will carry only two comfortably, and we should

be overloaded returning. We have only one pair of oars; therefore you would be only an additional load."

His reasons were good, but he gave me no time to argue with him concerning who should attempt the hazardous rescue. He sprang into the boat and shot from the shore with the rapidity of an arrow from a bow. The rapid movement of the boat told me that the current had caught it, and Gabriel's mighty effort with the oars was evidence that he fully realized his danger. At the rate he was moving, Gabriel would reach the submerged island within ten minutes, but the stopping when he reached it, and the return when he had taken the Indian on board, would be entirely different matters.

Soon after the boat had left me, I noticed that the ebb grew more rapid and the boat fairly flew over the water. I watched it through the field glass and saw Gabriel glancing over his shoulder anxiously when he approached the submerged island. Before I expected it, he was among the rocks of the island that were discernible by reason of the spurts of foam that sprang upward as the sea struck them. As the boat passed the old Indian, he seized the gunnel, and the boat with the two men hurried on its course seaward. Soon it was a mere speck on the water. After half an hour, the boat began to grow larger, and within three-quarters of an hour, I could distinctly see it. The Indian was in the stern, and Gabriel was pulling for dear life at the oars. He was a powerful man, but as he approached shore, the waves and the

current fought him and seemed determined to have his life. But he brought the boat to shore, and had to his credit on the Great Book a beautiful red line reading thus: "He saved a human life at the risk of his own." I envied him. Especially did I envy him when I narrated his achievement to Rosalie.

"He is a good man, and he must be brave and strong of heart," she said, when I told her of his noble act. "I have always liked him and have always known that he is good, but I have never believed him to be brave and strong to an unusual degree."

Gabriel deserved her praise, and that evening when he came to see us, she was lavish with her smiles, and her praise seemed to gladden his heart mightily. He was worthy of it all, and I was glad to see him receive his reward.

The weather, much to everyone's surprise, remained pleasant, and one day Gabriel proposed to me that we take an early start next morning, and go over to Fish Island, as the island, from which Gabriel had rescued the Indian, was called. I accepted the invitation, and next morning early we started on our expedition. A visit to Fish Island in a small boat was considered an undertaking of more or less danger, and Rosalie was opposed to my going. On the evening when we arranged to go, Rosalie begged me not to venture over, and after Gabriel had left the house, insisted with sweet entreaty that I should stay at home, if only for the sake of the fear and anxiety she would feel while I was gone.

"There's no danger, sweetheart," I said, laughing at her fears, "and when I come back, I'll have a fine basketful of fish for you. The weather is cool and they will keep for several days."

I did not heed her entreaties, but next morning crossed the lake in a canoe with Gabriel, climbed the hills east of the lake, and descended to the shore on the other side of the peninsula. We soon found the boat and easily reached the island. We made haste in filling our baskets with choice fish, for we felt that owing to the stage of the tide, we did not have much time to spend on the island. While catching fish from the pools, we noticed an iceberg oceanward, a distance, as we supposed, of less than half a mile.

"It's late in the year for so large a berg to be this far south. It is very large, and the sun doubtless has beautified it with minarets and turrets without number."

When we reached the boat, Gabriel took the field glass and looked toward the iceberg. Almost immediately he exclaimed:

"There's a huge polar bear on the iceberg. He probably is fat and sleek."

"I should suppose him lank and lean on an iceberg," I suggested.

"Frequently the large icebergs contain pools filled with fish. They are caught in the cup-like hollows of the berg as in a trap. We once took two bears from an iceberg. Both of them had fared sumptu-

ously on entrapped fish, and owed their death to their desire for easily gotten food. Shall we try to capture this fellow?"

We had our guns and though we knew that the tide would soon ebb, the iceberg seemed so near that we felt sure we could kill the bear and tow it to shore. Its hide, its fat and its meat would make a valuable prize, so I said:

"You know this country better than I do. If you believe we are safe in trying for the bear, I'm willing."

"We'll get back all right," he answered.

So we left our baskets of fish on the island and started for the berg. Gabriel took the oars and after we had gone fifty yards from the island, we distinctly felt the current grip the boat.

"We're in the current," I suggested.

"Yes, there's always a current here, but we have plenty of time to reach the iceberg and return before the ebb current sets in. Farther out the ocean currents become very strong, and one can make no headway against them. They are beyond the berg and we'll be careful not to get among them. We would lose the island in half an hour if we should be caught by one of the great streams."

The wind was from the north and the iceberg was drifting south. Off to the southeast, at a distance of perhaps six miles, I noticed a small island, and judged that it lay almost if not quite six miles from shore. After we had been pulling perhaps ten minutes, Gabriel said:

"It's farther than I thought it was, but we can make it all right."

After a hard pull, we came up with the iceberg and watched carefully for the bear. We did not see it, and Gabriel said:

"I surely saw a bear. I saw it move. I could not have been deceived by a bear-shaped piece of white ice."

"No, you were not deceived; I, too, saw the bear. I distinctly saw it move when I looked through the glass."

"We'll try to land," he said, "and we'll soon rouse the lazy fellow. He's probably basking on the warm side of the iceberg, snoring with a belly full of fish."

"I see no way of mooring the boat," I suggested. "We don't want to lose it in our effort to find the bear."

"That would not be pleasant," said Gabriel, laughing. "We might not find the iceberg as pleasant for a home as the bear finds it. As soon as the iceberg gets into the current, it will travel seaward at a great rate, unless it should happen to lodge against a rock in a reef a few miles south of here."

We pulled the boat around the iceberg, but failed to find a block of ice to which we could tie it. Neither did we see the bear.

"The bear is up there on top of the iceberg somewhere, asleep," said Gabriel. "Do you want to take one of the guns and try to find him? If he is asleep, you may easily come so close to him that you can

lodge a bullet in his brain. I'll keep the boat alongside until I hear from you."

I did not like the thought of leaving the boat in those treacherous waters and climbing about over the slippery iceberg, but my pride spurred me and I stepped to the iceberg when Gabriel brought the boat close to a level landing place.

"Perhaps I had better take both guns," I said, after Gabriel had handed me one.

"It might be safer," he said, as he held the other gun toward me.

Carrying both guns, I climbed to the top of the iceberg, which must have been forty feet high, and all too quickly found the bear lying not ten feet from the crest of the little ice hill I had mounted. Instantly the brute rose to its haunches. I placed one of the guns on the ice, and to my dismay saw it slide down the ice hill and lodge against a small hummock close to the water's edge. I saw Gabriel start toward the spot with the boat, evidently intending to rescue the gun. But my immediate attention was required by the bear. It was less than ten feet from me, and I should have been able to follow Gabriel's instructions to lodge a bullet in its brain. I was a fairly good shot, and at a distance of ten feet I should have been able to hit a sovereign. I do not know what caused me to fail, but I did fail to kill the bear, though I wounded it. After I had fired, I hastened down the hill to get the other gun. If the bear followed me, I hoped to kill it, should a good opportunity present

itself, with the bullet in the other gun, but failing in that, I expected to beat a retreat to the boat, which I fully expected to find at or near the spot where the gun had lodged.

I lost no time in scrambling down to the gun, and when I had it safely in my hands, I looked for the boat. Much to my astonishment, Gabriel and the boat were fully three hundred yards from the iceberg, and he was pulling with all his strength toward the shore—away from me. I at once realized what had happened. The iceberg, being farther out to sea than we supposed, had reached the ocean current. I saw, with horror, the rapidity with which the boat was leaving me, or with which I was leaving the boat. But I had no time to dwell upon that fact; a more pressing peril was staring me in the face. A huge, wounded polar bear was sliding down the ice hillside, and would soon be upon me. I cocked the gun and awaited his approach. I had not long to wait. Within ten seconds of the time the bear started down the hill, he was standing in front of me not three yards away, and I had no place of retreat. One step backward would plunge me into the ice cold water.

Every faculty I possessed came to my assistance. With perfect calmness, I lifted the gun to my shoulder, and with that shot did not fail to lodge a bullet in the bear's brain. I turned quickly toward the boat, not stopping to give one glance toward the bear, so sure was I that I had killed it, but looked eagerly toward the shore, hoping to see that Gabriel

had turned the boat toward me, and that he would at least make an effort to rescue me from my terrible position. To my horror, I saw him still pulling away from me, and I knew by the receding island that I was being rapidly carried away from him.

I watched the boat until it was a mere speck in the west; I sat and gazed toward the coast until it grew to be a dim outline, and then I climbed to the ledge upon which lay my vanquished enemy, the bear, and sat down to rest upon the still warm carcass. The enemy I had vanquished was a brave brute that faced me and defied me; the enemy that had vanquished me was a brave man made dastardly by love.

I did not much blame Gabriel for deserting me; I blamed myself for trusting him. When another man loves the woman that loves you—watch him. I had always known the truth of that sentence, but I had feared to make a mistake; I feared to accuse Gabriel unjustly, and had fallen into an error and then into a trap that I feared would cost me my life. I did not care much for my life except in its great value to Rosalie. If I should perish and leave her on the Point, a prey to Gabriel's passion, with no shield against him save the old priest, Father Ignace, I did not know what frightful evil might befall her—I should rather say I *did* know.

Gabriel could easily explain his abandonment of me on the iceberg. I knew what his story would be. He would say that the iceberg was caught in the current, and that to save his own life, he was com-

pelled to pull for the shore. There would be some truth in his story; but it would also be a lie. When he discovered that we were in the current, he could have called to me, and a delay of half a minute would have allowed me to reach the boat, and would not materially have added to its peril.

All these reflections and a thousand others passed through my mind while I sat on the carcass of the bear and watched the island fast becoming a smudge on the horizon. Amid all my thoughts and sensations, I did not find myself upbraiding the Frenchman, I pitied him. He was a strange mixture of good and bad. One thought only really held possession of my mind for any length of time. That was Rosalie. Her name kept running through my entire consciousness, and I would have given my life a thousand times, if I only knew that she was safe.

CHAPTER XI

BOATSWAIN TOM WATTS OF THE "FONTANAC"

ALL day long I sat on the bear, hardly thinking, hardly feeling. I drifted so far out to sea that I lost sight of land, and again the current brought the berg so near to the shore that I could have seen a man standing on the sands, had there been one. I supposed that my outward-bound voyage on the iceberg had been occasioned by the current during ebbtide, and I was equally sure that the flood tide had in some manner changed or affected the current, and that I had drifted shoreward as the tide was making.

Just before sunset, the peninsula on which we lived was, as nearly as I could judge, a mile and a half distant. It might as well have been twenty miles distant for all the good it could do me. I was a fairly good swimmer, but I could not swim a mile and a half, and if I had been able to swim twice that distance, I could not have lived in the ice cold water that surrounded the berg. My first plunge would have been my last.

I have often wondered that I did not go mad that night, but I did not even suffer greatly. I was very cold, but the bear saved me from the ice, and when darkness fell, I often caught myself dozing. The

night was frightfully long, and the motion of the iceberg made me slightly seasick for a time. I tried to gaze through the darkness in the direction in which I supposed the land lay, and hoped that by means of the landward drift of the iceberg, it might ground itself and might remain high, if not dry at low tide. I also looked anxiously for the dawn, but I boxed the compass in so doing, for I knew the iceberg had turned many times since I boarded it, and I did not know north by east from south by west.

Long before the dawn I drew the bear's legs forward up to its belly, and using the great hairy paws as a seat to protect me from the ice, laid my head upon the soft white side, determined, if possible, to sleep. I had never before realized the possibilities for comfort afforded by a dead polar bear, and I must have slept several hours, but it seemed that I had hardly closed my eyes when I was startled by the call of a human voice. I roused myself as quickly as possible, but despite my efforts, I remained in a dazed condition for several minutes, during which I distinctly heard and dimly understood the words:

"Iceberg ahoy! Iceberg ahoy!"

In a moment my eyes were open and my senses were awake sufficiently to enable me to see at a distance of less than fifty yards, a tiny, rocky island standing high out of the water. On the summit I noticed several bushes and three or four dwarfed pine trees. Again came the cry:

"Iceberg ahoy!"

Turning my eyes down to the rocky beach, I saw, in the early light of dawn, a man standing with his hands in his pockets, leaning backward and again shouting:

"Iceberg ahoy!"

I waved my hand and shouted in return:

"Ahoy!"

"What are you, whither bound, and what do you carry?" called the man.

"Iceberg, of the North Pole, bound on a pleasure jaunt, with a polar bear for cargo," I answered.

"Have you a boat?" asked my jovial friend.

"No," I answered.

"Heave to and I'll come on board!" he then called.

"I'm sorry," I answered, as the iceberg slowly drifted past the island. "I can't heave to. I'm in a great hurry. Can't you overtake me if you have a boat?"

He nodded his head in assent, waved his hand encouragingly, climbed to the top of a rocky precipice, forty feet high, and disappeared on the other side.

Meantime the iceberg was slowly drifting away from the island. I wondered how my new friend would reach me, but I was kept in doubt only a short time. Within five minutes from sighting the island, a rowboat came from the opposite side, vigorously propelled by a pair of strong, skillful arms. In less than five minutes more he was alongside, and I

recognized Tom Watts, boatswain of the wrecked "Fontanac." I lost no time in climbing aboard, then inquired:

"Where's the 'Fontanac'?"

Tom cast a quizzical look at me and answered:

"She's just around the corner in the snuggest harbor you ever saw."

I pinched myself to learn if I was awake; I tested my memory and my senses to learn if I were sane. My consciousness answered both questions satisfactorily, and I concluded that Tom Watts was mad or else the greatest practical joker unhanged. I looked carefully into Tom's face. There was no sign of a smile, nor any indication of a joke to be discerned; therefore, I concluded Tom had gone wrong in the head.

When the "Fontanac" struck, I had seen Tom busily engaged helping the captain and the mates preparing the boats for sea. I had not seen him on board next day, and when Rosalie and I left the ship, I felt sure that all of the passengers and crew had gone with the boats. When I saw Tom, I supposed that some of the boats had outlived the storm, so I asked:

"Is Captain Scott with you, and were the boats saved?"

"I'm sure I don't know," was his reply. "There's no one with me in the ship but a dog and one pig. I ate the other. What do you know about the 'Fontanac'? Has she been reported? Did Captain Scott make land?"

"I don't know," I answered. "I left the ship in an open boat the afternoon of the day Captain Scott and all the others took to the boats. I found land and then I found the iceberg, and now, thank God, I find you!"

"I think your greatest need is to find your senses," he suggested.

"I almost agree with you," I answered, laughing, though half in earnest.

"You're not crazy or you'd think yourself sane," he responded, looking closely into my face. "Perhaps you are thinking I'm wrong in the head. But we'll spin our yarns later on, and perhaps we'll change our minds concerning each other. Of course, we've left no one on the iceberg?"

"No one but a dead polar bear that I killed yesterday. In killing him, I nearly lost my life. I went adrift on the iceberg, and you have rescued me."

"We'll get the bear, too," said Tom Watts, turning the boat's head toward the iceberg.

I disliked the notion of returning, but did not object, and within ten minutes, Tom and I had the bear in tow and were again headed for the rocky island. Tom pulled around to the northwest side of the island, and there I saw the "Fontanac," standing in the snuggest berth ship ever occupied. All her masts were gone, and the rocks of the island rose on all sides but one far above her gunnels, hiding her from sight and protecting her from the wind and sea from every

quarter save the northwest, and in that direction, at a distance of two or three miles, was land.

"How on earth did you get her in here, Tom?" I asked, as we drew the boat alongside and made ready to climb aboard.

"I'll spin you my yarn after a bit," said Tom. "But I'm blest if I understand you. You know my name, but I never saw you until I clapped my eyes on you snoozing against the bear."

"I was in the steerage of the 'Fontanac,' and remained with the ship after the captain, crew, and passengers left in the boats."

"Oh," said Tom, with a puzzled expression still on his face. "Well, you can spin your yarn, too, after a bit. Let's get the bear aboard."

We climbed aboard, and Tom, with a sailor's dexterity, rigged an arm to the stump of the mainmast, to which he fastened a block, and soon the great white brute lay upon the ship's deck.

"There's meat enough to last us all winter," remarked Tom, with evident satisfaction, "and his tallow will make a thousand lamps full of oil. We'll need his meat this winter, for I have less than a dozen hens and only one small pig left. The pig is a pet. He's about human, and I'd feel like a cannibal a-eatin' him. I'm glad I sighted you; it would have been lonesome here this winter."

"We'll not remain on the ship all winter, Tom," I said, happily. "We'll go ashore and—"

"Devil a bit o' good it will do you to go ashore.

I've been ashore three times. It's a wilderness, and we are safer and more comfortable on board the ship."

Then, while Tom and I made ready to skin the bear, I told him my story, omitting only that part that involved my name and Rosalie's and our past history.

"Well, I'll be damned," was Tom's only response. He stopped suddenly in the midst of his preparations to skin the bear, and said: "Did you have breakfast aboard your craft?"

"No," I replied, "and although I'm very hungry, I'd forgotten all about it in my joy."

"Joy's a killer for appetite," said Tom. "We'll have breakfast first, and then we'll take his skin."

We went into the cook's house, and while we were preparing and eating breakfast, Tom told me his story in his characteristic way, and I will tell it briefly to you.

When the boats were ready to leave the "Fontanac," Tom went below, got himself thoroughly drunk, climbed into his berth, and remained in that condition for a period of time, the extent of which, Tom averred, was wholly unknown to him. His condition accounts for the fact that Rosalie and I did not see him. When Tom's system had begun to refuse alcohol, he sobered up, and ventured forth; when he reached the deck, he was delighted to find the sea almost calm, and the "Fontanac" swaying gently in her rocky berth where she had first struck. That night a storm came up from the south—it probably

was the same storm that cast Rosalie and me on the south coast of the island—and lifted the ship from the rock on which it had originally struck. Tom said the ship was tossed about on the sea like a cork in a washtub until near morning, when it again lodged against a rock. He thought she would surely go to pieces or sink, but the tough old hull held together, and when the storm abated, she was resting with her nose pointing straight into the little harbor in which I found her.

"When the tide came up, the dear old hooker floated again and seemed to be a-beggin' me to help her into the snug little nest," said Tom, affectionately patting with his hand the walls of the cookhouse. "All at once an idea came to me. I tied a light line to the end of a heavy rope hawser, climbed overboard and swam ashore. When I got ashore, I drew the hawser end to me and fastened the shore end about a tree. Then I went on board, brought the ship's end of the rope to the windlass, and with the help of a capful of wind in the sail on a jinny mast I had rigged at the stump of the mainmast, I coaxed the blessed old beauty right into the cozy little nest she's in now.

"Then I fed the pigs, the chickens, and the dog, and after they were satisfied, I ate my breakfast and left off grog. I would have been content to remain with the old ship, but the land off yonder kept beckoning me, so I built a boat, being a ship's carpenter, and went ashore. I made three voyages

ashore, but found nothing that would tempt me to leave the ship. There were no people, no houses, no game, nothing to eat. My third voyage came near being my last. The first two trips to the land, I made easily and without danger, but coming back from my last, the tide was on the ebb, and it was all I could do to make the ship. A current caught my boat, and was going to take me to sea whether or no. It cost me two or three hours of the hardest work I ever did to reach the tight little island, though I was within five hundred yards of it when the stream caught me. I've watched the currents since then, and I'm of the opinion that the strong, outward-bound current is beneath the surface of the sea when the water is high and the tides flowing. When the tide ebbs and the water is lower, the currents rise nearer the surface, and God pity anyone that is caught in their clutches."

Tom had remained contentedly on shipboard, putting in his time, as he said, "A-eatin' one pig and a-trainin' another." He brought the trained pig—he called it Captain Scott—and amused me with some of its tricks.

After breakfast I said: "We must go ashore at the earliest possible moment. I am anxious to return to my friends, who will be greatly troubled on my account, and I know you will be glad to find a home on dry land."

"I'm comfortable here," Tom remarked. "I have always lived on shipboard, but I never before

had the pleasure of bunkin' in the captain's stateroom or eatin' at the cuddy mess. I doubt if I'll be so comfortable ashore as I am here, but if I'm not, I can easily return."

"To that I pledge my word," I answered assuringly.

"Then we'll start for the shore when the tide begins to flow. I haven't kept close watch of the tide, but I believe that it begins to flow well toward sundown to-night, and when it is nearly in flood, we may safely venture going ashore. The treacherous currents will all be too deep to catch us. We can judge of the tide by the ship's motion. When the tide is low, she lists to starboard and lays still like a lazy cat, but when the tide is in she's trim as you please, and rocks as gently as a baby's cradle. She just seems to enjoy herself here. She seems to know her work is finished and that all the rest of her days will be spent in this cozy wet dock, safe from the wind and the sea."

That evening we climbed into the boat and made for the shore. It was almost dark when we started, and we knew it would be quite dark when we landed; therefore we took blankets in which to spend the night, and carried with us three days of rations.

We landed safely and drew the boat high and dry on the beach. I did not attempt to reach the Mission that night, but sought a dry, sandy spot where we lay in our blankets until sunrise. With the first peep of dawn I roused Tom, and after he had eaten a sea

biscuit and a piece of the ship's beef, we started west to find the creek. We soon found the bubbling water near the spot where Rosalie and I had first drunk. If by any chance, we had wandered to the east side of the island instead of to the west side, we might have seen the "Fontanac," though, too, we might easily have missed her. The masts went overboard when she struck the first rock, and as I have already told you, Captain Scott had cut them away. The rocks of the tiny island, in the heart of which the ship lay, extended far above her bulwarks, but the jinny mast built by Tom Watts stood above the rocks, and the bowsprit projected out of the harbor, pointing landward.

Notwithstanding the comfort and the safety of the Mission, I was sorry Rosalie and I had not discovered the ship. If we had seen her and had been able to make our way to her—a highly improbable event—we should have missed forming the acquaintance of Gabriel, and that, to my mind, would have been a consummation devoutly to be wished.

While Tom and I were ascending the creek on our way to the Mission, I turned over in my mind the situation relating to Gabriel. I knew his excuse for leaving me would be his inability to save me, and the certainty of his own loss without gain to me if he had remained in the treacherous current. I knew he had deserted me through cowardice or intention, and I was inclined to put the latter cause first. But I had no way to prove his treachery, and after all, I decided

to attribute it to a momentary weakness, stimulated by fear. He was not, I felt sure, a bad man. His evil impulses were but impulses, and if he had time to combat them before they found expression in words or acts, his better nature was apt to prevail.

In deserting me, he had little time in which to combat his evil impulse. The danger of the situation and the possibility of failure in an effort to save me eased his conscience, and helped him in taking the wrong course. That was the way I estimated the affair. I had little doubt that I was right, though I also felt that it was possible that he had become frightened, and had overestimated the risk and the danger of attempting my rescue. He had taken a greater risk and had braved a much greater danger in rescuing the old Indian. But he had no reason for wishing the Indian out of the way, and with the spectacular tendency of the Gallic nature, was willing to go any length in the performance of a showy duty.

Gabriel was capable of enduring hardship, pain and danger for the sake of a cherished ideal. No effort was too great to be made in its cause; no sacrifice was too costly to be suffered for it. Such a nature will come under Bacon's classification of those whom we may not admire, but must love.

My analysis of the situation, taking into consideration Gabriel's character, brought me to this conclusion. I would accept his explanation, but I would never again give him opportunity to make another.

I fancied that I knew my danger, and being forewarned, would remain armed metaphorically.

Tom Watts and I walked all day toward the Mission. Tom's sailor life had not accustomed him to walking, and he often begged for a rest. But as we drew nearer to Rosalie, my heart beat so violently and my eagerness to reach her became so great that I allowed Tom only brief respites. An hour before sundown we sighted the Mission, and I started on a run, leaving Tom to make his way as best he could. I soon reached my house and entered through the front door. There I found Rosalie and Gabriel eating supper, the nobleman very happily occupying my chair, and Rosalie sitting opposite, looking the picture of woe.

When I stepped on the threshold of the front door, which was standing open, Rosalie, who was facing me, rose to her feet, whispered the one word, "John," and ran to my arms. Gabriel, whose back had been turned toward me, rose, faced about and seemed to shrink contemptibly before my gaze.

I suppose Rosalie should have fainted; at least, perhaps she should have wept; but she did neither. She simply rested her head on my breast, clasped her hands about my neck, and for a time said nothing.

"How—did—you—get—off—the iceberg?" asked Gabriel, hardly conscious, through surprise, of what he said.

"Oh, I found a friend out in the ocean," I answered. Then I turned my face down to Rosalie,

who was trembling in my arms. "How are you, sweetheart? Your suffering must have been frightful. Poor girl! I bring all sorts of trouble to you."

"No, no!" she cried. "Nothing but happiness, John. I'm almost glad the accident happened. It has brought to me the great happiness of this moment. How did you happen to fall into the water, and how did you get back on the iceberg?"

The agony and terror expressed in Gabriel's face robbed me of the last vestige of desire for revenge. The girl's words had revenged me. But I spoke before I had taken time to consider my words.

"I did not fall into the water. I remained on the iceberg."

While I spoke Rosalie turned toward Gabriel but did not speak. She looked at him for a moment, and he tried to explain:

"No, Rosalie, Mr. Alden did not fall into the water. He—he—"

I did not see Rosalie's face; it was turned from me toward the nobleman, but I could see the girl's scorn reflected in Gabriel's eyes.

"Leave the house, you lying coward!" she said, stepping toward the corner where my gun rested. She seized the gun, and when Gabriel showed no intention of leaving, she continued: "If you are here at the expiration of one moment, I'll shoot you!"

Gabriel did not move. The hangdog expression left his face, his form grew erect and his head was

thrown back. He threw back his coat, squared his shoulders, and throwing out his chest in true, martyr-like pose, said:

"Shoot, Mam'selle! Death at your hands would be sweet to me—ah, sweeter than life among the angels."

The girl, still holding the gun, looked toward me with a puzzled expression on her face, and after a moment's hesitation began to laugh. She replaced the gun in the corner, came to my side, caught my hand in hers, and said:

"Well, I don't want to please you too much. Perhaps you will find an earthly pleasure in leaving the house. Your absence will confer happiness, almost celestial, on me."

"No, I shall not leave," declared Gabriel, in ringing tone.

"If you don't leave, I'll ask John to put you out," said Rosalie, the smile on whose face was torture to the stubborn Gabriel.

"That he cannot do," returned Gabriel, throwing his coat to the floor and preparing for battle.

"He is our guest, Rosalie," I said.

"Very well, then remain if you wish. Come, John, you must be hungry. We were just sitting down to supper when you came in. This man had told me—" I held up my hand warningly, and she continued: "But we'll talk it all over when he leaves, for he is certainly not a welcome guest."

Rosalie led me to the chair Gabriel had occupied,

removed his plate, and seating herself in her own chair, prepared to pour out my coffee. Gabriel stood on the spot where he had taken the Napoleonic attitude and watched the proceedings at the table. After waiting in silence fully ten minutes, he stepped hurriedly to Rosalie's side and spoke in great excitement:

"I will not leave until you beg my forgiveness."

"Then you'll remain forever," answered Rosalie.

"Neither will I endure your unjust accusation nor your scorn," he continued, unmindful of her remark.

"I have not accused you," she answered coldly. "You are not only your own accuser, but you have convicted yourself."

"That is false," he answered angrily, growing more excited with each word he spoke. "Your manner, your words, accuse me, and you shall ask my forgiveness. Do you understand? You shall beg my forgiveness!"

To emphasize his words, he grasped Rosalie rudely by the shoulder and shook her. I knew he was hardly accountable for his act; but he went beyond all bounds in touching the girl, and I rose to my feet. I spoke as calmly as if I were addressing an audience, and that was where I had the advantage of him.

"Leave the house instantly, or I'll break every bone in your body!"

I started toward him, and he hurriedly made his way around the other side of the table and hastened toward the door. When he reached the porch, he

stopped, and Rosalie tossed his coat toward him, saying:

"Here's your coat. You may need it."

I went toward the door and Gabriel, evidently thinking I intended to attack him, stepped off the porch. But I checked him with a gesture and said:

"Miss Alden may be wrong in her conclusions, but if she is, I'll correct the error. Even if she is wrong, what you have done is not justifiable, and you must go. I'll see you to-morrow and what is more I do not want you even to place your foot again within this house."

Gabriel left and Rosalie shut the door. She came to my side, and said:

"He lied to me. He told me you had fallen from the iceberg and was drowned. He said he tried to recover your body, but that the current took it far out to sea, and that he dared not attempt to follow. He talked a great deal about the terrible affair, and placed so much stress on his efforts to rescue you, dead or alive, that I thought he protested too much, and I began to watch for flaws and contradictions in his narrative. I found many, but could not bring myself to believe that he intentionally deserted you. Now I know that he did and he has proven himself a liar and a coward."

"No, no, Rosalie," I answered soothingly, when we were again taking our places at the table. "It was not that bad. I'm sure cowardice was his worst crime. He was afraid to venture back into the cur-

rent. I do not say that his fear was justified, but one does not stop to measure chances deliberately when one is badly frightened."

"But he showed great bravery in rescuing the old Indian," she returned. "You saw him do it, and praised his courage."

"But that was in pursuit of a barren ideal," I said. "The Indian was very old and as nearly worthless as a man can be; therefore he made a good subject for an ideal."

"And you were well and strong, and of great value, therefore—" she began.

"Yes," I interrupted. "Therefore I could take care of myself. Great ideals in the minds of great idealists need constant care. Eternal watchfulness is the price of idealism. I don't mean to underrate the worth of a really high idealism; what I would insist upon is the use of brains in choosing an ideal. I should wish it to be really high. Too often it is but a maudlin substitute—an honest one, perhaps—but still only an excuse for spectacular display, a kind of quintain for the cracked-brained knight to tilt at. The trouble with Gabriel is his ideal, not his idealism. He has set out to save the Indian. If the Indian happens to be a drunken savage, more ruthless than a Magyar and far more dangerous, the reason for saving him—his life if nothing else—is very great indeed. Gabriel is an intense idealist. If he were wise in choosing an ideal, and were not too lazy to do the hard work necessary

in pursuit of a really high ideal, the real worth and goodness that are in him would shine with great luster. He is capable of accomplishing much good, for there is much good in him. I was not one of his worthless ideals, therefore he became frightened and ran away, leaving me to die. As I have said, he may not be to blame. He probably ran away honestly, for his courage was not spurred by his love for his ideal. He became afraid, and perhaps honestly thought he could not rescue me, and would lose his own life if he tried."

"But he need not have lied to me about it," said Rosalie, indignantly.

"True. That was a mistake in judgment," I answered good-humoredly. "He wished to guard against all probability of your believing that he deserted me. His lie does not convict him of the crime; it only shows his weakness. Gabriel will acknowledge his lie, and will ask forgiveness. Then we'll forgive him."

"I won't," said Rosalie, with tightly closed lips, but after a time, she said: "Perhaps I have done Gabriel an injustice. Was the current very strong?"

"It was the same that carried you and me out to sea when we left the 'Fontanac'—the same current, and almost at the same place where the ship was wrecked."

"How could that be? The ship was wrecked far north of here!" exclaimed Rosalie.

"I forgot to tell you that I found the 'Fontanac,'

with Tom Watts, the boatswain, on board. I forgot all about Tom in our disturbance with Gabriel. Tom is following back in the woods. I was so eager to see you that I ran away and left him. He'll be along soon, so I'll tell you the story of my rescue from the iceberg, and the finding of the 'Fontanac'."

I briefly told her my adventures after Gabriel abandoned me, and by the time my story was told, I had finished supper.

"I must find Tom Watts," I said, hurriedly finding my cap. "My shameful desertion of the poor sailor is almost as bad as Gabriel's flagrancy."

I hastened toward the hill on which I had left Tom, and found him sitting on a bowlder. He had taken advantage of my desertion to secure a little rest.

"Come, Tom. Supper is waiting for you," I said. "I thought you would follow at my heels."

"If I had a pair of wings, I might have followed you, but I had a pair of lead feet, so I even sat down to rest them."

"If you are rested, I'll take you to supper," I answered, "and will give you the best bed you ever slept on to-night."

"If it's too soft, I'll wager my eyes I don't sleep a wink all the night long. I was born as near aboard ship as was possible, not to be actually afloat. My father lived in a house on the docks at Liverpool, and I was apprenticed at three months old. My father and mother took me to sea at that age, and

I've been sleeping on boards and eating pea soup and salt horse ever since. If you make things too fine for me, I'll go back to the 'Fontanac'."

"We'll try to tone the finery down to a point where you can endure it," I answered, and with that assurance, Tom silently acquiesced, and we started for the Mission.

I introduced Tom to Rosalie; then he fell upon the supper and ate heartily, taking for dessert a piece of ship's beef (old salt horse) that he surreptitiously slipped out of his pocket and eagerly swallowed in great, hard, unchewed pieces. After supper I took Tom over to the Mission house and introduced him to Father Ignace and to Gabriel. The latter showed no signs of his conflict with Rosalie, and I was as cordial as if nothing had happened.

In speaking of my mishap to Father Ignace, I exonerated Gabriel from all blame and explained to the old priest how it was impossible for Gabriel to have rescued me.

"I perhaps was safer on the iceberg," I said, for the purpose of consoling and misleading Gabriel, "than I should have been in the boat, had Gabriel been able to take me aboard."

"That is true," said Gabriel, eagerly. "Father Ignace, I fear, has felt that I, in a sense, abandoned you—but—"

"No, no, Father Ignace," I said protestingly. "It was better as it was. I'm alive and well now. Had Gabriel tried to save me, we might now both

be afloat in an open boat, without provisions, a hundred miles at sea."

"True, true," said Gabriel, turning to Father Ignace with a gesture, as if to say: 'Now I hope you will believe *him*.'

"It is a strange dispensation of Providence," said Father Ignace meditatively, "that you should be rescued by a man on board the ship that you supposed had been wrecked hundreds of miles north of here."

"Yes, it is strange," I replied. "It is so strange that I can hardly convince myself that the old Fontanac, lying out there on the little island, is not a phantom ship. I fear I am dreaming."

"It's a real ship, sure enough," said Tom Watts, "and it has a mighty rich cargo aboard. She lies so snug that I think she will be there, safe and sound, at the crack of doom. But there's a big salvage job for somebody, for she might go to pieces, and all her cargo might be lost."

"There's a good suggestion in Mr. Watts' words," said Father Ignace, "and it might be well to take the 'Silver Fox' over to the wreck."

"She's no wreck," interrupted Tom angrily, "and while I have the floor, I'll just say that my name's Tom—not Mr. Watts. Call me Tom E. Watts if you insist upon having a mouthful, but no Mr. Watts for me."

"Well," continued Father Ignace, amused at honest Tom's expostulations, "we might do well to

send Captain Hubert and the 'Silver Fox' over to the 'Fontanac' and bring parts of her cargo to the Mission. I feel that the ship and her cargo really belong to you and—Tom Watts. If you consent, the boat may go to-morrow, and you and Tom Watts may dispose of the salvage as you see fit."

"I may want to go back to the old hooker," said Tom, "and I wouldn't want you to strip her."

"You shall superintend the job, Tom Watts. We will lend you the boat and you can take or leave what you choose. When you bring the cargo to the Mission, you may keep it all or any part of it, and may do with it what you wish. It belongs to you and Mr. Alden," said Father Ignace.

"If your boat brings the cargo ashore, it's yours by the law of salvage," said Tom. "But what I meant is this. I may find things too soft and easy ashore, and I may want to go back to the ship. So you see I want you to leave a few sacks of peas and a bit of salt horse. As for the rum, you can have it all. I got sick of the stuff on my last spree."

Father Ignace sent Gabriel to the village to tell Captain Hubert to be ready next morning to sail the "Silver Fox" around the Point over to the "Fontanac." The weather was fine, and he wanted to take advantage of every moment of clear sky. Winter would soon be upon us, and winter in those latitudes is an element to be feared.

After Gabriel had departed, Tom and I arose and started for the door to return to our cabin, for I did

not want to be away from Rosalie any longer than was necessary.

As Father Ignace bade us good-night, he held out his hand to me, and spoke very seriously. "Doctor," he said, "your defense of Gabriel was very noble, and his story was extremely plausible, but I may as well tell you I have formed my own opinion. You know," he continued, "one does not always heed words, sometimes the expression of the face tells far more than mere words," and he laid his hand on my shoulder and smiled, "your face speaks eloquently of nobility of character. Good-night, my dear Doctor, and 'pax vobiscum.'" He made the sign of the cross, and we left him standing in the open doorway.

CHAPTER XII

THE FACE AT THE WINDOW

I DO not intend to tell you, after the manner of Robinson Crusoe, about the transfer of the rich cargo of the "Fontanac" to the Mission. We were able to make only one voyage before winter stepped upon the scene in real earnest, and when that occurs, you may be sure he is given a clear field by the inhabitants of the Point.

Early on the morning after Father Ignace had determined to send the "Silver Fox" around the Point to visit the "Fontanac," Captain Hubert, Tom Watts, four Indians, and I set sail, and by noon were anchored in six fathoms of water near the ship. The sky to the northeast looked threatening, therefore we chose from the cargo those commodities most needed at the Mission. We took on board the "Silver Fox" several bolts of flannel, cloths, and muslins, five or six dozen blankets, knives, forks, and cooking utensils, and other things of which our little community was very short. We also took a dozen bags of coffee, and twice as many chests of tea, but most valuable of all to me, we took glass—the ship's windows—with which to make windows at home. The only ones known on the Point were made of seal bladder.

The Indians were eager for traps and guns, but they were in the hold, and the labor of breaking them out was so great and consumed so much time that we took only a few dozen traps, a score of modern guns, a barrel of powder and several hundredweight of sheet lead. I found the doctor's medicine chest and took it with me, and I also brought several casks of brandy and three or four dozen cases of bottled wines and whiskies.

Long before the boat was loaded to its capacity, Captain Hubert said:

"Better go home. There's a squall in the sky."

Tom Watts cast his eyes to the northeast and said:

"If the old Indian ain't right, I'm nothin' but a land porpoise."

Captain Hubert was right. There was a squall in the sky and a bad one at that. It caught us just after we had turned the Point and had set the "Silver Fox's" bowsprit for Mission harbor. It was past midnight, and a wild midnight it was, when we cast anchor in the little harbor and pulled ashore in the schooner's boats. After arranging with Captain Hubert to find comfortable lodging in the village for Tom Watts, I hastened home to Rosalie, beating my way against the wind and the snow driving down from the northeast with death and destruction in their breath. When I approached the house I saw a man looking into my room through the open window. When he saw me, he disappeared. Rosalie had removed the seal bladder window pane, and had

placed a lamp near the opening to light my path to her and to home. The thought in her and in itself was so sweet that I took it to my heart, and though the night was very cold, I was warmed to my finger-tips.

Rosalie was sitting before the fire in my chair, waiting for me. Her joy when I entered was worth a lifetime of trouble to earn. Ah, what a priceless thing to me was her smile, more eloquent than speech could possibly be, and sweeter to my soul than all the words of love that ever fell from woman's lips. She rose and gave me both her hands when I entered.

"Come to the fire, John. You are almost frozen. I have been worrying about you. I'm glad our friend, the Hero (a name recently bestowed by her on Gabriel) was not with you. I should have been troubled; indeed, I should have feared treachery. But come here to the fire. See what a huge one I've built to welcome you home and to warm you. I carried in the wood; yes, even that great backlog. I was so strong when I was working for you, I almost believe I could have carried in a tree. Now, come; take off your blanket and sit here in your own chair before the fire. Your hands are like ice. I must make a pair of gloves for you. Now the fire will soon warm you."

I sat down in my chair, and Rosalie, as usual, knelt beside me.

"I need no fire to warm me," I said, taking her hand. "Your kindly welcome and your smiles warm me to my toes."

She laughed softly, joyfully and said: "It is wonderful how differently the same words and thoughts sound on different lips."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed. "Who else, pray, has been saying that your smiles warm him!"

"Gabriel is always saying things of that sort to me. That is a part of what I wanted to tell you. You remember I once said there was something I wanted to tell you?"

"Did you want to tell me that Gabriel is in love with you?" I asked.

She nodded affirmatively and said: "Very much in love with me. He's almost crazy about me." She spoke as lightly as if she were telling me that Gabriel had had his hair cut.

"You need not have told me, Rosalie. I already knew it," I said.

"I suppose you did. It's plain to any one," she answered.

"Have you seen him to-day?" I asked.

"Yes," she replied carelessly. "He's been hanging about all day—and all night. He's out there now, the fool."

"What did he say to you to-day, Rosalie?" I asked, wondering how he could return to the attack after his Waterloo of the night before.

"He apologized for his conduct last night," she replied, "and insisted that he thought he had seen you fall into the sea from the iceberg, and said you had told Father Ignace that the only way you could

have been saved was to leave you on the iceberg. He said he could refer me to you and to Father Ignace for proof that he spoke the truth."

"He is right, Rosalie," I said. "Let it go at that. I did not perish on the iceberg. The fault probably was not with Gabriel; it was with me. I should have been an old decrepit Indian. We'll give Gabriel the benefit of the doubt and will take him back to our hearts. I'm serious, Rosalie, when I say that I think it very possible, even probable, that he did not intend to leave me to perish because of evil intent. His mistake, probably, was one of judgment."

"I'm glad to hear you say so," she returned, "for I like him very much when—when—he is not a fool."

"Don't be too hard on a man for becoming a fool about you, Rosalie. Few men could avoid it," I said.

"There's one I wish would be more a fool about me than he is," she answered, with downcast eyes.

"Do you mean—?" I indicated myself.

"She nodded "Yes."

"You don't know all about me," I continued. "I'm the greatest fool on earth about you. You—you—well, I'll tell you some other time how great a fool I am about you."

"No, tell me now," she answered, with eyes cast down and cheeks as red as roses.

"Very soon, Rosalie, but—I beg you, Rosalie, do not ask. So Gabriel has been forgetting his promise to be a priest and has been making love to you."

Again she nodded "Yes."

"Had you done nothing to provoke him to speak?" I asked. "He might fall in love with you against his will; for he is a man. But the fact that you are, in a way, his guest of honor, should have sealed his lips, and I wonder that they did not, if you said nothing to lead him on."

"That's another thing I want to confess to you," she said. "At first I liked and admired Gabriel very much, and trusting him as I did, I have often thought that I may have done and may have said things that he may have misunderstood. I did nothing intentionally, that should have led him to—to make him—him—"

"What did you do unintentionally, Rosalie?" I asked quietly.

"I hardly know," she answered, stammering and stumbling along in her narrative. "I remember once I took his hand on a steep, rocky path on a hillside, when we were walking. I thought nothing of it until long afterward when he accused me of taking his hand to lead him on to love me. He said, also, that on such and such a day, I looked at him this way." She illustrated the way by looking at me.

"If you really looked at him that way, I do not wonder that he spoke his love," I said, carrying her hand to my lips.

"But I did not look at him that way. I looked at him this way," she said.

Again she illustrated, and there, plain as day, I saw the difference between the look of love and the look of

friendship in Rosalie's wonderful eyes. Ever since we had come to the Mission, I had noticed a growing tendency on Rosalie's part to become like a child. I believe every tender-hearted woman likes to relax the strain of womanhood and become a child with the man she deeply loves. Even baby talk is sweet to her, it matters not how strong of nature she may be. The woman who remains a child to the end of her days is of the immortal "such" that constitute "the kingdom of heaven." She makes heaven not only for herself, but also for the man whom God has blessed with her.

"Let us forgive Gabriel," I suggested. "It is unworthy of us to hold resentment. His only fault of which we really know is falling in love with you, and for that, you yourself must know he is not responsible. He could not help it."

"You are laughing at me, and at the whole affair, and I am half inclined to fall in love with him to punish you," she said, laughing a little and pouting a little.

"Does one fall in love by the simple process of having a half a mind to do so? Do you suppose, since the world began, anyone has ever been so foolish as to fall in love deliberately? Is it ever—can it be a matter of intention? Has the will anything to do with it?" I asked, putting question on question so rapidly that Rosalie was compelled to close my mouth with her hand to save herself from being buried in questions.

"No, no, John," she said, placing her cheek against my shoulder as she knelt beside me. "One has nothing to do with falling in love. One has no more part in it than the apple that drops to the ground has in the fall. I have heard my father say that it is very possible the heart has a life of its own, independent of the life of the rest of the body. I believe it must be true, for the heart takes its own way without consulting the brain or any *body*." She laughed softly at her unintentional play upon the word, and continued: "But if you really believe Gabriel did not intentionally desert you on the iceberg, which I certainly do not believe, and if you think best, we'll forgive him. He begged for my forgiveness to-day, but my heart was so hard toward him, I could not feel one throb of pity, though I tried so hard to be sorry for him."

"Enmity, even with good cause, profiteth no one," I answered, "and there are already too few of us here in this little community. We must not allow ourselves to be angry or unfriendly with one another. We may have no real cause for enmity against Gabriel; therefore we shall hold none."

"We'll let it go at that," she answered slowly, half doubtingly. "But, John, I want you to promise that you will never give him another chance to injure you."

"There is no need to exact that promise," I assured her. "The next mistake in judgment will be mine if I allow him an opportunity to make it. Now, I'll be off to bed. Good-night, my child."

"I am not your child," she responded, rising to her knees and showing a little pout on her lips.

"Well, good-night, sweetheart. Is that better?" I said, rising and clasping her arms with my hands.

She looked up to my eyes; the sheen of a smile came over her face; her lips parted, and after gazing up at me for one little moment, she said:

"Yes, that is much better. Good-night, John."

She ran to her door, turned, laughingly threw a kiss to me, and disappeared.

When I look back upon that time and that winter, I marvel at my strength, and wonder how it was possible for me to resist the terrible yearning in my heart to make her my wife. Perhaps, had I loved her less, I should not have resisted. But loving her as I did, in a way, I gloried in depriving myself of her for her own good, and seemed to gather strength from the very love that impelled my longing.

Next day the cargo of the "Silver Fox" was unloaded and distributed. I took for my share a gun and ammunition, a sack of coffee, a chest of tea, a barrel of refined sugar and glass for two double windows. The glass was in sashes taken from the ship's cabin; therefore the labor of inserting them in openings cut in the walls of our house was inconsiderable. Three hours' work finished the job, and when the light came in through the large clear panes of glass, Rosalie was so happy that she broke forth in a song, and longed for the sunlight not to fade.

A few blankets, material for clothing for Rosalie

and myself, two heavy pairs of top-boots for me and shoes and stockings for Rosalie supplied all our needs, and we were ready for old winter's siege, however hard it might be. Chief among the articles that Rosalie had asked me to bring from the ship was material for needlework. These she found in three trunks that had belonged to lady passengers aboard the "Fontanac." In the trunks she also found a supply of fine dresses, clothing of delicate fabric, and all things necessary to an elegant toilet. To see the girl working diligently to fit the dresses to herself was pretty beyond my power to express.

Woman's vanity is a fruitful theme for the satirist, but did you ever stop to think what a dull place this world would be without it? She is vain—for which I thank God—but her vanity consists chiefly in wishing to beautify herself and consequently the world. The difference between woman's vanity and man's is this: woman's vanity is outspoken and frank; she does not deny it. Man's vanity, though perhaps less frequently found manifest than the ordinary harmless feminine vanity, usually makes an ass of him. A woman is vain because she wishes to be beautiful; a man is vain because he believes himself to be one of the lords of creation by reason of his own great merit.

Rosalie arranged the trunks about her room, and they answered the purpose of drawers and dresser. In the lid of one of the trunks was a mirror ten inches square. This was a godsend to the girl. When the trunk first came, she would sit upon the floor before

the mirror pluming herself, but I soon removed it from the trunk and hung it on the wall.

I doubted if her finery and her pluming added to her beauty, but it made her more comfortable, and I told her the improvement in her appearance was marvelous. If she had been a logical person, as only a few women are, I am glad to say, she would have analyzed my flattery and might not have found it complimentary. But she was as illogical as ever a woman can be, and was pleased that I thought her artificial adornments improved her appearance. In my eyes, she never looked more beautiful than during the time we dwelt in the cave and lived on raw duck meat. She then combed her hair with her fingers, and her clothing hung in shreds about her.

I invited Father Ignace and Gabriel to share our first pot of tea. They accepted the invitation to supper, but Father Ignace did not drink the tea. Rosalie was disappointed and said:

"I thought I had heard you say you were very fond of the beverage, Father Ignace?"

"Yes, I am very fond of it. I'm glad I am very fond of it," he said, fondling the teacup by Rosalie's plate, "for I am enabled to make a sacrifice that really is a sacrifice. We have all the other good things of life so bounteously furnished that I feel myself to be a very epicurean. Life is too comfortable for me, so I glory in depriving myself of coffee and tea."

"But God made them to be drunk," said Rosalie.

"And to be a temptation to be resisted," answered the priest.

"I did not know that God ever made temptations," said Rosalie, after a moment's thought. "I supposed they came from another source. Surely God sets no snares for our feet. If God and the devil are each trying to trip us by temptations, we surely are lost. Now the question to solve, I should suppose, would be: who made coffee and tea, God or the prince of evil?"

The good old Father gazed into the fire thoughtfully for the span of half a minute, and said:

"God made the tea. Give me a cup."

When he passed his cup for the third time, he said:

"God surely made it. A little of your inspiration is worth a great deal of my wisdom. I'm going to have glass substituted for seal bladder in our windows, too." He had hitherto used seal bladder as a sort of penance.

"Be careful, Father, or you will become degenerate," said Rosalie, laughing and affectionately patting his hand as it lay upon the table. "Perhaps God didn't make glass."

"Yes," answered the old Father, smiling. "God made everything, and therefore everything must be good. The devil can make nothing; he is simply a destroyer. His business is to set snares for our feet. Never since the beginning of time did God set a snare for us to fall upon. Your philosophy is beautiful, my child. Where did you learn it?"

"Here," said Rosalie, placing her hand on her own heart, "and here," placing her hand on my heart. "I love my old faith," she continued, "and I reverence all its forms and tenets, but of late, I have learned to leaven it with the leaven, 'God is good.' I have always known the formula; I have only recently learned the fact."

"I, too, seem to have learned the fact only now," said Father Ignace. "'From the lips of fools and children comes wisdom.'"

"Which am I?" asked Rosalie, leaning back in her chair and laughing.

"You are the child," he answered.

"That is what John—Uncle John so often says, and I don't like it—from him," she rejoined.

"Do you object to it from me?" asked the old priest.

"No-o-o, that is different," she replied hesitatingly.

Gabriel had little to say during supper, and after we had finished and were sitting before the fire, smoking our pipes, he drew his chair into the shadow and watched Rosalie while she removed the dishes—bright from the ship and used that evening for the first time—and did the after supper work. Her task was short and she talked while she worked. But when she had finished, she sat beside me on a low chair and was silent. While she sat beside me, Gabriel watched her closely, but I thought from her manner that she was unconscious of his gaze. After we had smoked our pipes, they both left and Rosalie

and I sat in silence through a very happy evening until bedtime.

Soon after the cargo of the "Silver Fox" was landed, winter took on an ugly mood, and after a few days of frowning, became as disagreeable as it is possible for even winter to be. To one who has never lived in the neighborhood of Labrador—I intend to describe our locality no more definitely—the severity of certain manifestations of winter's temperament is be yond belief. Usually it opens with a blustering storm that of itself is sufficient to frighten a timid soul, unused to his ways. After he blows off the froth of his first ill humor, he relaxes and a fortnight of fine weather is apt to ensue. He may, after the spell of fair weather, make several false starts, each followed by a day or two of sunshine and comparative warmth, for the purpose perhaps, of lulling his victims. But when he gets ready for the grand charge, when he grows tired playing with the earth and the live creatures that populate it, all things from the poor wild beasts of the forest up to man, know what is going to happen, until the "Old Man of the North," as the French Indians call winter, has expended his wrath, and has settled down to comparative calmness and at least temporary rest.

One night, soon after midnight, I was awakened by Rosalie calling my name: "John! John!"

"What is it, Rosalie?" I asked.

The room was almost dark, but I knew from her voice that she was standing in the doorway connect-

ing our rooms, and that something was wrong with her.

"I am terribly frightened," she said. "Listen to the wind, and sleet and snow. The storm will tear the house down. I am almost wild with terror. I want to come in and sit by your fire."

I slept in a complete suit of clothes that Rosalie and I had made from a blanket, therefore I was completely dressed, including moccasins. I sprang from my bed, hurried to the fireplace, stirred the great bed of embers and threw on several small pieces of wood to make a light.

When the fire blazed up, I saw Rosalie standing in the doorway, the most beautiful picture I have ever beheld. She was wrapped in a red blanket. Two long thick braids of hair fell below her waist; her moccasined feet peeped out from beneath the blanket, and her eyes, usually a dark gray, seemed to be luminous black. She looked like a beautiful Indian girl.

"Please let me sit before your fire," she pleaded. "The storm does not seem so terrible when I'm here with you. Oh! Listen, John! Do you hear that? O John, protect me! Save me from it! The voices of ten thousand demons are in that wind!"

She was hardly awake, and the thunder of the wind among the trees, and the rattle of the dashing sleet and snow was truly frightful, even to one who was thoroughly aroused. She ran to my side and clung to me as a frightened child clings to its parent. I

took her cold hand in one of mine, and drew her to me with my arm about her shoulders, hoping to soothe her fear, but she was always slow to awake, and I found difficulty in arousing her.

"You must wake up, Rosalie," I said, shaking her. "The storm is terrible, but we are safe and it cannot harm you. If you will rouse yourself, your terror will leave you."

"I—I—am—almost—almost awake, John," she answered. "I was lying in my bed, half asleep and half awake. The fire suddenly burst into a flame, lighting up the room, and I saw—O John! I almost died!—I saw a face at the window—at the window you put in for me. The light shone upon the face, and I saw it clearly. It was the face of the spirit of the storm. It was terrible!" She covered her face with her hands, and bending her head in fear, moaned out her words: "Take care of me, John, take care of me! Don't let the storm kill me! O John, listen, listen!" She lifted her head and looked over my shoulder toward the only window in my room, the glass one I had put in on the north side. With a shriek, she clung to me crying: "There it is again. It was at your window!"

I thought she had lost her reason, and did not suppose she had seen a face at the window, but involuntarily I turned, and I, too, saw it. It was the face of Gabriel.

Rosalie was sinking to the floor, and I was trying to hold her up with my arms about her, when crash

came the window. I thought it had been blown in by the storm, but immediately I heard a pistol shot and felt a bullet graze my cheek. Rosalie thought the broken window pane and the report of the pistol shot were the effects of the storm, and her alarm grew to be terror. I hurriedly placed her in my great chair and nailed a board over the broken window, having first put a blanket over the opening. Then I returned to the girl sitting in front of the fire and tried to quiet her. Soon she grew quiet and the storm seemed to grow less violent.

After a time I saw she was growing drowsy, and I suggested that she return to her room and bed. She begged so earnestly to be allowed to remain before my fire that I made a bed for her in front of the hearth, and she lay down, asking me to sit beside her until she slept. I had not long to wait. Soon she was breathing evenly, the white, blue-veined lids were closed, the long black lashes lay like shadows on her cheeks, the pink flush of sleep was on her face, and the red lips were parted, showing the gleam of her white teeth. As I watched her, the prayer, "May God serve me as I serve this girl," came from my heart with a yearning. I sat beside her until I knew that slumber held her fast; then I went to bed, listened for a while to the raging storm, and I, too, fell asleep.

Next morning when I awoke, Rosalie was still lying before my fireplace. The fire was low and the room was very cold. A mask of ice covered my beard, and Rosalie's blanket about her face was

covered with a coating of frost. I was afraid her face was frozen, as mine was slightly frost-bitten.

I noiselessly built a fire in my fireplace and then made one in Rosalie's room. When the fire lighted the rooms, I beheld a picture worthy of Aladdin's wildest dream. The logs in the ceiling overhead were covered with scintillating crystals; the side walls were a mass of frost, white as snow save where it was pink in reflecting or refracting the rays from the fire. I was surprised to see this wonderful display of frost, for I knew that a very low temperature was seldom if ever accompanied by storm. The storm was still raging without, and I felt sure our coldest weather would not come until it had abated. Rosalie's room was not as cold as mine, though the fire had burned lower, and I concluded that the extreme frostiness of my room was owing to the broken pane of glass that had been poorly covered.

The nipping cold taught me a lesson. I knew that we should freeze when the real cold weather arrived if I did not keep the fires going and make the house tight and snug. I had built a rampart of earth five feet high, and had hoped that it would serve to keep out the cold, but later in the winter, when the very cold weather came, I built up my rampart of earth with an additional rampart of snow, reaching almost to the eaves.

I waited until the fires were burning high, and then I awakened Rosalie. She usually required four or five minutes to throw off sleep entirely, but when I

awakened her that morning, I thought she never would become completely conscious. After a time, however, her eyes opened wide and she went to her room to dress. In fifteen minutes she returned to my room and we began preparations for breakfast. The fire soon thawed the frost on the beams and on the side-walls, and water took the place of the crystals. I opened the door an inch or two, and the floor, for the space of six or eight feet, was immediately covered with snow. Rosalie, still nervous from her terror during the night, was frightened when the storm beat in at the door ajar, and begged me not to open it again.

"We have no water," I suggested, "and I must make my way to the spring or we shall go without coffee."

She drew the blanket away from the unbroken window pane in the window, but the glass was so encrusted with ice that she could have seen nothing outside even had the sun been up. The sun probably was rising at the time, but as the Indians say: "During a winter storm, all day is all night."

Rosalie held the door and closed it after me when I had passed out. The spring-house was at the east end of the house, not more than twenty feet from the front door of my room, but I thought I should never reach it. The wind, the swirling snow and the sleet, like pieces of ice, almost swept me from my feet. It required fully five minutes of very hard work to reach the spring-house, and when I came to it, I

found the small structure completely covered with snow. At first I was dismayed, but when I had tossed the snow from the door and had entered the spring-house, I found, to my delight, that the snow had kept the water from freezing. I made three trips to the spring and brought several buckets of water, for while the storm should last, I did not care to visit the spring-house nor any other place more frequently than necessary.

After breakfast I repaired the broken window pane, and was glad that Rosalie, in her fright, had not noticed the pistol shot. I determined, notwithstanding the storm, to make my way to the priest's house. Gabriel's second attempt on my life had set me thinking. If I did not take some step to protect myself, he would eventually succeed in killing me. For the probable fact itself I cared little, but for the results of my death I cared a great deal. If I were gone, Rosalie would be left without a protector, and it was clearly my duty to preserve my life at any cost, at least, until I had placed Rosalie in the hands of her father. Thus revolving the situation in my mind, I determined, in self-defense, to kill Gabriel.

So I took down my gun and looked to the priming. I drew my fur cap down over my neck and ears, wrapped my blanket about me, tied it on with a rope yarn and prepared to face the storm. Rosalie asked me where I was going.

"I am going to see Father Ignace," I answered.

"But why not wait until the storm abates?" she asked.

I could not give her a truthful answer without telling her that the face she had seen at the window was that of Gabriel. That I did not wish to do. When speaking of the matter at breakfast, she said:

"I saw the face at my window and at yours. I saw it as clearly as I see you, yet it must have been a dream. I'm so stupid when I'm half asleep."

I encouraged her in believing that she dreamed when she saw the face, and laughed at her fears.

"These storms sometimes continue a week or two, and if this one lasts, you will grow used to it and will learn to enjoy it. I wonder that you, who passed through the wreck of the 'Fontanac' without faltering, and endured with bravery the awful days and nights we spent in the boat, should become so frightened at this storm when you are safe and cozy here beside this beautiful fire. That reminds me!" I exclaimed. "I forgot the cows, the pigs, and the chickens."

Rosalie's face became serious, and she said: "They may be frozen to death."

"No danger of that," I answered. "But they no doubt think they are almost starved to death."

We prepared two great bucketfuls of ground oats, mixed with hot water—one for the cow and one for the two pigs—and thus provided, Rosalie and I went to the stable in the old warehouse, and were greeted by cries of welcome, the sincerity of which could not be doubted.

I congratulated myself on having built the inclosed shed leading from the house to the stable, for without it, I should have had two or three hours' hard work in clearing the stable door of snow. The storm in its fury had defeated its own evil designs by drifting snow against the stable almost to the extent of covering it. It seems absurd to say that snow is warm; but if it has no warmth in itself, it certainly protects that which it covers.

We found the stable warm compared to the atmosphere without. The cow and the pigs seemed to be huge living teakettles as the white steam came from their nostrils. When the rooster saw us, he crowed for joy, and Rosalie laughed so heartily she could not speak for a moment. I caught the laughing infection from her and laughed too, though I did not know what I was laughing about. When I could speak, I said:

"What are you laughing about, Rosalie?"

She was still laughing, for the rooster had crowed again. She tried to tell me, and succeeded in saying between her spells of laughter:

"I didn't know that chickens' breath came like that. Now watch the rooster. He's going to crow again."

I obeyed, and when the rooster crowed, white straws of steam came from his beak in jerky little puffs, accompanying the notes of his song, and closing, as Rosalie said, with a prolonged whole note at the very bottom of the scale. But the most laughable part of the act was to see the rooster run from the

steam of his own nostrils when, by chance, he caught a glimpse of it. His crow would come in great brave notes at first, and would die away in a prolonged scream when he ran, frightened, from his own breath. He most certainly was comical. It gave him an added touch of cowardly pomposity, and made of him the very incarnation of the chicken comic muse. It was interesting and laughable, too, in a way, to see the steam from the beaks of the hens, but they were not so cowardly as their braggart husband.

We fed the stock, and what a comforting sight it was to see them eat. I milked the cow while Rosalie stood by my side, watching for the rooster to crow again. But he was too busy filling his craw to care for song or defiance, and much to Rosalie's regret, we left the stable without witnessing another performance, and all the time I was thinking of this attack by Gabriel, and wondering what the future held for Rosalie and me. We were in a country where men are often compelled to take the law into their own hands, and necessity had now forced me to deal with this man, to take his life, if necessary, to save Rosalie from his hands.

CHAPTER XIII

THE UNMASKING OF GABRIEL

MANY have sung the song of spring, but who has sung the song of winter? Nature in her gentle moods has been praised and petted and caressed, but nature with her frown, with her storm, nature in her terrible, beautiful strength, has been neglected. Her gentleness is sweet and lovable, but strength is real beauty, and I, for one, worship at the feet of the storm.

When I returned to the house, I tied my blanket tightly about me and sallied forth to see Father Ignace. The little journey of five hundred yards was a hard one, but I enjoyed every step of it. Twice the storm hurled me from my path; once it succeeded in getting me on my back; but I laughed, gloried in its fury, and loved nature as I had never loved her before. She seemed to give me a part of her strength with which to combat her. At times the snow and ice-charged wind swirled about me, and I was the center of a whirlpool of snow so dense as to envelop me in darkness and make it impossible for me to see objects a yard before my face. After a few collisions with trees and bushes, I learned to stand still during these fierce attacks. On one occasion, I incautiously

took a few steps with my eyes closed, and when the whirlwind had passed, I found myself on the brink of the ravine, where the precipice fell a sheer one hundred feet to the snow-covered rocks beneath. If I had fallen over, my body would have been found only after the snow had melted in the spring.

After my narrow escape, I was careful to plunge ahead only when I could see. At no time could I see Father Ignace's house, and at many times I thought I had lost my way, but at last I found the house and entered.

When I first decided to visit Father Ignace, my brain was hot with anger and my heart was filled with hatred; but both evaporated while I watched the comedy in the stable and fed the cow and pigs. My fight with the storm had cleared my brain and had toned up my nature, physically, mentally and morally, so that when I entered the house of Father Ignace, I was calm almost to the point of exhilaration. My mind was clear, my heart was free of all warping passions, and every faculty I possessed was on the alert to help me say and do the right thing.

The approaching moment was an important one to me, for I had to deal with a man half crazed with love, in whose heart, since the incident of the iceberg, I knew lived the spirit of murder. The pistol shot had left no doubt in my mind. I did not want to kill this poor half-mad nobleman, yet I did not feel that I was justified in permitting him to live. His humor was growing more murderous each day, and

my life, probably Rosalie's also, was in peril. I had no thought of assassinating him as he had tried to murder me, but I had resolved to tell him plainly the fate in store for him. I would warn him of his danger, and at least give him a chance to defend himself. He had not granted me that privilege. I felt justified in my course, for I believed that his mania would lead him to kill me as soon as he could safely do so, but failing in that, I felt sure the time would come when, pressing his suit upon Rosalie, he would be scorned and might also kill her. Should he succeed in killing me in such a manner that his crime would not be known, Rosalie would be alone, and a woman's extremity is a coward's opportunity.

When I entered the abode of Father Ignace, all these facts and conclusions were as clear in my mind and my purpose was as definite in my heart as they were when first formed in anger; but there was no anger in me. I knew only pity for Gabriel and my duty to Rosalie. Under such conditions the brain of man is a powerful inimitable force, and woe to the angry, venom-charged heart that tries to stand before it.

Father Ignace was sitting in his great chair before the fire, and Gabriel was stretched at full length on a rude settee that he had drawn near the hearth. When I closed the door, the priest looked toward me in surprise and Gabriel sprang to his feet.

"Good morning, Mr. Alden," said Father Ignace. "How dared you venture outside your door in this

storm? You don't know our storms, or you would not have come forth. Death is in these blasts. You might easily have lost your way even in coming to us from your house; men have perished on a shorter jump."

"I realized the truth of what you say, Father, before I started, but I came upon an urgent cause that will not wait. There is another among us who does not fear the storm." Gabriel moved so uneasily, that Father Ignace turned to see the cause of his agitation. "Gabriel faced it last night," I continued. "He visited my house at midnight and frightened my niece by watching her through the window in her room. In her fright she ran to my room, and this man broke a pane of glass from my window and shot at me with a pistol."

"It's a lie," cried Gabriel, trembling in his anger. "It's a lie. I was not outside this house. He is a liar!"

His words did not anger me, and I continued speaking as calmly as I now am writing.

"He tried to kill me by leaving me on the iceberg."

"That also is a lie!" interrupted Gabriel.

"Silence, Gabriel," commanded Father Ignace. "The words you use are unworthy of you. Continue, my son," he said to me.

"I firmly believe Gabriel has made other attempts to take my life since he left me on the iceberg, and prior to his attack of last night. Providence seems to have guided me, good Father, and I believe I have

patience. I am your guest, and I am grateful to you for what you have done, but now I feel that it is my duty to give Providence what aid I can offer in taking care of my niece and myself. So I came over just as soon as I could get here, to tell Gabriel that I intend to kill him."

Father Ignace sprang to his feet and Gabriel stepped toward him as if seeking protection.

"You need fear nothing now, Father Ignace," I said, hastily. "I do not intend to commit murder in your presence nor any place else. I simply wish to warn Gabriel and put him on his guard, so that he may defend himself if he wishes. I wish to tell him and you that I will kill him the next time I meet him outside your house."

"He lied to you, Father Ignace, and I can prove it," said Gabriel, clinging to the old priest's arm. "We cared for him and saved his life. We have given him a home and he has come among us to make trouble in our peaceful abode and to murder us. You don't know this man, Father," Gabriel continued, gaining courage as he talked. "He was a murderer before he came to us. He was condemned to be hanged for murder in England, but managed to escape in some manner and boarded a ship where he met this girl. She is not his niece; she is his victim. His name is not Alden; it is Collingwood, and the girl's name is Dean. The devil has given her into his clutches. He has so deeply impressed her with a sense of the great debt of gratitude she owes him, because she happened

to be saved along with him from the wreck, that she is completely in his power, and he holds her for his vile purposes."

"You are saying what is not true and what only comes from a vile mind. I know all about Mr. Collingwood's past life," said Father Ignace. "He has himself trusted me with his story and I know all about his relations with Miss Dean. The girl's happiness and future welfare are so dear to this man that he fears to blight her life by making her his wife. He feels that she should not be bound to one upon whose name rests the stain that must endure forever on his. His course with the girl has been unselfish, pure and noble. Few men would have resisted her love and his own as Mr. Collingwood has done. A good man might easily have reconciled his conscience to marriage, but he has seen nothing but the girl's good, and has, I firmly believe, steered a straight course for that good."

Gabriel relaxed his grip on Father Ignace's arm and sank back to the bench upon which he was lying when I entered the room. He covered his face with his hands, and sat bent forward with his elbows on his knees. Meantime the priest resumed his chair, and by a motion of his head invited me to take another. We sat in silence, waiting until Gabriel should speak. At the expiration of four or five minutes, Gabriel lifted his face, and looked toward the ceiling:

"I wonder if I have been wrong," he said, pausing

between his words, and dropping them slowly as if in deep thought. Then he turned his face slowly toward Father Ignace, though he did not look squarely at him.

"I have tried five times to kill this man," he said. "I must have been mad. I wonder if I have wronged him. I loved the girl and I thought he was wronging her. My love and my duty seemed to tell me that it was right for me to kill him, and last night when I saw her in his room in his arms, I fired the shot of which he has told you."

"You saw the girl in his arms?" asked Father Ignace, in surprise.

"Yes," answered Gabriel. "They were standing before the fire, and his arm was about her."

"She was terribly frightened, Father," said I, "and my arm was about her. It has often been about her, and always will be when it is needful for her comfort, support or protection."

"Perhaps he is right," said Gabriel, speaking to Father Ignace, though keeping his face between his hands and looking to the floor. "They were at the fireplace, and she, probably, was greatly frightened. I see it all. I'm wrong. The Good Father has been kinder to me than to him; He has at least saved me from being a murderer." There was a slight sneer in his tone.

"You have no right to accuse this man of being a murderer," replied Father Ignace.

Gabriel rose hastily and going to a shelf on the wall,

took down a pistol. Father Ignace, springing between us, seized the weapon.

"You need not fear," said Gabriel. "He is in no danger from me." He proffered me the pistol, handle first, and I took it, hardly conscious of what I did. Then Gabriel walked toward the door, saying to me: "You cannot carry out your threat too quickly. Follow me and your opportunity will come at once. I desire death, and it is your right to inflict it."

Father Ignace hurriedly threw himself against the door and placed his hand protestingly against the man's breast.

"No, no, stay here in the house," pleaded the old priest. But Gabriel struggled to pass through the door.

"You need not go out," said I, speaking to him. "I'll not follow you. Come back for the sake of the old man who is your friend and mine."

He came back and resumed his seat on the bench, with his elbows on his knees and his face in his hands.

"How and where did you learn of my offense?" I asked, speaking to Gabriel and pitying him. I felt that I knew his source of information, but I wanted him to tell me.

"I have no right to tell you," he answered.

"You had no right to divulge your knowledge, but you did. You may as well tell the rest, though I care little what you tell or what you withhold, since I already know."

"Yes, you know. She told me," he replied, slowly.

Then I knew the terrible secret locked in the heart of Rosalie, but I could not understand why she was unwilling to tell this to me. Gabriel had probably bound her by some promise which she considered inviolate.

"Why did you try to kill me, Gabriel?" I asked.

"Because I love Miss Dean and believed you would bring harm to her," he said.

To me this seemed so ludicrous that I could not help smiling, but suddenly it came to me that this man, half crazed with love, and a victim of his terrible jealousy, might have really believed I would bring harm and evil to Rosalie.

"A little leaven leavens the whole loaf," I said slowly. "One good motive may give color to a very bad act. I withdraw my threat to kill you. If you do not bother Rosalie or me, I shall not trouble you. But I swear to you, before God, that if your conscience prompts you to further acts for the purpose of saving Rosalie's soul, yours will soon be in purgatory."

"You are welcome to kill me when you choose. If it were not a sin, I would kill you myself," he said. "I probably have been wrong, but the future will show your course with this girl, and then God must decide between us."

To change from murder to humility seemed strange to me, but Gabriel, though he was a fool in his love, was a wise man in the ways of the world, and I think at that moment he had both Father Ignace and

myself wondering just what kind of a man he really was.

I waited for several moments, and spoke: "I have a right to make this girl my wife. There is no legal or moral reason why I should not. I refrain from doing so because—because I love her so dearly that I would not ruin her fair young life by uniting her in marriage to one attainted as I am. I am in no way obliged to tell you the secrets of my heart or to discuss with you the most sacred affairs of my life, but I pity you, you poor, half-crazed fool; I, who should hate you, tell you this for your comfort. I begged Father Ignace to send Rosalie to her father when the 'Silver Fox' returned. I wanted to remove her from the danger of becoming the wife of a condemned murderer—that is what I am in the eyes of men—and I wanted to help the Good Father of All in leading me out of temptation. When the boat goes to Tadousac next spring, the girl goes with it to her father. If you were in my place, would you do the same?"

"No, no," answered Gabriel. "If I were in your place, I would have her at any price, loving her as I do. I have judged you by myself, and there is no man so bad that I may judge him by that standard."

"I believe you wrong yourself," I said, finding commiseration growing in my heart.

"No, you do not know all I have done. You do not know," he answered.

"I don't care much," I replied. "What I'm looking to is the future."

"My future will be devoted to undoing the mischief I have done," he said.

"Thanks to kind Providence, no mischief has yet been done," I rejoined.

"Not yet," he returned, "not yet—but you do not know." After a pause, he continued: "Will you tell her?"

"I do not know," I answered. "I have not yet determined what I shall tell her."

"She should be told at once," said Father Ignace emphatically.

"It all depends on what will be best for her," I said. "If she will be as safe without telling her, and if the knowledge will make her unhappy, I'll not tell her. You see I measure everything that comes my way by this girl's happiness. When I see her happy in the hands of her father, I may return to England and let them hang me if they wish. But I will brook no interference where her happiness is concerned. Even Father Ignace must leave her and her affairs to me. I feel that I know what is best for her, and shall never fail to do it."

"You are right, Mr. Collingwood," said Father Ignace. "Still I hope, for many reasons, that you will tell Miss Dean all that has taken place."

There was nothing more to be said, so I put on my cap, tied my blanket closely about me and prepared to return to my home.

"I am more used to these storms than you are," said Gabriel, "and I'll help you home."

At first I refused his offer pointedly, but the pleading look in his eyes was more than I could withstand, and I afterwards consented. For some reason he had changed his tactics. Whether he feared that Father Ignace might compel him to leave the Point at once, or whether he hoped again to gain my confidence, I do not know. Probably both of these things moved him, but he had certainly lost for the time being, his spirit of bravado. Gabriel led the way, and although the storm had increased in volume since my arduous trip to the priest's house, the return was made with greater ease. I followed Gabriel's example by bending forward against the storm and lowering my head as if I was going to dive through the snow. In this position I could take a few steps forward; then I would lift my head and wait until I could get a good view of the path beyond me. By repeating this process many times, Gabriel and I soon reached my house. When close to the house, we stopped in the lee of a dense arbor vitæ bush, and a strange impulse prompted me to place my hand on Gabriel's shoulder and invite him to enter with me. I made up my mind to meet him halfway, and if the good had really come to the surface to do all in my power to aid him.

"No," he answered. "Never again. My mission in life is to undo the wrong I have done—if I can."

He left me, and his words kept ringing in my ears:

"If I can—if I can!" What did he mean? Had there been more between him and Rosalie than I knew? The thought seemed impious and I tried to throw it off, but it clung to me. Before I had entered the house, it had taken complete possession of my mind.

I did not doubt her; still I could not help remembering the many efforts she had made to tell me a secret that seemed to rest heavily on her heart. I remembered that her courage had failed on more than one occasion, and that she had retreated from an avowal when she had intended to speak. When I stepped on the porch, the door opened before I reached it, and I found Rosalie waiting for me.

"I've been listening at the door for you," she said, affectionately clasping my arm and leading me to the fireplace, where she untied the strings of my blanket and cap, and helped me out of my shell of ice. "The window was covered with frost and I could not watch for you there, so I listened at the door that I might catch the first sound of your footfall. You have been away such a very long time that I became frightened. But I was sure that you knew what you were doing, and I felt that if you did not value your life for your own sake, you would guard it for mine. What should I do without you?"

"What would you do, Rosalie?" I asked, as I sat down in my chair, and Rosalie, as was her wont, knelt beside me.

"I suppose I should die," she answered. "I seem

to get all my life from you. When you are away from me, I hardly breathe until you return."

Her face told the story of her life. There was no evil in it. Whatever her secret may have been, it was not evil.

"What is the great secret you have been keeping from me, Rosalie?" I asked, after a long spell of silence during which we gazed in the fire.

"I do so long to tell you, but I gave a sacred promise that I would not," she answered.

"Did you give the promise to Gabriel?" I asked.

"Yes," was her reply.

"If I were to tell you that Gabriel would release you from your promise, would you tell me—would you believe me?" I questioned.

"Yes, I would believe you, and I would tell you, oh, how gladly!" she replied.

"He releases you completely," I said. "Now you may tell me your secret."

"I'm afraid to tell you," she said, hiding her face on my shoulder.

"Why?" I asked.

"I am afraid you will be angry," she answered.

"Have I ever been angry with you?"

"No, never—even to the extent of one angry word," she replied. "But you have a right to be angry at what I did."

"Well, proceed, and if I'm going to be angry, the quicker I begin, the sooner it will be over," I urged.

"One day when I was terribly blue and despondent,

and Gabriel had been kind and sympathetic, he said that he had something very important to tell me, but made me swear by the memory of my mother, and even by God Himself, that I would never divulge what he told me to anyone," she hesitated. "Of course I was curious, John, but I realized what a sacred oath I must give, and I did not care to take that risk. Then he praised you, and you know that always pleases me, and finally I got out of him that as you and he were such good friends," she looked at me pleadingly, "and at that time, John, you and Gabriel were good friends, he dwelt on this and on the fact that you had told him something you would never tell me, but he felt that I ought to know it. You can imagine, John, that my curiosity was aroused to the highest pitch, and in a moment of weakness, I took this sacred oath and vowed I would never tell you, and I know now it was all wrong," she said, in great distress.

"What did he tell you, Rosalie?" I asked gently.

"He said, John, that you had told him I was your niece, and that you could never marry me, because—because—"

"Continue, Rosalie," I said, as calmly as I could.

"He said you had told him you were already married."

"He told you that!" I cried in amazement. Then it came over me that this was the thing that the poor girl had hinted at many times, and that when I said the time had not come to tell her that which she

longed most to hear, that this was what she thought I meant was standing in my way. She believed I was not free, that I could say nothing to her because I was married, and she could not ask me because she had promised silence to Gabriel.

At once I told Rosalie that Gabriel had told her an untruth. He had guessed that Rosalie was not my niece, and he had told her this lie to turn her against me, but he had not fathomed the depth of a woman's love and loyalty. It was a clever and a diabolical plan and it had brought great suffering to the poor girl. When I enlightened her a smile lit her face that brought joy to my heart, and then she suddenly became sad again.

"Oh, John," she said, "I am glad that you are not married, but I am sad and heartbroken to think how foolish and impulsive and trusting I have been. I have more than this to tell you, John, dear, and—and you must forgive me, or I know I shall die."

"Whatever it is, Rosalie, you are forgiven," I said.

"I told Gabriel my real name, and your real name, and I told him all about you."

"Did you tell him you helped me to escape?" I questioned.

She thought a moment. "No, I did not think of that—you see I was just thinking of you, and forgot all about myself."

"Thank God he does not know that!" I said.

"I would not care if he did."

"No, my dear girl, but I would."

"John," she cried. "tell me, please, tell me that you are not angry."

"I'm not angry, girl," I answered, soothingly. She kissed my hand, and tears sprang to her eyes. After a moment or two, I continued: "I should be angry at Gabriel who so cruelly imposed upon your tender conscience and forced this promise from you, if I were not sorry for the poor creature. I hope he has told no one else. I hope, for your sake, he has not betrayed me, though I greatly fear he has sent word to the Quebec authorities that I am here. My suspicion, I believe, is born of my fear."

Rosalie's eyes opened wide in astonishment, but she did not speak for a moment, then she said:

"No, John, you need not fear he will tell anyone. He promised me on his word of honor, John, as a nobleman and as a gentleman, that he would never tell a human being what I had divulged to him. I realized as soon as I had told him that I was bound not to tell you, unless he gave me permission, but he was not bound to keep my secret, so I begged him to give me his word, and he raised his hand to heaven and swore on his word of honor, so I know he will never tell, of that I am certain."

"When a man is jealous and in love, Rosalie, he sometimes forgets his honor."

"What do you mean, John?"

"I mean that Gabriel, by what he said to Father Ignace and myself, practically told us that you were in love with me."

Her cheeks grew scarlet, as she buried her face in my coat sleeve. "He said, too," I went on, "that you told him I was in love with you, and his conclusions, fostered probably by jealousy, were—were wrong."

"Did he break his word to me?" she asked in a low, tense voice, almost ready, for the first time in her life, to doubt me.

"If you doubt the truth of what I say, I'll gladly fetch him here. He will tell you of his perfidy, or Father Ignace will confirm what I say," I answered, keenly touched by the shadow on her face.

"I do not doubt you," she replied, "and Gabriel's betrayal of my confidence, given under his word of honor, releases me from all obligation to remain silent. This perjured nobleman, this false man, began making love to me soon after we came to the Mission. I laughed at him at first, and may have allowed him to say more than was proper for him to say, but soon he became importunate and swore that he loved me so dearly that he was even ready to repudiate the calling of priesthood, into which he contemplated entering. He said that he would inherit his father's title and estates if he did not enter the priesthood, and that he would make me a countess. I refused and tried to make him feel shame for his words.

"One afternoon while you were away, he came to the house and was so violent that I ordered him to leave, never to return. Next day he returned and was so sorrowful and penitent that I forgave him on con-

dition that his offense should never be repeated. He called the Holy Father to witness that his madness, as he termed it, had passed away, and that I should never again have cause for offense.

"Then came the terrible incident of the iceberg. He told me how he had risked his life trying to save you, and how he had seen you fall into the sea and perish. At first I doubted his story, but he told it so plausibly, and touched so delicately on his heroic efforts to save you, disclaiming any credit and declaring that he did only what any man would have done, that I began to believe him. When you returned and said you had not fallen into the sea, I knew he had lied to me, though what you said in his defense made me feel that perhaps I was wrong in doubting him. I have never been sure that you were not saving him at the expense of truth. Again I began to trust him and to treat him kindly, and again his so-called madness returned, and on at least one occasion he fell into what he was pleased to call a frenzy of love. Since then I have hated him."

She ceased speaking and wept convulsively, her arms clasping my neck and her face buried on my breast.

"Why did you not tell me of his conduct?" I asked softly.

"I was afraid you might have trouble with him, and I did not want to make you unhappy," she answered, sobbing hysterically. "But you don't doubt me, do you, John?"

"No, child, not even in one little thought," I replied, smoothing her hair caressingly.

"Please don't call me child," she said, patting my shoulder with her hand. "I'm not a child."

"You are, and you are not," I returned. "You are everything that is beautiful in both child and woman."

"Please say that again," she asked, from the heart of her childlike nature.

She rested her head on my shoulder, while her sobs were growing less frequent, and when they had stopped, she rose to her feet, saying:

"Now let us be happy—just as happy as ever we can be. We are here with each other; we have the coziest little home on earth, and everything we need to make us comfortable, but above all, we are safe from the bloodhounds of England."

"You are right, Rosalie," I answered. "Let us be happy, for we are safe."

I was not at all sure that we were safe from the bloodhounds of England. From the moment I learned that Gabriel had discovered the frightful secret of my life, I was in a fever of fear. His repentance after he learned his error seemed sincere, and I so far trusted him as to believe that I was safe from betrayal at his hands if he had not already betrayed me. I believed that all his hatred of me had grown out of his thought that I was a menace to Rosalie, if not an active evil in her life, and that it was his duty to save her from me. I knew that his

sense of duty had been greatly stimulated by jealousy and love, but I also felt that when the sense of duty was entirely removed by the correction of the error which he had believed, he might be trusted and would not betray me to the English authorities at Quebec or Tadousac. His words, "I will undo the wrong I have done if I can—if I can," led me to believe that he had already betrayed me.

Old Jeronvray, the Indian that Gabriel had rescued from Fish Island, had disappeared with a dog-train and sled soon after my return from the iceberg. The matter was reported to the Mission, but little was thought about it. Indians had frequently disappeared, and after wandering in the forests for months, had usually returned to the village before winter. Jeronvray's absence, after winter had set in, was of little consequence to anyone, and was easily accounted for in many ways, but after I learned that Gabriel knew that I had been sentenced to death in England, I began to connect Jeronvray's absence with the nobleman's well-known desire for revenge, and the words, "If I can—if I can," made me resolve more surely than ever before to send Rosalie to her father with the "Silver Fox" when it sailed in the spring, and to take myself to some other place of concealment, for I did not want to be hanged. Of course, I did not tell Rosalie my fears. I told her what Gabriel had said, omitting all mention of his attempt to kill me.

"He was afraid some great injury would befall you

at my hands," I said laughing, "and wanted to protect—to save you from me."

"How little he knows you, John," she said, taking two or three steps toward me and clasping her hands. "You injure me? You could as easily injure yourself."

"Far more easily, Rosalie," I interrupted.

"It is amusing, John," she continued, "that anyone that knows us should imagine that I need protection against you. All the protection I get or want comes from you. It is so strong and so good and so sure that I relax every nerve, mentally, morally, and physically, and trust you to make every move for me. It is so easy, so luxurious to have someone upon whom you can throw all responsibilities, all problems, all questions to settle—even little ones—and know that it will all be done for you better than you can do it for yourself. But I fear it will make me lazy and effortless. Poor Gabriel Du Barr! What pitiful fools love makes of some men."

"No," I objected. "Love does not make the fool; it only develops him."

"Well, I'm sorry for him," she continued. "It makes me laugh to think that his chivalric soul should conceive the fancy that I needed to be saved from you. Yes, I pity him."

"You know Shakespeare says 'Pity is near akin to love,'" I suggested.

"I'm sure there is not a woman in the world will agree with him if—if—he means the sort of love

that—that—I don't know how to express what I mean—the sort of love a man wants from a woman; that is, the sort I should want if I were a man."

"What sort of love would you want from a woman if you were a man?" I asked, wondering what was in her mind.

"I should want the love that would deem me strong even if I were weak, the love that would believe me great even if I were small, good if I were bad, the love that would pity me only when I suffered. I should want a love that would cause a woman to throw herself into my arms unconditionally, believing that all good would come to her by doing so, but caring not one little farthing whether good or evil waited on her act."

"You would ask a great deal from a woman," I said.

"I should be asking only that which would insure her happiness. The love I have described is the only sort of love I could give a man," she answered, seating herself upon the hearth and gazing meditatively into the fire. "Such a love, I suppose, would come only to a man whose one great purpose in life was to achieve happiness for the woman whose love he sought. No doubt many a woman is imposed upon, and gives a great love to a man wholly unworthy of it. But I believe that, usually, when a woman gives to a man the sort of love I should want if I were a man, he deserves it—and more."

"What a long, sentimental dictum on love," I

said, "and all about the love you would want from a woman if you were a man. Not one word about the love a woman would want."

"Well, you know," she answered, with a nervous, fluttering little laugh, "the quality of the love a woman gives is much more important to her than that which she receives. In a way her love determines and, in a manner, creates the quality of that which she receives. That is to say, the love she receives is to her what her love makes it seem to be."

"Where did you learn all those truths, Rosalie?" I asked, leaning toward her as I sat in my chair. "Did you learn them at Doctor Grant's school?"

"No, no," she answered, throwing back her head, her red lips parting in a laugh. "No, no! One learns only of commodities at Doctor Grant's school. There one learns of tons, hundredweights, squares, angles, and Presbyterian philosophy—my mother was a Catholic, my father is a Presbyterian. I just thought it all out. I got it all from here," (she touched her heart) "and from here," (touching her head). She leaned back, supporting herself with one hand on the floor, and pointing toward me with the other said: "And there."

Her two thick braids of dark hair hung beside her, reaching to the floor where she sat. Her face upturned to me was radiant with joy; her red, moist lips parted to show the gleam of her teeth; her great eyes, lustrous with the fire of love, seemed almost to speak; her pose, half lying, half sitting on the

floor, displaying her marvelous grace and exquisite curves of form, were all more than I could withstand. For a moment I lost myself, and falling to my knees beside her, I snatched the extended hand and covered it with kisses. But my prayer came to my rescue and I rose to my feet. I forced a poor excuse for a laugh as I said:

"You have learned nothing of love from me, Rosalie." Then I hurriedly left the room by the back door, saying: "I must water the cow and the pigs."

"You have already watered them," I heard her say, as still sitting on the floor, she turned toward me with evident intent to keep me with her.

I swelled with pride as I walked to the stable, and said to myself: "There's not another man living who could have resisted her for one moment."

And I still believe I was right.

CHAPTER XIV

THE OLD MAN OF THE NORTH

THE storm lasted for nearly two weeks and we were very happy in our snug little house. True, we sometimes felt the biting of the cold, for the fireplace did not serve as well as a stove to warm the rooms at night. But we soon learned to awaken when the fires needed replenishing, and with the help of our fur garments, we were more than comfortable—we were luxurious and very happy. As the days passed the storm grew more violent, and more than once I congratulated myself on having built the inclosed shed from the house to the stable. There were several days in which I should have found it a hard and dangerous task to feed the stock. With the shed to protect me from the storm, the care of the stock was a delightful occupation.

At nightfall, when I left the cows happily munching hay, when the pigs, lying as close to each other as they could, grunted comfortably under the straw with which I half covered them, when the chickens, with the rooster complacently appropriating the warm corner, huddled close together and clucked in a revel of coziness, my own heart warmed at the thought of their comfort, and I glowed with that

best of all emotions, the joy we feel from having made others happy. Pigs and cows and chickens, and all living things save the snake and the fool, are "others" to me, in the sense in which I have used the word.

After we had fed the livestock, and had made them cozy for the night, we would go to the house and prepare our supper. In the cooking, of course, Rosalie was dictator and general manager. Each evening it was an exquisite dramatic poem enacted before my eyes. Her eager earnestness in doing the one thing she could do, her painful fear lest I should not like this dish or that was beautiful and touching.

"Oh, I hope you'll like it, but I fear it will not be good!" "Oh, the coffee. I just know it is too strong!" or "not strong enough;" "I do believe I've burned my bread!" "O dear! I know those cakes are going to be heavy, and you do love them when they are nice and light!"

At times, when disaster really befell a dish under preparation, she would drop her work, and with face hot and flushed by the fire, would run to me, fall on her knees beside my chair, and shed tears of nervousness and chagrin.

Cooking the supper was too important an affair to permit of much laughter, but success having been assured, one might laugh to one's heart's content. So were the dishes another dramatic poem, but it was along comedy lines, and it was filled with laughter from the curtain rise until the drop. I often wanted

to help Rosalie in this work, but she always refused my assistance.

"You help me feed the stock," I would say, "and I ought to help you with your work."

"I help you feed the stock because I love to do it," she would answer.

"And I want to help you with your work because—" But she would never permit me to finish, and would interrupt me, saying:

"You sit there and watch me. I'm going to roll up my sleeves and you may admire my elbows, and then I'm going to sing and—and perhaps laugh a little. There, now," pushing me back into my great chair, "You sit there and speak only when you are spoken to."

With sleeves rolled up to her elbows and with dress skirt tucked about her waist, with apron and bib in place and dishcloth in hand, she would fall upon the dishes in the great wooden bowl before her on the table, and her delightful chatter and laughter would begin. Rosalie laughed and talked so much during the process of dishwashing that the pleasing task sometimes required two hours' work.

After the supper, when the dishes were all washed, we built the fire up to the full limit of the fireplace, and the quieter portion of the evening began. I failed to say that I had brought from the "Fontanac" a score of books and a violin. These, with the fire, made the time pass all too quickly, and I almost hoped that the storm would last forever.

One morning after the storm had been raging nearly a fortnight, I opened the door just as the sun was rising and found the weather calm and beautiful. The scene below in the snow-covered ravine and in the valley beyond was exquisite. The storm had painted a wonderful winter scene. The stables, warehouses, and other buildings in the valley were almost covered with snow; only the gable peaks and the chimneys were visible. From the chimneys curled blue spirals of smoke, each telling its story of a warm hearth, and mounting straight to the sky through the cold, still air of the morning.

Rosalie and I covered ourselves in furs and stood on our porch watching the wonderful view, but we dared not remain inactive long in such a temperature, so after drinking in the exquisite beauty for a few minutes, we turned to enter the house. At that moment I heard a voice that seemed almost at my elbow. I easily recognized it as Tom Watts' voice and turned to speak to him. No one was near me, but down in the valley, nearly one-fourth of a mile distant, I saw a man standing before a door of one of the houses, and I knew it was his voice that had come to me through frost-charged atmosphere with startling clearness. Hardly believing it possible for him to hear me, I shouted:

"Good morning, Tom!"

"Good morning, Mr. Alden!" answered Tom in tones that came to me, clear and distinct as a bell. "I'm a-comin' up to see ye just as soon as I can."

"You can't come too quickly to please me, Tom," I answered. Then I waved my hand and followed Rosalie into the house.

Soon after breakfast, Tom Watts, almost smothered in furs, came to see me. I was glad to see his face, although it was an exceedingly ugly one, and welcomed him most heartily.

"Where have you been during the storm?" I asked.

"I've been a-stoppin' with Jacques Couer," he answered, "and a devil of a time we've had of it. He's a half-breed, ye know, and so is his wife and his daughter Josephine. I was with the bloomin' mess nearly a week before I knew the girl's name, though I heard them call it every hour—almost every minute. They call her Yosepha, and expect a white man to know that they mean Josephine. That French is a hell of a language—beg the lady's pardon—and none o' them could talk any English to speak of. I didn't know a word o' their bloomin' lingo, and they knew little more o' mine. You'd ha' died a-hearin' me ask for pea-soup when the daughter wasn't at hand. She talks a little English, but Jacques and old Yosepha don't know pea-soup from bread. Well, I tell ye, it was comical. If I asked for pea-soup when the girl wasn't there, I'd get enough fat pork to founder a shark, and if I wanted fat pork, the old woman would almost drown me in pea-soup. In course, I could ha' p'inted, but mother near broke my first finger with the handle of her knife for p'intin', and

I've never done it since. But that wasn't what I wanted to talk to you about," continued Tom hesitatingly, "though it hinges on it."

"What do you want to talk to me about?" I asked. He glanced uneasily toward Rosalie, and I said: "Do you wish Miss Alden to leave the room?"

"No, no," he answered. "I reckon it's all right for her to hear. What I want is a little advice."

"Very well," I answered. "That's one thing everybody longs to give. Go ahead."

"Well this is how," said Tom. "Josephine is a mighty pretty girl and a good one. She is happy-hearted, and good tempered—that's a mighty good point in a wife, Mr. Alden, and she can do more work than a foresail in a fair wind. Well, as I said, this is how. One day she said to me, right afore the old folks, ye understand, for they didn't know a word we said—she said to me: 'Mæstro Watt, I tink yo—a awful pritty man.'"

Rosalie let off an explosion of laughter that checked, for a time, Tom's narrative. The idea of Tom being pretty was enough to have prompted shouts of laughter in one much less given to it than Rosalie. I held up my hand warningly to her, and she smothered her mirth as well as she could. She was not entirely successful, and after a moment's silence, Tom grinned and said:

"I don't blame her for laughin'. It does seem funny to me. The girl must be a fool. Mebbe, if she's fool enough to think I'm pritty, I'd better have

none of her. The underside of a mud turtle has lines o' beauty that'd make my face ashamed of itself."

"Your face is all right, Tom," I said reassuringly. "It is an honest one, at least."

"I 'ope as how it is," said Tom. Then he began again his interrupted narrative. "Well, this is how. She said I was a awful pritty man, and I said I thought she was a very pritty girl—which she is, though perhaps it wasn't safe for me to say so. Then she said, 'If we bot' t'ink we pritty, why don' we get marry?' I knowed then I'd made a mistake when I told her she was pritty. But there's no drawin' back words once spoke, so I said: 'I'll talk it over with Mr. Alden when the storm is over, and let you know,' says I. So now I want to know what's best to do?"

"Do you love her?" asked Rosalie.

Tom looked at her questioningly, grinned and answered: "I'm sure I don't know, Miss. She's a good girl to work, an' I think she's pritty. I don't know as 'ow I can say anything better of her."

"I advise you to marry her, Tom," said I. "She will make you a good wife, and you will be kind to her and will support her."

"Sure!" replied Tom, grinning. "I couldn't be unkind to a worm if I tried, much less to a Christian soul. The question is, will she be kind to me? As for supporting her, I'll find the tea if she'll find the 'ot water."

Tom hurried away, and within two hours returned with Yosepha, ready for the wedding.

"Come with us to Father Ignace," said Tom, after I had closed the door on Yosepha and him. They stood before the fire, Yosepha with downcast eyes, clinging blushingly to Tom's arm, and looking very pretty in her wedding finery.

"Ye'll excuse her a-holdin' on to me," said Tom, speaking in a ship's whisper, and calling my attention to Yosepha's arm within his. "She's afeared I'll get away, but she need have no fear, poor thing. I gave her my word, and when a man once gives his word, he sticks to it if he be a man. Yes," continued Tom, meditatively gazing into the fire, "A word once given an' hell's to pay."

Luckily Yosepha's knowledge of English was not sufficient to enable her to grasp Tom's meaning, though his meaning was not as bad as it sounded.

We all went over to the priest's house, and Father Ignace, dispensing with banns, united Tom and Yosepha in the holy bonds of matrimony. It was near noon when the ceremony was over, so Rosalie invited the bride and groom and Father Ignace to dine with us. The invitation was accepted, and before long we were seated about the table, eating a delicious dinner that Rosalie and Yosepha had cooked. Father Ignace brought a bottle of wine with him, and we all drank to the health of the bride.

During the dinner, Father Ignace informed us that Gabriel had taken up his abode in the village on the second day of the storm, as he seemed to want to be by himself for a while.

"Do you know if Jeronvray returned before the storm?" I asked of Yosepha.

"No, he not return," she answered. "He go 'way, ver' far 'way. He go for Gabriel."

My worst fears were confirmed. I was sure that Gabriel had sent Jeronvray to Quebec with a letter betraying me. I had fancied myself safe in this hidden corner of the world, but I had been undone by this madman. I was happy and had allowed myself to be lulled into restfulness. I had at times almost been convinced that I was safe in marrying Rosalie.

As long as it was possible for me to suffer the sentence of death imposed on me, I had not dared even to think of Rosalie as my wife, but as time passed, the feeling of security had grown upon me, and I had, upon rare occasions, allowed myself to dream of the time when the fair girl would be my wife. But now this man had ruined all. His love, I knew, had caused him to suffer from a blind, raging jealousy, but I felt sure he was not a bad man, and I was certain his jealousy alone would not have prompted him to betray me. His jealousy had instigated his dastardly act, but that he regretted what he had done, I believed. But his regret would bring me no help. He had said: "I will undo the wrong I have done if I can—if I can." In that little "if" there was the wide span between life and death for me.

After Yosepha had told me that Jeronvray had gone far away on a mission for Gabriel, my appetite

left me, and the remainder of my portion of the wedding dinner remained untouched.

After our guests had departed, I longed to be alone. Even Rosalie's presence was a burden I could hardly endure. My soul was full of bitterness against all mankind, and I wanted to be alone that I might, if possible, throw it off. I told Rosalie I wanted to rest, and she went to her room, saying that I should call her later. My mind floundered hopelessly in the sea of my trouble for fully an hour, but at the expiration of that time, I began to form indefinitely shaped plans. At first I determined to speak to Gabriel and show him the true color of his act, but there had sprung up in my heart a hatred of him that forbade my appealing to him for help. My hatred was more toward his weakness than his villainy. I did not think him capable of doing, through malice, what he had done, because I considered him a fool. If he had betrayed me I did not see how he could rectify his error, for it was now too late.

After two hours of effort, I determined to take my time in formulating my plans. Five or perhaps six months would intervene before a vessel could reach us from Quebec. As for a land attack, I had no fear. Jeronvray, an Indian, might make his way overland from the Mission to Quebec, but no white man would undertake it. Therefore I determined to wait patiently, to think carefully, and to be happy while I might in the sunshine of Rosalie's smiles. One

definite conclusion I had reached. It was but a reiteration, an emphasizing of an old one. I would place Rosalie aboard the "Silver Fox" when the ship sailed for Tadousac, and then I would follow out whatever plan seemed best. The plan most prominent in my mind was to take a gun and ammunition, strike out to the north and lose myself in the trackless wilderness. I reasoned after this fashion:

When Gabriel's letter should reach Quebec, the authorities there would not be apt to act upon the unsupported accusation of an unknown person, especially when their action would involve the expense and trouble of sending a boat four or five hundred miles to arrest me. They would communicate with the authorities at Hull, and if Gabriel's statements were confirmed, the government at Quebec would move in the matter. I was sure, therefore, that I would have ample time to make my escape after the sailing of the "Silver Fox." I felt that I should not be in danger before midsummer, and I would see to it that I was beyond the reach of my enemies long before that time. Having settled the matter, at least, for the time being, I gave myself up to the happiness that was at hand.

When the fine winter weather set in, I made a pair of snowshoes for Rosalie and one for myself. Rosalie already knew how to use them, and I soon learned the art. On days when the cold was moderate, we made long snowshoe excursions, and I killed many beautiful fur-bearing animals. Two rare blue foxes

fell to my lot, and upon one occasion, I shot a silver fox. From its skin I made for Rosalie a beautiful muff, such as the Queen of England might have longed to possess. In our larder hung deer, pheasants, partridges, blue grouse and fish, giving us a choice in our bill of fare that would have turned a clubman green with envy.

At times the weather was frightfully cold, but the great stock of wood I had provided warmed us, and as we became used to the low temperature, we grew to love it. Never were a man and a woman happier than Rosalie and I during that long, dark winter. Toward midwinter the days grew short, but we loved the darkness with its starlit sky, and seemed to grow nearer to each other as each brief day was done.

Christmas was a beautiful season and was celebrated by everybody, whites, half-breeds and Indians, at a great feast in the long warehouse in the valley. The feast was the only occasion on which I saw Gabriel between the time of our interview at the priest's house and the opening of spring.

Scattered at intervals throughout the winter, nature celebrated for us by an offering of fireworks such as the hand of man never approached in grandeur. The aurora borealis was our entertainer. I well remember one cold night late in January. Early in the evening we had noticed a few scattered flashes in the north, and all signs seemed to point to a brilliant display later in the night.

Rosalie and I were sitting close to the fire, reading

by turns from a book we had borrowed from Father Ignace, "Sossman's Life of Constantine." Rosalie was reading about the sign of the cross seen by Constantine in the heavens, and was deeply interested, and very much excited.

"Ah, why did God give all these signs so long ago?" Rosalie asked, turning her face toward me. "Why does He not give them now? Mankind must surely be just as dear to Him now as in olden times. I shall make a novena, asking Him to give a sign to the men that condemned you, telling all the world that you are innocent."

"You must remember, Rosalie," I answered, "that the sense of outraged justice that persecuted me is born of hatred; therefore no sign could affect it. If God were to send an angel from heaven, it would not convince a man whose love for justice is but another name for his hatred of men."

"But I'll make a novena," returned Rosalie, "for I believe no heart is so hard that it can withstand a sign from God."

Just at that moment when she had finished speaking, our room was illuminated by a light of remarkable refulgence, pouring through the glass window that we had left uncovered for the purpose of seeing the aurora borealis, if it appeared.

Rosalie dropped her book, crying excitedly: "The sign! The sign!"

We ran to the door, each snatching a blanket as we went. Within thirty seconds of seeing the light

through the window, we were standing on our porch, amazed and wonderstruck at the sight before us. The entire sky to the north was brilliant with a thousand hues of fire. Night was turned into day, and objects in the valley a quarter of a mile distant were as clearly visible as if the sun were shining. Standing not twenty feet from our porch was a man wrapped in a blanket. When he saw us, he hurried away, and soon we saw him start down the cliff path to the valley.

"Who was that?" whispered Rosalie.

"I did not see his face," I answered, "but he looked like an Indian. He may have been out to visit his traps."

I did not want her to know that the man was Du Barr, but I failed in trying to deceive her. Within a moment or two, she said:

"That man was Gabriel. I wonder if he has been lying in wait to kill you, or to kidnap me."

She laughed and clung closely to my arm. Her laughter seemed cruel in the light of what I knew to be true. I knew that Gabriel was suffering the pangs of the damned. Rejected love, burning jealousy and corroding remorse, the three most relentless devils that can torment a human soul, had him fast in their clutches, and I pitied him. He was responsible for none of them. He could not prevent nor cure his love, nor did he bring it on himself. To fall in love with Rosalie or with any other girl, was probably the one thing of all others he would not have done delib-

erately. Jealousy was but a corollary to his love. Remorse came because he had, through mistake, and perhaps because of a motive not unmixed with good, committed a base crime, the evil of which he could not undo or prevent.

Poor Gabriel! I almost loved him for what he suffered, and it pained me to hear Rosalie laugh at his agony. I tried to make her see that he was to be pitied, but I might as well have talked to one of the huge pine trees standing near us. Of course I never told her my fear, I might say, my certainty, concerning Jeronvray's mission and Gabriel's part in it.

I shall not try to describe the marvelous display we witnessed that night. The universe seemed to be on fire. Father Ignace came to our house and stood with us for hours, watching the beautiful sight. At intervals of ten or fifteen minutes, we entered the house and warmed ourselves and our blankets, and then we went out again to watch the sky, fascinated by its splendor. The memory of that night will remain with me as long as I live.

After many happy weeks, winter began to show signs of breaking. The first real indication of a thaw so deluged my soul in gloom that I remained away from Rosalie all day, fearing to trust myself with her until I had again grown used to the thought of sending her away. Ice was my only hope. As long as the ice held, as long as dear old winter gripped the waters of the St. Lawrence, I was protected and my paradise was safe, but when the ice should go, Rosalie, too,

would go, and then I knew that I would again take up my race with death and once more become a hunted thing upon the face of the earth. I wonder that I did not hate Gabriel for bringing this hard fate upon me, but I did not.

Then the spring came quickly on us. Furs that had been taken in the winter were packed, ready for shipment on board the "Silver Fox." The boat would sail two or three weeks after the ice from the St. Lawrence should cease to appear in the bay.

I had explained to Father Ignace my desire to send Rosalie with the vessel, and though not entirely sure that it was my duty to send her to her father, he acquiesced and agreed to help me to persuade her to go peacefully. I knew there would be a terrible scene when I should tell her of my determination, but I nerved myself for the ordeal, and had no thought of drawing back from a duty that was as clear as day. I could not take her to the wilderness with me, nor could I leave her here. To remain with her at the Mission meant death to me, and probably imprisonment to her.

Gabriel's treachery left but one course open to me, and I would take it, even though it should break my heart and bring terrible grief to Rosalie. Time, I knew, would cure her; I did not want to be cured. It often happens that a woman's sorrow becomes her greatest joy. She revels in it, hugs it to her breast and loves it, but that benediction seldom falls upon a man. I was the lucky one. I loved Rosalie so

deeply, so tenderly, so truly that pain for her sake was sweet. Even the pain of separation, which at times reached the point of agony, was welcomed by me, because I knew it was the price I was paying for her future happiness. I gloried in the consciousness that I was purchasing her future good at the cost of infinite pain to myself. I would have paid for her happiness with the last drop of my blood quite as willingly.

I have told you of my eternal love for Rosalie, hoping that I might convey to you an idea of my suffering, as the time approached for sending her away. As an hour would suffice to make the necessary preparations, I decided not to mention the matter to her until the last possible moment. I knew she would beg me not to send her, and following her pleadings would come storm, for with all her gentleness, she was strong and could battle ferociously in a good cause. I had pictured her in all her phases, but I feared her most when her storm had passed, when she had learned that her battle was lost. Then her grief would turn to agony, and her surrender would be the hardest part of the conflict for me to withstand. For weeks prior to the probable time of her departure, I had fortified myself against all that might turn me from my purpose, and I had no fear that I should lack the strength to do my duty toward the girl whom I loved better than I loved my life.

CHAPTER XV

THE ATONEMENT

AS the spring progressed, time seemed to gallop, and I suffered as I hope no other man will ever be called upon to suffer. Rosalie's happiness, that seemed to grow with the wild flowers and the leaves, wounded me, because I knew that I must soon hurt her. Her joyousness, when she would come in with her arms full of trailing arbutus, sweet smelling as the jasmine, pierced my heart with poignant pain. I felt that I was plotting against her, and was playing the traitor to her and to her love. There was treason and treachery in my heart; treason and treachery toward her in whose heart there had never dwelt one emotion that had not been true to me. But my treason was for her good. I could but cry in my heart: "God help me and pity me!" My struggle to do right was so great, the price it cost me in pain and agony was so stupendous, so crushing, so killing that I knew God would come to my help, and would give me strength to do my duty, and to endure the pain.

Rosalie noticed my troubled condition, and her little artifices to soothe and comfort me made her presence almost more than I could endure. I began

to remain away from her as much as possible, though every moment in her presence was a moment of paradise.

Never while I live shall I forget one bright spring day that I spent with Rosalie. Early in the morning Father Ignace had told me that on the following day the "Silver Fox" would sail. The spring was well advanced and the sailing of the "Silver Fox" had been delayed for repairs. I had little fear of the arrival of the authorities from Quebec to capture me, for as I have said, I supposed they would wait to hear from England before proceeding in the affair. But the delay in the sailing of the "Silver Fox" and the rapid advance of spring had begun to alarm me. I had begun to fear that the Quebec authorities might not wait for instructions from England, but might come soon after the opening of navigation. I had another reason for regretting the delay of the "Silver Fox"; I wanted the agony of the separation from Rosalie over. It had to come, and it were better to have it over as soon as possible. So when Father Ignace told me that the boat would sail next day, there was mingled with my suffering a sense of relief.

I went to our house, where I found Rosalie radiantly happy, performing her little household duties. I could not tell her my purpose then. I could not bring myself to the point of hurting her until it was absolutely necessary. It was equally impossible to remain with her during the day. I should have gone insane. To avoid seeing her, I took down my

gun and said I would go out to kill a brace of ducks.

"I may be gone most of the day," I said to Rosalie, as I stored a light lunch in my pocket. "The ducks have not yet come in large numbers, and I may have trouble in finding them."

"I'll be ready to go with you in just one moment," she cried, joyously. "Wait until I put on my heavy boots. Please don't run away from me."

I wanted to die where I stood. My suffering was more than a human soul should be called upon to endure. But I said almost roughly:

"You cannot go with me to-day, Rosalie."

I did not stop to argue with her; that would have been dangerous. But I hurried down the ravine path, and when I looked back, I saw her standing like a drooping rose, watching me. She threw me a kiss and put her handkerchief to her eyes, and I knew she was weeping because I had hurt her.

Her tears broke down my resolution, and I resolved to spend my last hours with her, and if it was within my power, I intended to fill with joy her last moments with me, for at last it came over me with crushing force, that after she left me on the "Silver Fox" I would never see her again. So I returned to the house, and put up my gun, and again Rosalie smiled, and was joyous. That was worth everything.

In my highly nervous state I knew I could not remain in the house, so I suggested to Rosalie that we take a walk to Lookout Hill. Joyfully she assented,

and we started out. Rosalie grasped my hand, and we climbed the hill and walked along its crest a distance of perhaps a mile, to a point where it terminated in a cliff that dropped sheer two hundred feet to the rocks, and the seething sea below. At the foot was a whirlpool fathoms deep, that dashed and crashed against the rocks, and bore the cry of death on the crest of every wave. Often I had looked over this frightful cliff, and many times I had thought that one step from its brink would be the easiest way to solve all my problems and to cure my sorrows after Rosalie had gone in the "Silver Fox," so you can see how I was fighting, and how despairing was my state of mind.

Within ten feet from the edge of the cliff, at the point where it rose highest from the sea, was a rocky bench from which a view of the little harbor at the Indian village, and the bay of St. Lawrence for miles to the south and west could be seen. To this rock Rosalie led me. As I sat down beside her, I saw a vessel entering the harbor. It glided in slowly, the sails dropped, the clink of the anchor chain came to my ears, and I knew that on the boat was an officer coming to take me back to Quebec, and thence to Hull. The "Silver Fox" had waited one day too long, and the moment had arrived when I must tell Rosalie the decision I had made to send her to Quebec on the "Silver Fox." Already people were disembarking from the vessel, and within an hour they would come for me.

The shock was like a sudden stroke of paralysis. It numbed me. I seemed powerless to act or speak. How could I wound this girl whom I loved? Rosalie had been looking back to our home, and had not yet seen the vessel. Suddenly she turned and looked at me, then she gave a cry, and rose to her feet.

"John!" she cried, "You look ill. What is the trouble?" She saw my eyes fixed on the vessel, and looked in that direction, then she turned again to me. "John! John! Do you mean that boat has come for you?"

I nodded my head.

"But you must escape," she cried.

"That is out of the question," I replied. "Don't you see, my child, this is inevitable. Innocent or guilty, sooner or later, the hand of the law will close on me."

"You may be mistaken. This vessel may be here for some other purpose.

"Not at this season of the year, Rosalie. For several months I have been certain that Gabriel, in his mad jealousy, has sent word to Quebec betraying me. Now I know it. That boat is coming for me, Rosalie. There is no place on the face of the earth where I may hide. They will hang me, and if it were not for you, I should wish it over."

"You shall not go alone, John."

When she spoke these words I knew that my hour had come. I asked her to sit down again beside me, and I took her hand. "Rosalie," I said very quietly.

"In an hour an officer of the Crown will be here for me. He shall find me. There is no way in which I can escape. I am doomed, but I shall not drag you down."

"Don't say that, John."

"I must say it, Rosalie. Won't you ever understand that I cannot drag you down with me because—I love you."

"Oh, John," she pleaded, "please say that again."

"I will say it again, Rosalie, for I have thought it a thousand times. I love you, love you more than my life or my happiness, and I am going to prove it to you, that is why, my dear child, you must be very patient, and listen to me. What I am now doing is only on account of my love for you. To-morrow, Rosalie, at dawn the 'Silver Fox' sails, and I have arranged for the boat to go all the way to Quebec, and leave you there with the resident partner of the Hudson Bay Company, so that you may go to your father. I have thought it all out, Rosalie. For the past month I have been almost insane at the thought of losing you, but I know it is the only honorable thing to do."

"Don't you know, John, that if an officer of the Crown comes to arrest you, he will also have to arrest me? You must not forget that I helped you to escape."

"But Gabriel does not know this, and neither does this officer. Fortunately he only comes for me," I answered.

"Then I shall tell him, John, that I am also wanted by the Crown in England."

"And do you think I should permit you to do this? I should be the basest man on earth if I were to drag you down to death with me."

"But I shall not go, John. I shall not go! Please tell me you do not mean that I shall leave you to-morrow. I cannot! I will not! Oh, John! My love, my love! I should die!" She fell upon her knees beside me, and clung to me, and tears streamed down her face. "You do not know what you ask, John. John!" she cried, pleading passionately with her eyes, and clinging desperately to me. "I should die!" she moaned. "I cannot leave you! I beg you don't try to put me away from you—unless—unless you do not love me!"

"Oh, Rosalie, you are tearing my heartstrings, you are making me suffer beyond human endurance. You know I love you, but how great my love is you shall never know unless you can measure my love by the agony I suffer in parting from you forever."

"But we shall not part," she cried, eagerly, pleadingly. "We shall live together as long as we can, and when we must die, we shall die together. We must never part."

"Yes, we must part, Rosalie," I replied, my words almost killing me as I spoke. "There is no other way. You are going. All your life is before you. I must think and act for both of us, and I must save you from myself. I have fully made up my mind, Rosalie.

Please do not make my burden harder to bear than it already is. Help me, girl, help me! The decree is invincible. You must go with the 'Silver Fox' in the morning."

She rose to her feet, her tears ceased to flow, the lines of her face hardened, and she said:

"If you will not listen to my entreaties, you will at least respect my will. I will not go, I will not obey you. I have never refused instant obedience to your slighest wish, and now I tell you I will not go. You can make me go aboard the "Silver Fox" only by force, and you would not do that. Even if you should wish to use force, Father Ignace would not permit you to do so."

"Yes, he will," I answered. "He knows all the facts in the case, and he agrees with me that you must go."

She stepped back from me, and her eyes were big with wonder, fear and astonishment, as she said:

"Do you mean what you say, John? Do you really mean that I must go with the 'Silver Fox' at dawn to-morrow, even if you are compelled to put me aboard by force?"

"Yes," I answered stubbornly, clinging to my resolve, and determined not to let my love for this girl break down my decision, built so solidly on what I knew was right and best for her. I had expected opposition, but little did I realize the unflinching power of a woman in love. The question of using

force to put her on board the "Silver Fox" had never presented itself to me, but when she suggested it as the only means of inducing her to go, I thought I would let her believe I intended using it, if necessary, though I did not believe at the end I should have to take this step. I thought that I might induce her to go quietly if I led her to believe that I would use force in case she refused. She stood for a moment before me, the image of defiance, and again said, but this time very quietly, and with intenseness:

"Do you mean it, John?" She stepped to the brink of the cliff. "Answer me quickly, John. I prefer the whirlpool to the 'Silver Fox.' Don't delude yourself by doubting that I shall take my choice. Again I ask you, do you mean it? Answer quickly, or it will be too late!"

"No, no, Rosalie!" I cried in desperation. "I did not mean it. Come to me, Rosalie, and never leave my side again. Come life or death, we shall meet them together. Come, Rosalie! Come!"

I held out my arms. She ran to them, they closed about her, and I kissed her again and again.

Then hand in hand we started down the hill towards the house of Father Ignace to meet our fate together, resolved to live, or if necessary, to die together. When we came to the bottom of the hill we met Tom and his bride. They were radiantly happy, and their joy seemed to stab Rosalie and me to the heart, for we saw only sorrow ahead of us. At last Tom noticed how serious I seemed, and his broad smile was

changed to a look of inquiry, and even the Indian girl seemed to sense trouble.

I held out my hand. "Good-by, Tom," I said, clasping his hand. "Good-by, old fellow. Think of me always, and do not forget, Tom, to be kind, and gentle, with that poor little Indian girl. She worships you, Tom, and you must always bring that look to her eyes."

"You talk like you was going to a funeral, Mr. Alden," he said.

"Perhaps I am, Tom—perhaps, I am, who can tell," I replied.

Rosalie gave a sob, and I pressed her hand.

Tom slapped me on the back. "They will have to bury me too, and don't you forget that, my hearty."

I looked towards the house of Father Ignace, quite a half a mile away, and saw two strangers approaching it. I turned and looked at Rosalie. She did not flinch, but looked straight into my eyes. "I cannot tell you any more, Tom, but you and your bride can come with us, and you will soon learn everything."

"Sure I will come with you, Mr. Alden, and if there is any fighting to do, Tom is right with you."

As we approached the house of Father Ignace we saw the strangers disappear within, and just as we reached the door Father Ignace and Gabriel came out, followed by the two strangers.

Suddenly Rosalie gave a cry. One of the strangers, a tall man with a gray beard, held out his arms, and

she rushed into them, and kissed him, at the same time crying out 'Father.'"

How he had learned that Rosalie was here I could not guess, but I imagined Rosalie was just as surprised as myself. Father Ignace smiled at her joy, and a great relief came to me. No matter what happened to me, Rosalie was safe—safe with her father, and I felt that now she would not betray herself to the officer, for I was positive that the other stranger was an officer of the Crown. There was an air about him that indicated his business, and his general alertness, and quick sharp eyes seemed to verify the opinion I had formed, and the fact that Gabriel seemed to be on familiar terms with him.

Rosalie released herself, and taking her father by the hand, led him to me. "If it had not been for this gentleman, father, my life would have been lost, for he surely saved it, and he has protected me all these months just as you would have done."

While she was speaking I could feel the eyes of the other man measuring me silently, and could see Gabriel whispering to him. Mr. Dean took my hand in a firm clasp. "You have proven yourself a noble man, and I want to hear from you and Rosalie all about your adventures, but first of all I want to thank you—to thank you as only a father can thank the man who has saved the life of his precious daughter. I shall always remain in your debt, and shall be thankful to you as long as I live, Mr.—Mr.—"

"Dr. Collingwood," said Gabriel.

"What's he talking about, Mr. Alden?" said Tom.

I was momentarily surprised when Gabriel spoke, but now I knew for certain he had betrayed me, and he felt that with Rosalie under the protection of her father, and with me in prison, his purpose was accomplished, and that he could then probably win Rosalie. She turned, and the look she gave him must have seared his soul, but he gave no sign, for this was his hour of triumph.

"He is right," I said to Mr. Dean, but more particularly to Tom. "My name is Dr. Collingwood. John Alden Collingwood, to be precise."

Then the stranger spoke in a quiet voice of authority. "So you admit that you are Dr. Collingwood, formerly of London, and Hull?"

"I admit it," I replied.

"I may as well inform you, Dr. Collingwood, that I am an officer of the Crown from Quebec," volunteered the stranger.

"So I imagined," I said, "I have been expecting you."

He showed his surprise. "You have been expecting me? Why?" he asked.

"Because this man," and I pointed to Gabriel, "has betrayed me."

Gabriel flushed, but he defended himself. "I do not protect murderers."

Father Ignace turned towards Gabriel. "You have done a terrible thing—you have betrayed our guest. You should have consulted me. I do not think Dr.

Collingwood is guilty of the charge of which he is convicted by law, and I feel certain that God who knows all will save him, but I am afraid, Gabriel, that God will punish you for your cowardly act."

The eyes of Rosalie flashed, and she was just going to speak when her father touched her on the arm, and with difficulty she restrained herself, and Tom was ready to knock Gabriel down, but I restrained him. He looked at me a moment, then waited for future developments.

The officer addressed Gabriel. "You told me your name was Count Gabriel Du Barr, and I am to understand that you are the gentleman who sent the Indian guide to Quebec to deliver the message that Dr. Collingwood was here, and that you had papers in your possession that showed he was wanted by the authorities at Hull. Is this correct?"

"I have the actual warrant for his arrest," said Gabriel triumphantly.

"How did this warrant come into your possession?" demanded the officer.

"I got it from Tom the first day he came to the Indian village," answered Gabriel.

"You're a lying thief—that's wot you are," said Tom, with anger. "You got no papers from me."

"It was when you showed me the ship's papers."

"I got them ship's papers—the ones I found in the Captain's cabin—right here in my pocket, so that shows you're a low living lying yellow thief, and I've got a notion to—"

The officer interrupted. "Let me see those ship's papers."

"Shall I give 'em to him?" asked Tom.

"Yes, Tom," I said.

Reluctantly Tom pulled the papers from his pocket, and handed them to the officer, who glanced rapidly through them, and handed them back.

"These are only ship papers, and of no value to anyone except as nautical records," then he turned to Gabriel. "Now verify the statement you made that this man," and he pointed to Tom, "gave you the warrant for Dr. Collingwood's arrest."

"Do you remember, Tom?" questioned Gabriel, "the first morning you came here you showed me the ship's papers you carried with you, and asked me if they were valuable, and you said you couldn't read."

"Of course I remember that," said Tom. "Them's the very papers this officer has just looked over."

"All except one, which I slipped into my pocket. It must have been turned over to the Captain by the officer from Hull for safekeeping," and Gabriel took a paper from his pocket, and handed it to the officer, who read it over carefully.

"Yes," said the officer, "this is a warrant for your arrest, Dr. Collingwood," then he spoke to Gabriel. "Why did you not send this warrant to me by the Indian guide?"

"Because," said Gabriel, "I would not trust a valuable document with a guide, and I wished to keep

it, and use it in case Dr. Collingwood made an attempt to escape."

"You are very conscientious," replied the officer. "The government will pay you the award."

"I do not want the money," said Gabriel, "that does not interest me in the least."

"I fail to see what other object you could have in view to guard a prisoner as carefully as you have guarded this one."

"My reasons are personal," said Gabriel.

"The object you may have in view is immaterial to me," rejoined the officer. "I am only here to perform my duty, but, Count, may I ask is this the only warrant you have in your possession?"

"This is the only paper I have—the one I have turned over to you."

"Then there is another warrant missing. Are you certain you know nothing about it?"

"Absolutely nothing," responded Gabriel.

The officer looked at him a moment in silence, then he continued. "We have received notification from England that two people on board the 'Fontanac' were wanted in Hull, but until we received your communication we were under the impression that no one on board the Fontanac was saved. The government wishes to thank you, Count Du Barr, for your zeal, and I wish to state, that entirely due to your efforts, we have not only found Dr. Collingwood, but also the person who helped him to escape. When we arrest Dr. Collingwood we shall also have to arrest

Miss Dean. It will be the duty of the government to hang Dr. Collingwood, and Miss Dean will be tried and convicted, and given a prison sentence for aiding in his escape. Again, Count, we wish to thank you for your tireless efforts."

Gabriel was almost speechless, then he recovered sufficiently to question the officer. "I—I did not know anything about Miss Dean. Will it be necessary to imprison her?"

"I believe you did not know anything about Miss Dean," replied the officer, "but that does not alter the case in the slightest. Instead of giving us one prisoner you have turned over two to us. You surely know, Count, that anyone who aids or abets a prisoner to escape will be punished. Do you think Miss Dean is any exception to this rule?"

A look of utter agony passed over the face of Gabriel, and seldom have I seen anyone who suffered more in the few brief moments, when the horror of what he had done was finally brought to him. He gave a terrible groan, a heart-rending cry burst from him, and tears streamed from his eyes. "I have betrayed the woman I love!" he cried.

Father Ignace looked at him severely, then he was moved to compassion at the suffering he beheld on the face of Gabriel, and he put his hand on his shoulder. "God has punished you, my son, and all your life you will bear this burden that you have brought on yourself for your sin in seeking revenge."

Gabriel did not say a word, but turned, and with bowed head walked into the house.

"The poor fellow is suffering beyond all human endurance, and I am sorry that so terrible a punishment can fall on anyone," I said.

Rosalie was still too angry to relent. "He may be suffering, but he was willing to betray you, and send you to your death. I do not think I can ever forgive him."

Her father spoke, "Perhaps, Rosalie, you may sometime find it possible even to forgive this poor fellow, terrible though his offense may be."

"I cannot forgive anyone who harms John," she replied.

The officer spoke directly to me. "Are you willing, Dr. Collingwood, to submit peacefully to arrest?"

I nodded assent.

"And I admit," said Rosalie, "that I aided Dr. Collingwood to escape, and shall go with him to Quebec, and thence to Hull, to stand trial for my offense."

I tried to stop her from committing herself, and her father stepped forward.

"Why, my daughter, did you admit your guilt? It would have been necessary to have proven that you aided Dr. Collingwood, and I imagine that would have been difficult. I would have aided in your defense, my child, but now your confession renders all defense useless, and I am helpless to aid you. Why did you speak so rashly and impulsively?"

"Because it is the truth, and I am proud of it. John and I have decided to go together, and take whatever life offers us."

Mr. Dean turned towards me with an inquiring air. "And do you mean to say that Dr. Collingwood would permit this?"

"He had no choice, father. He had decided to send me to Quebec tomorrow on the 'Silver Fox' so I could join you, and only one thing changed his plans."

"And what was that?" inquired Mr. Dean.

"I should have thrown myself from the cliff if he had not permitted me to go with him."

Mr. Dean thought a moment, then spoke slowly. "You certainly gave him no choice, my daughter, but do you fully realize that you will be going with him to face imprisonment, perhaps even death?"

"If John must die, then life means nothing to me."

"Mr. Dean," I cried, "persuade her to give up this mad step. Surely something can be done to save her. Use your wealth, your influence, save her from herself, I beg of you."

He gave me a look of gratitude, and I felt that he believed my words. "Rosalie," he said, "do you love Dr. Collingwood so much that you would die for him?"

"Yes," she said proudly. "I would gladly die for him. Oh, father, you know how much I love you, think then how much he means to me. I tell you truthfully I love John more, far more than even I

love you. Don't you understand that I cannot live without him?"

"Their love, Mr. Dean, is one of the great loves of the world, for it is based on purity, and unselfishness," said Father Ignace. "During all these months I have watched over them, and I thank God that He has given me the privilege of knowing and seeing a love like theirs, that comes close to the divine love."

Mr. Dean took the hand of his daughter. "Your mother, my dear, was just like you—loving and loyal—and surely I can wish you nothing greater than a noble love. Now, my child, you probably have been wondering how I found you. You remember I received several letters from you stating that you would leave on the first boat, then you changed your plans, and the last letter I had told me you had sailed on the 'Fontanac.' I went to Quebec and waited for this boat, but it never came in. For weeks I remained in the city waiting, and hoping, then word was finally brought that the ship was wrecked, and everyone on board had perished. I returned to the northern station a broken-hearted man, but before I left Quebec I offered a large reward to anyone who would find any trace of you. I left your picture with the officers of the Crown, told them to make inquiries, and spare no expense. I could not really believe you had perished. Always I had hope that you might have been rescued, but months went by, and no word of encouragement was

ever sent to me." Then he turned to the officer, and asked him to finish the story.

The officer of the Crown put the warrant for my arrest in his pocket, and made no movement to bind me, for he seemed to consider my word reliable. When Mr. Dean asked him to finish his story, he spoke directly to Rosalie. "We had just about given up hope, Miss Dean, of ever finding you alive, when the Indian guide came in from the Point with information concerning Dr. Collingwood. In questioning him we discovered that there was a girl with Mr. Alden, the only name by which the Indian knew Dr. Collingwood. We naturally expected Dr. Collingwood to change his name, and from the description given us by the Indian we were fairly certain he was the escaped prisoner. The Indian could tell us very little of the girl, but he mentioned the fact that she was called Rosalie. When we showed him your picture he recognized you at once, so we immediately communicated with your father, who chartered a vessel, and here we are."

"But how did you know," questioned Rosalie, "that I had aided Dr. Collingwood to escape?"

"You had better tell her everything," said Mr. Dean.

"That information was sent to us from Hull. They believed that everyone on the 'Fontanac' had been lost, but we were instructed to make a thorough search, and find both you and Dr. Collingwood, if by chance you should have been saved from the sea.

Every post in Canada has been notified, but the Point, which really belongs to dear old Father Ignace, was so far away and so much off the beaten track, it was impossible to reach during this season except by vessel, and here in this one spot, where you have found a haven, fate has finally brought us. This I think, Miss Dean, covers your story.

"And now for my report from England, which deals more exclusively with Dr. Collingwood." Then he directed his remarks to me. "Shortly after you left England, Doctor, a Mrs. Cork, who you will probably recall, assisted you in taking care of the little crippled girl, and who appeared as a witness against you at your trial, was taken ill and died. Her death seemed to affect her husband very much, and he went from bad to worse. He spent most of his time in the public houses, and was drunk nearly all the time, but he always seemed to have money to spend, even though he was not working.

"This fact caused some comment, and several remarks he made when intoxicated were repeated until rumor coupled his name with that of Binkley—another witness against you. He insinuated that he owned Binkley, body and soul, and talked vaguely of something he had done for Binkley, which had placed that gentleman in his power. Binkley had considerable trouble with him, and had finally decided that he must get Cork out of Hull, but he was too late.

"One night Cork inflamed with liquor had a fight in a 'pub' with some drunken sailors from a Por-

tuguese ship. They beat him terribly, and made their escape; when Cork was rescued, it was found that someone had stabbed him. The culprit was never found, and Cork lingered at the door of death for about a day. His conscience, what little he had, now seemed to trouble him, and he asked that officers of the Crown be sent for. Cork made a complete confession, which was taken down by the officers, and was signed by him before reliable witnesses, and that confession implicated Binkley. It showed that he wanted evidence to be brought against you, so that you would be accused of murdering the little girl, and he set about in a cold-blooded manner to bring this about. He bribed Cork and his wife to allow him to substitute poison for your medicine, and this was given to the little girl, who died from its effects. Binkley coached Cork and his wife in every detail of the story they were to tell to the court, and he even called upon a pharmacist to examine the supposed medicine, which was really poison.

"You know, Doctor, how carefully he built up his evidence. Everything was carried out exactly as he planned. Cork and his wife perjured themselves, you were convicted and sentenced to be hung, and would have been hung long before this, if Miss Dean had not saved you. After the confession of Cork, it was an easy matter to convict Binkley, and a month ago he was hung in the city of Hull; and now, Dr. Collingwood, you are free."

Rosalie and I had listened breathlessly to his

story, and when he finished I found her hand in mine, and her eyes gleaming with joy and happiness.

"Oh, John," she cried. "Free! Just think—you are free!" Then she turned to the officer. "When did you receive the report from England?"

He thought a moment. "It was a few months ago—the exact date—I do not recollect now, but it was a very cold day, and that night I recall distinctly was the night of the 'aurora borealis'."

"That was the sign I asked for, Father Ignace. God answered my 'novena,' and now the world knows that John is innocent. Do you remember, Father?"

"I recall the night perfectly, my child," said Father Ignace. "The hand of God controls everything, and many things we believe wrong, many sorrows that come to us, He knows are for our good. Your enemy Binkley, who brought you to prison and nearly to your death, my dear Doctor Collingwood, even though he did not plan to do so, brought into your life the greatest gift you have ever had. Without Binkley, without your false imprisonment, you would probably never have seen Rosalie, but God has brought her to you, and all you have suffered is forgotten in the joy of her love. And Gabriel, who brought this officer to put you back in prison, and perhaps, who even wished for your life, has been disappointed. Gabriel brought the officer by his message, but God has seen to it that this officer should bring freedom to you."

This was the longest talk I had ever heard from

Father Ignace, but I knew he was moved to the depths of his soul with his faith and his sincerity, and I felt very humble and grateful as I listened to his kind words and wonderful message.

The officer then spoke again. "To conclude my report, Dr. Collingwood, I am authorized to state that the remainder of your fortune—a considerable sum—which was confiscated by the Crown, is now returned to you, and as for Miss Dean, under these strange circumstances, she has been pardoned for aiding in your escape, for if you had not escaped, an innocent man would have been executed. Permit me to congratulate you, Dr. Collingwood." He held out his hand, and I clasped it with pleasure.

As he finished we heard a shot—a single shot—the sound of which seemed to come from within the house. We all rushed in and found Gabriel on the floor, with a smoking revolver clutched in his hand. Father Ignace leaned over and raised his head, and I placed my hand on his heart which was still beating feebly.

"How did this happen?" said Father Ignace.

"It was accidental, Father," said Gabriel. "I—I picked up the revolver. I do not know what I had in mind, and I was overwhelmed at what I had done. In my nervousness I hardly knew what I was doing, and suddenly, the revolver went off—and I—I am afraid it has wounded me mortally."

"I am glad, my son, that you did not try to take your life."

"No, Father, that I would never do. I—I am too wicked to die."

"God is merciful," said the priest. Then he turned to me. "Can you save him?"

"I can try."

Gabriel opened his eyes slowly, and spoke with difficulty. "It is too late," he said, "I am dying, and perhaps it is best. May—I—may I speak to Miss Dean a moment?"

Rosalie came to his side, and tears filled her eyes. "I feel terrible to think this should happen to you; I sincerely hope it will not prove fatal."

"Do not mourn for me. I betrayed the man you love, and I have sent you back to prison with him. I am not worthy to live. This—this may be my atonement."

"But you must live, oh, you must live, Gabriel! The officer has just told us that the real murderer of the child is apprehended, and John is free."

A wan smile came to Gabriel. "I am—am glad he is innocent and free, for it brings happiness to you. I am speaking my last words to you—that I know. I have loved you, as I have loved no other woman, though I had a very poor way of showing it. I was unworthy of you, and I know now that Dr. Collingwood is really worthy even of you. I pray God, my dear, that you will always, always be happy, and if you want me to die happy, you have only to grant my last request."

"Anything you may wish, my poor Gabriel, is granted," sobbed Rosalie.

"Then tell me that you forgive me."

"I do forgive you, and may God be merciful to you, my dear friend." Then she leaned over, and kissed him gently on the forehead.

"Father," said Gabriel, with difficulty, "will you—will you administer the last rites to me?"

"Certainly, my son," and Father Ignace motioned to me, and I took his place, holding Gabriel as gently as I could.

Father Ignace took the cross from the table, and repeated those last solemn words heard by those who are soon to leave this world. Gabriel kept his eyes on Rosalie, and as he finished Father Ignace placed the cross to the lips of Gabriel, who kissed it. Then a smile came to his face, it seemed to be transfigured, and his eyes closed gradually and quietly, and his soul started on its long journey to the great beyond.

Rosalie and I went out quietly, and left the other people in the house. With joy tinged with sadness we looked at each other, and suddenly she put her arms around me and cried softly. After her grief at this terrible shock had somewhat subsided, she released herself, and took my hand. In silence we gazed at each other, and stood quietly watching the last crimson streaks of departing day grow dim in the early shades of night.

Father Ignace, followed by Rosalie's father, came out of the house, and spoke to us. "I have had a talk with Mr. Dean, my two children, and if you will come to the chapel in the morning, God will make you

man and wife." He gave us his blessing, and entered his house.

Rosalie, Mr. Dean and I departed for our house. We gave him his supper, and he soon departed to my room to sleep.

I had decided to remain in the large room before the open fire, and when I said good-night to Rosalie, she kissed me, whispering:

"God is good, dear John. Surely nothing now can come between us. Beloved, I shall be your wife in the morning."

"Just as sure as the morning comes, Rosalie."

And the morning came.